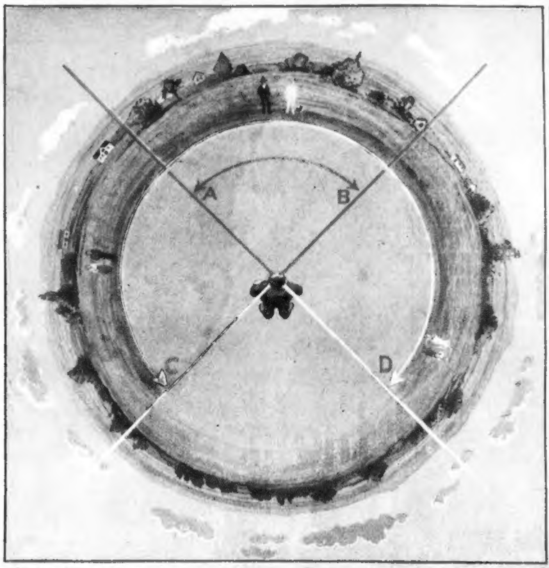
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

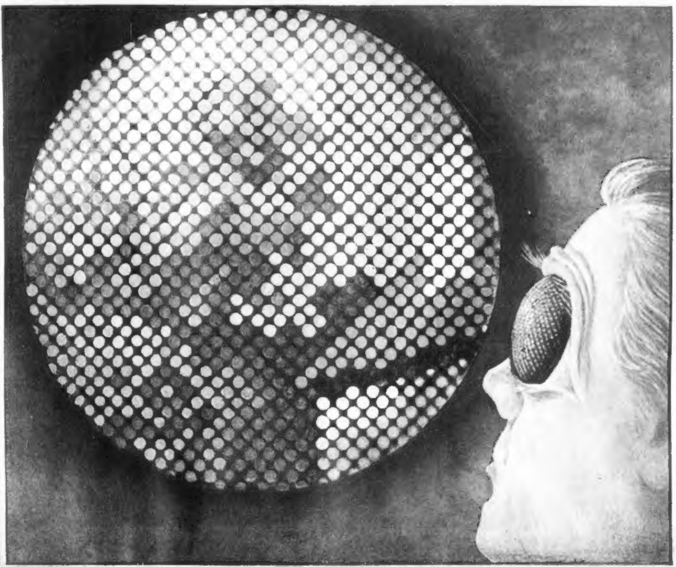
Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser.
Copyright, 1934, in the United States of America by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved Under International Copyright, Including Foreign Rights. Reproduction in Original or in Translation Is Expressly Forbidden.

Sunday, Nov. 4, 1934

If Man Had The Senses The Insects Have



The Field of Vision of Insects Gifted With Large Hemispherical Eyes Is Much Larger Than the Human Field. That of Man Is Restricted Within an Angle Indicated at A, B; That of a House-Fly or Butterfly Extends From C to D. This Explains Why Insects Are Not Easily Caught When Approached From Behind.



If Our Eyes Were Constructed Like Those of Butterflies or Dragonflies, This Is About How the World Would Appear to Us. To Be Exact, It Should Be Explained That Insect Vision Would Be Somewhat Less Clear Than Shown Here, But Much More Extended in Height and Width.

Extraordinary Sights That Would Meet the Eye and Incredible Things the Human Body Could Do and Perceive

By Prof. Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist

CHAPTER I.

A HOUSEWIFE stands looking at a house-fly as it goes through motions suggestive of powdering its nose.

Is it looking at her with those great bulging eyes? the woman wonders as she stealthily raises the fly-swatter.

Off darts the fly, which convinces the woman that it had its eye on her all the time. She is wrong. The fly never noticed her at all until she made a move. Even if the fly had studied her, it is safe to say that the lady would not have recognized herself from the picture in the little insect's brain.

A human being looking at the world through human eyes thinks that is the way the world really is and therefore it must look that same way to any creature with good eyes. He confirms this assumption by making a camera, an artificial eye that takes pictures in which most everything looks just about as he expected. But the camera is an imitation of the simple type of eye, such as is found in man and nearly all the sizable animals he knows, while the eye of a fly and most other insects is so different and complicated that until recently nobody tried to imitate it. Just now, as a by-product of television experiments, inventors are working on the insect vision scheme in order to obtain magnification far beyond the limits of lens and concave mirror.

The world, seen through these compound eyes, composed of hundreds of little ones, is a far different picture than seen through a pair of human, focusing, camera-like eyes. A good human eye can read type a few inches away, it can look out of the window and recognize a friend's face across the street and then count the funnels on a ship miles away.

The insect lives mostly in a close-up and microscopic world. Its eyes, which cannot change their focus, are set for close range and high magnification. Everything more than a few feet away runs into a flat blur of no significance unless it moves.

Therefore no matter how lovely she may have seemed to her husband, the housewife was to a fly nothing worth looking at. More than that, the fly could not tell from where it stood, glued to the mirror by the six sticking plasters which compose the soles of its feet, that she was not just a big smear on the opposite wall.

As soon as she moved, it knew better, pulling up its sticking plasters, one at a time and peeling each one off the glass, beginning at one edge as plasters should be lifted, and getting away before the swatter landed. Having barely escaped with its life, one would think the fly would forever remember the features of the lady assassin. But no, a moment later it comes back and lights on her nose.

Also, anyone would think to see a bee come hurtling over the horizon, aimed for the hive as accurately as if fired from a rifle, that the little aviatrix could see her home from far away. But move the hive a few feet and the homecoming bee will arrive not where it is now, but where the entrance used to be, and show as much dismay as might the captain of an ocean liner if somebody moved New York Harbor while he was away.

It is believed that most insects are rarely able to recognize things by their shape, preferring to depend on other characteristics and other senses. The way the insect looks at things makes it incredibly efficient in many ways, but equally stupid in others. That huge dragon of the insect world, the praying mantis, has only to sit quietly on a branch or other busy insect highway, right in broad daylight and its insect victims will walk right into the monster's arms. This is as silly as if a human being would take no notice of a hungry lion sitting in the middle of the road but try to climb over him. The trouble is that the insect will not learn to remember the shape of things. Incidentally the fly on the mirror was not powdering its nose nor otherwise beautifying itself for the opposite sex. It was cleaning its eyes, an almost endless chore which goes with that type of eye because it is dry.

Life originated in the sea, and when it came out onto the land, already had well-developed simple eyes, wet ones, of course. All the large animals kept theirs wet by enclosing them in eyelids which acted as shallow tanks to hold the moisture and as windshield wipers every time the animal winked. But the insect is such a little fellow that one of its biggest problems is to conserve its moisture. To prevent evaporation, it encloses itself in a sort of watertight enamel and its eyes have to be as dry as a window-pane. Dust, fungus, microbes and all sorts of things are constantly collecting on those lidless eyes and keeping the insect busy with its handiest pair of legs.

This Picture Shows How Our Eyes Really See the World—That Is to Say, in the Form of a Reverse Image. Our Brain, and Not the Eye Itself, Puts the Objects in Their Right Position.

The insects evidently started out with simple eyes like our own, for they still have them, sometimes in degenerated form and in other cases for use in the dark. These were soon added to and sometimes replaced by more perfected seeing apparatus. The improved organs are called "faceted" eyes, and consist of a great many cells called "ommatidia," from a Greek word meaning "little eyes." Each of these is formed of, first, a transparent superficial part which may be compared to the lens of a photographic camera, and, secondly, of a deeper part, gifted with nervous sensitiveness and in connection with the brain. It is a kind of retina, which corresponds to the sensitive plate of this photographic apparatus. Each ommatidium is a small special separate eye, attached to its neighbors, which may be more or less numerous. Some ants have only a few ommatidia, while various dragon-flies and butterflies have from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand.

Each of these little eyes functions separately and consequently a separate image forms on each retina, and we should expect that the dragon-fly would see the same object forty thousand times when it looks at it with both eyes. But we know from experiment that this is not so, and to understand how the multiple images are simplified in the visual system of the insect it is useful to remember what happens in man himself.

In reality the human eye, acting exactly like the photographic camera, reverses the image of the object which it sees, and when we look at a landscape or any other object, we might be expected in theory to see it as in one of the accompanying illustrations, which shows a man walking upside down with the earth in place of the sky. But things are placed in their right position through a simple operation in our brain, the mechanism of which is not yet understood. It is certain that an operation like this takes place in the insect's eyes and that the thousands of images which strike it at the same time end by uniting into a single one when the act of vision is completed. In this case the phenomenon is much easier to understand than in the case of the simple eye and may be useful in explaining the working of the latter.

The Most Highly Developed Insects Seem Insensitive to Light Rays Bordering on Red. If a Man Had a Color Vision Like Theirs the Landscape and Human Beings Would Look Like This. But It Might Be Necessary to Add Certain Colors Beyond the Violet End of the Spectrum, Which Our Eyes Cannot Perceive.

The explanation is that every little cone making up each ommatidium is covered with an opaque substance which prevents the light from passing through it sideways. Each cone receives only the luminous rays which fall upon it in a strictly upright position.

But these ommatidia are arranged beside one another on a curved surface and each, therefore, receives a different ray from that which its neighbor receives. But these rays end by coming together as the lines forming part of a cone come together at its peak. To sum up, each facet receives a tiny fraction of the image seen, each added to the neighbor fraction helps to make up a complete image. It has been proposed to give the name mosaic image to this form of visual perception.

To enable its effect to be better understood we have represented on one of the accompanying illustrations the result of this kind of vision. A certain section of the object seen is represented on one facet of the eye by a colored dot separated from the adjoining facets by a dark network, producing the effect of a mosaic, or a coarsely woven tapestry. The image produced in the illustration explaining this principle exaggerates considerably the effect produced, this exaggeration being employed only to make the explanation clearer. But in

(Continued on Page 2)

Hoaxed Police for Months to Win Man's Love—and Then Killed Herself

WOMEN have done strange things in the name of love and to win the men on whom their hearts were set. But few of them exhibited the imagination or the desperation that marked the luckless efforts of Mrs. Laura Ellis, of Kansas City, to become Mrs. W. Lee Vaughn.

Good-looking, though in her fifties, Mrs. Ellis seemed to the patrons of her beauty shop to be a contented and composed business woman. She didn't at all seem the sort of person who would let her emotions run away with her.

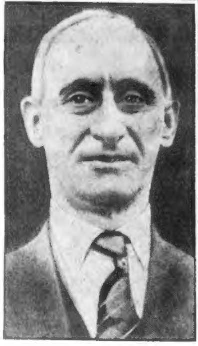
Her friends were shocked and incensed, several months ago when they read in the Kansas City papers that Mrs. Ellis had been spirited out of the city by underworld thugs and thrown out of their car in Decatur, Illinois. The kidnaping was a mystery—until the next day, when W. Lee Vaughn, banker, politician, and owner of a string of motion picture theatres, received a crudely printed and illiterate note signed by "The Big Three."

Whoever the members of this high-handed triumvirate were they knew that Mr. Vaughn and Mrs. Ellis were keeping company and that the banker was having labor trouble in his theatres. They threatened to hold Mrs. Ellis until Vaughn gave his word that he was "in the union 100 per cent." Apparently the kidnapers had changed their minds and tossed the woman from their car.

When she returned to Kansas City, the beauty shop owner was reputedly in a state of collapse and too nervous even to talk about her unpleasant experience.

Some weeks later she was found bound and gagged on the floor of her shop. Her well-kept hair had been hacked off. Another sinister message was found near her prostrate body. This note said the woman had refused to help the intruders carry out a plot to kidnap Vaughn in order to force him to agree to the demands of the union.

The police went into action but could get nowhere on the case. The persecution of Mrs. Ellis continued. Between mysterious fires at her apartment and her shop, she was found in the apartment clad only in a nightgown. Her assailants had gagged her, taped her hands behind her and tied her to a refrigerator.



Lee Vaughn, the Civic Leader and Theatre Owner. To Win His Love Mrs. Laura Ellis Pretended to Have Been Attacked and Kidnaped.

Kansas City was greatly upset by the attacks on one of its citizens and state and Department of Justice officers were put on the job to save her from further mistreatment and run down the culprits.

It was the federal investigators who, after a thorough study of the various threatening notes and the details of the attacks on Mrs. Ellis, summoned her into a private conference and confronted her with so much evidence that she herself had written the notes and staged the attacks on herself that she finally broke down and confessed.

Prospective Tenants Entered the Kansas City House to Look It Over, and Discovered the Body of Mrs. Ellis, Who, When Exposed in Her Series of Love-hoaxes, Killed Herself.

She admitted to the officers that she was sincerely in love with Mr. Vaughn who was, as she put it, a "timid man." The usual methods of winning his affection had failed and she conceived the idea of arousing his sympathy and love by seeming to suffer in his behalf.

"But I warn you," she said at the end of her confession, "if you breathe a word of what I've told you to anyone I'll kill myself."

When she was informed that it would be impossible not to clear up a case that had given the Kansas City police and the Department of Justice men a wild goose chase for weeks by statements that would appear in the papers, Mrs. Ellis closed the door of her shop, walked half way across the city to the garage of a vacant house and, after writing a farewell note to her 16-year-old daughter, fired a bullet through her heart.

Her body was found several days afterward when an agent, showing the house to a prospective tenant, opened the door of the garage.

Mrs. Laura Ellis Who Ended Her Life When the Federal Agents Forced Her to Admit That She Had Staged a Series of Fake Adventures.

If Human Beings Had the Senses That the Insects Have

(Continued from Front Page)

the brain of the insect all these dots must be joined to one another, and in the final result the vision of a dragon-fly, or a butterfly, would be similar to ours, if other mechanisms did not interfere, and change it entirely.

The working bee, though somehow able to navigate for long distances, cannot see clearly beyond a few feet, ants have even worse sight, some being totally blind, like the termites miscalled white ants. This poor vision seems to be a necessary part of equipment of these socialistic insects. It probably keeps them from seeing and knowing about things which might distract them from their monotonous lives. That they might have far better sight is proved by the drone of the bee whose eyes cover his head like a helmet, making it possible for him to follow the queen in her nuptial flight into the sky.

One great advantage of these bulging, many-faceted eyes is that they give panoramic vision. If man could see all around him at once as can the fly, pedestrians would not be run down by cars whisking around the corner behind them. But a corresponding disadvantage of that type of eye is that it selects light but does not concentrate it as does the simple eye. Therefore the faceted eye works best in direct sunlight, poorly at twilight and is almost worthless after dark. But many forms of insects found jobs on the night shift, so to speak, and there was Nature stuck with the wrong type of eye for them. What was she to do?

Two principal methods were available. She might return to the simple eye of the vertebrate, or of certain mollusks, such as the cephalopods, which include the cuttlefish. It then occurred to Nature that she had originally endowed the insects with simple eyes, the so-called "ocelli" or simple cells which have no use among those that go about in the daytime, but are still possessed by them.

When it is more or less dark, however, the usefulness of the simple eyes to insects shows itself again. In the bee, for instance, and among many other insects, the ocelli have a very weak distinguishing power, but they are very sensitive to light, however feeble. It is, therefore, probable that these organs are only utilized in the darkness of the hive and enable the insect to tell what it is doing when engaged in purely domestic occupations. But that is not sufficient. The faceted eye having been created, with all its perfections, it was undesirable to abandon its advantages, when the mode of life was changed. Nature then brought into use a second method.

We know that light travels in waves, and that if these waves are passed through a crystal lens their curves undergo a change due to the nature and shape of the lenses, whose refracting power is not the same at the center as at the edges. This causes the sun rays to become concentrated at a certain spot beyond the center of the lens they have passed through.

We can easily test this result by gathering an image of the sun in a bi-convex magnifying glass. At a certain distance from the glass, these rays are so thoroughly condensed upon one spot that they burn its surface. If we do not go as far as this and, instead of making use of the sun, concentrate the rays of a lamp, we shall see that the image formed makes an extremely bright spot of light.

The latter explains the method the nocturnal insects have adopted. Their ommatidia, whose functions we described at the beginning of this article, have become transformed, not into bi-convex lenses, which would require too great a bodily change, but into cylinders, whose power of refraction is not the same at the center as at the edges, so that a wave of light undergoes the reverse of that which we have just described, and ends by concentrating on the retina all the rays available, which, without this operation would have been scattered and diffused, as they were on reaching the exterior surface of the eye. Thus, the compound eye of the nocturnal insect, while remaining a faceted eye as in day-living insects, is not a selective eye like these, but a concentrating one, like that of the vertebrate animals and man. In this way, by a different method, but with the same result, the problem of using its eyes at night is ingeniously solved by the insect.

Some other phenomena of vision which give the insect a different impression of the world from the human outlook remain to be considered. These phenomena are chiefly concerned with the sensations of color. Many years ago Sir John Lubbock, the famous English observer of ants, noticed that the eye of these insects was very insensitive to red and on the other hand very sensitive to violet. But at this period only the seven colors of the spectrum perceptible to our eyes were known to exist and the ultra-violet and infra-red were unknown. Later experiments have yielded a vast amount of knowledge on these points. For instance, it has been found that, if we place ants under a glass cover, half of which has been wetted with carbon bisulphide, the insects immediately carry their larvae to that side and live there, carefully staying away from the other side.

What is the reason for this preference? To the human eye there is no difference between the two parts of the glass. The carbon bisulphide looks to us an absolutely transparent substance, allowing violet light to pass through as on the other side. But experiment has shown that the carbon bisulphide stops the ultra-violet rays. To the ants, therefore, the side which is covered with carbon bisulphide is a place of darkness and that is why they establish themselves there, for this darkness is like that which they find in their nests. Experiments of the same character have shown that these insects, as well as bees and most of the social insects, possess eyes insensitive to red and infra-red, as well as to yellow-green, which is complementary to red, but they see by ultra-violet light invisible to human eyes.

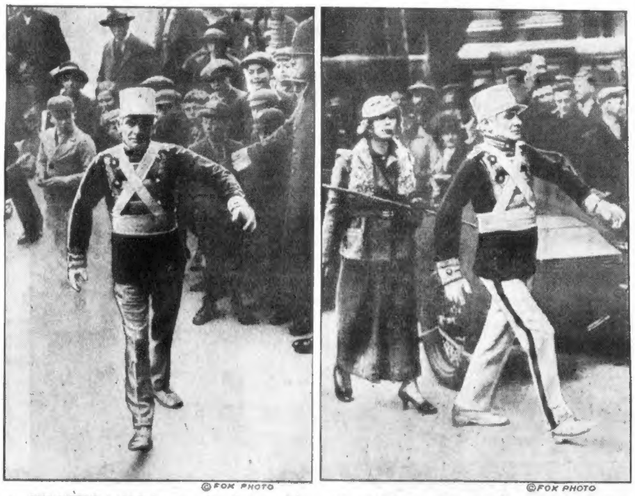
It had once been supposed that the flaming red of certain flowers like the rose was to catch the eye of the honey-bee. But to that worker red looks black, nor can it distinguish yellow-green, its complementary color. On the other hand innumerable blossoms that to the human eye are drab, colorless things, may be full of brilliant shades of coloring to an eye like that of the bee, sensitive to ultra-violet rays. Yet the bee, if it had the vocabulary of Milton, could not tell us what the colors looked like. If a bee flies close to the face of a made-up woman, her lips look coal-black, her complexion probably about the shade of an orange and her cheeks as if she had rubbed mud on them.

Experiments with other insects indicate that many are color-blind, but then so are some persons, such as the famous musician Rossini, to whom the world contained nothing but whites, blacks and grays, just the way that some ants probably see it.

Ants and bees go to bed early, but May-flies, moths and some other night-flyers make fools of themselves by flying into candles or any other source of light, though unfortunately this is not true of mosquitoes. It has been suggested that these nocturnal aviators have been in the habit of setting their course by stars low on the horizon. When one of these turns out to be an electric lamp, instinct doesn't tell them what to do.

Thus far we have only compared differences in sight because man considers that his most important sense. To certain insects, however, it is of negligible value compared with other senses of which man has not even a trace. How convenient some of these would be will be discussed in the next chapter.

(To Be Concluded Next Sunday)



©FOX PHOTO

©FOX PHOTO

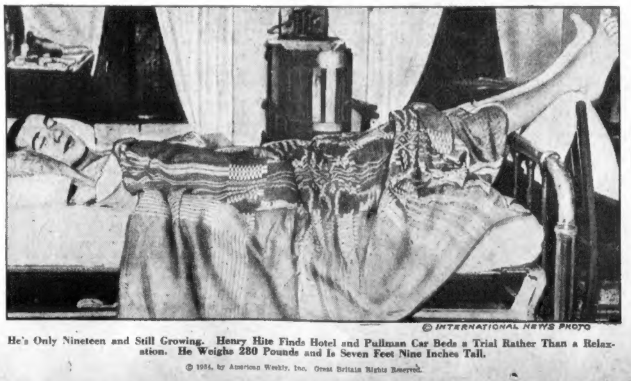
LONDONERS couldn't be sure when they saw this figure stalking jerkily through the streets of the British capital whether they were gazing at a remarkably human mechanical man, or a human being who can look and act convincingly like a motorized creation of the laboratory and machine shop. Miss Sophie Ross, of Dallas, Texas—seen directing the "robot" in the picture at the right—wisely remains silent when people ask her the secret of her "mechanical man."

Crusades for Bigger Beds

HENRY HITE—who is well named and who travels about the country exhibiting his seven feet, nine inches of height on the stage—thinks that most hotel managers ought to do something about long fellows like himself. He spends a good deal of his spare time campaigning for bigger beds and more comfortable furniture for exceptionally rangy individuals.

Wherever he goes he has a hard time finding a bed that's long enough for him and, usually, he has to turn in with his feet projecting over the footboard and propped up on a chair, or a bureau, as the photograph amusingly shows.

He sees no reason why every hotel shouldn't have one or two rooms fitted with special furniture for extra tall individuals. Even six-footers have difficulty in sleeping in standard beds, he says, and when a fellow has stretched out to a length of seven feet, or more, he might just as well go to bed in a chair as to expect a refreshing night's slumber in a bed made for people of average proportions.



© INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

He's Only Nineteen and Still Growing. Henry Hite Finds Hotel and Pullman Car Beds a Trial Rather Than a Relaxation. He Weighs 280 Pounds and Is Seven Feet Nine Inches Tall.

News! Fish Catches Man

HUBERT CHAFFEY, of Deer Island, New Brunswick, was out in Passamaquoddy Bay, a few days ago, "pegging" for pollock. A "peg" is a large hook with a lead weight.

Fish were scarce but Chaffey finally hooked a big one that probably weighed about 25 pounds. Thinking to land his prize quickly he gave an extra strong pull. But the pollock gave its head a violent shake which not only dislodged the hook and peg from its wide-open mouth but sent it spinning into the equally wide-open mouth of the astonished fisherman. The large barbed fish-hook immediately imbedded itself in the flesh on the inside of the man's cheek, dangerously near his right eye.

Gordon McNeill, fishing close at hand, saw something was wrong and came quickly to Chaffey's assistance.

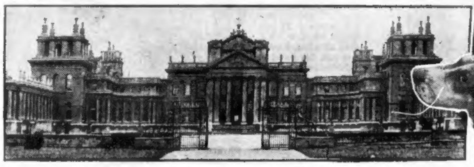
Orlo Bucknam, another fisherman, with a speedy power boat rushed Chaffey to Eastport where it took Dr. John Murphy a full hour to cut the hook out.

Duchess Gladys Retires From The World With 80 Dogs

The Duke of Marlborough's American Widow Strips Herself of Her Title, Seeks Seclusion in an Old Farmhouse and Oddly Greets Visitors With Pails of Water—While the New Duke Cleans Up Blenheim Palace's Rooms She Used for Kennels

The Old Farmhouse Where the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough (Formerly Gladys Deacon of Boston) Lives as Plain "Mrs. Spencer" With Her Eighty Dogs.

As a Visitor Approached the Gate of the Farmhouse He Saw the Duchess Completely Surrounded by a Moving Lake of Dogs—Eighty of Them—but, So It Is Reported, as He Smiled and Began to Open the Gate, He Was Greeted With a Bucket of Water Tossed Accurately Over His Head.



Historic Blenheim Palace, Several Luxurious Rooms of Which Were Used by the Dowager Duchess as Kennels, and Which Had to Be Thoroughly Overhauled Before They Were Again Fit for Human Occupancy.

A Late Photograph of the Dowager Duchess Just Before She Went Into Retirement.

The Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, When, as Gladys Deacon, Toasted American Beauty, She Became the Second Wife of the Duke.

LONDON, Oct. 26.

THREE rooms at Blenheim Palace, which is finer than Buckingham, King George's London palace, had not only to be cleaned and redecorated but fumigated and deodorized before this magnificent old seat of the Marlboroughs could be occupied by the new Duke, tenth of the line.

Aristocratic England raised an eyebrow, wondering if that marked a battlefield in the bitter war between the late Duke and his mysterious widow. Anyhow, it was strange enough that these three luxurious rooms had been used by one of the loveliest and daintiest women of modern times as kennels for thirty dogs. She was the famous Gladys Deacon, Boston fashionable society heiress, so beautiful that she was sought after by Whistler and a score of other great artists of her day whose portraits of her are treasured in many European art galleries.

This international beauty of only yesterday, has thrown away all her lovely clothes together with her title of Dowager Duchess of Marlborough to become plain Mrs. Spencer, living in an old-fashioned farmhouse where, all day long, she is a sort of servant to her eighty dogs that live there with her—an unusual figure in mauve smocked overalls.

It is the tragedy of a woman who thought she knew what she wanted, who gave up a hundred golden opportunities, waiting with grim determination, through twenty of the best years of her life, in the rather slim hope of winning the one thing on which she had set her heart. And she did win it, only to find it bitter ashes in her mouth and to throw it away, in heartbreak and disgust.

Gladys, with her golden hair that never needed a permanent wave, and limpid blue eyes that made Whistler gasp, could have married most anyone she chose, could even have become the morganatic wife of the Crown Prince of Germany, it is said. But the one title she coveted was made unavailable by her chum, Consuelo Vanderbilt, when that nineteen-year-old girl married the Duke of Marlborough.

Quite as much as Gladys wanted him, Consuelo did not want the cold, cynical but pompous, little man with the big title. Nothing would have delighted Miss Vanderbilt more than to have Miss Deacon "steal" her Duke. But neither of the two society maidens had a chance against Consuelo's mother, the late Mrs. O .H. P. Belmont, who before that was Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. That woman with will of iron and heart of flint, had bought the title at a price said to have been 15,000,000 of Vanderbilt dollars, sacrificing her daughter to assure her own social triumph that year at Newport.

The dictatress had her way, sending the loveless pair off to England and a series of social triumphs, unequalled by any American woman. At fabulous cost they entertained at Blenheim Palace, in Oxfordshire, whose equipment included a service of solid gold to accommodate 130 people, each piece, even the smallest butter chips, elaborately engraved with the Marlborough coat of arms. So vast is this building that the dining rooms are 100 yards away from the kitchens.

Not for years had the Marlborough family owned a London house, so more Vanderbilt dollars were poured out in building the finest modern one in the city. At these two mansions, Their Graces entertained Royalty and all the highest ranks of nobility in an endless series of big social events every one of which stabbed the heart of another woman. The American Duchess, stately, dignified in manner and behavior, everything that the highest type of Englishwoman should be, won every heart but her husband's. She was a universal favorite, yet it was all tinsel and hollow sounds to this loveless wife.

As the unhappy years rolled by, one of the world's most beautiful women was scorning offers that few could have resisted.

Finally, her hour came. The Duke's behavior with other women had become unendurable, the Duchess was interested in another man, but most important of all, relentless Mrs. Belmont, now too old to be active socially and knowing that death was not far off, softened. She consented to let her unhappy daughter enjoy a few years of love-life. The Duke was willing enough, so long as he could keep all the cash and real estate that had come to him through the deal. When assured of this, Consuelo quickly obtained her divorce.

This cleared the path between Gladys and her heart's desire, but for Consuelo to be married to the man she loved, it was necessary for the Roman Catholic Court, known as the Rota, which does not recognize divorce, to annul that marriage. The ecclesiastical court would not do this until Mrs. Belmont appeared before it and confessed how, by threats of suicide, and other intimidations she had driven her daughter into a marriage that should never have been. It was a tale worthy of the Dark Ages. In 1921, Consuelo was free to marry Col. Jacques Balsan, a Frenchman, wealthy enough not to need what was left of his bride's fortune. It was a love match and they have stayed married.

The coast was now clear for Gladys' noble ship to sail in at last, but would it? It would—and it did promptly, to' the thrill and wonderment of both sides of the Atlantic.

Gladys' father, Mr. Edward Parker Deacon, had only about one million dollars to divide among three pretty daughters and, of course, could not match the Vanderbilt fortune. But during the twenty-five years the Duke and Consuelo were married, it came to His Grace's ears that this loveliest creature he had ever seen, was waiting for somebody. Could he be the man? The Duke saw Miss Deacon quite a few times and evidently was permitted to guess that such was the case.

What a picture for a vain little man to contemplate! Here was one of the loveliest women of the era, pining away because he had married a woman who did not like him. Here was a woman who would be a wife to revere him as he expected a great man to be revered.

There was a cloud at the very start. Gladys expected to be married by no less a dignitary than the Archbishop of Canterbury, at a ceremony that would be bigger and better than the memorable show put on by the late Mrs. Belmont at the first wedding. The Archbishop not only declined himself, but forbade every other clergyman in the Church of England to marry Marlborough, because he was the guilty party in a divorce. Finally the necessary words were said by an obscure, though obliging Scotch Presbyterian minister, after the bride had somewhat displeased the groom by an exhibition of hysterics.

The Duke and his bride entertained for some time in their two splendid mansions, as lavishly as in the height of Consuelo's days. At first the guests were equally exalted and seemed to like the new Duchess as well as her predecessor.

Before long, a difference was apparent. Everyone had known that Marlborough and Consuelo did not love each other, but until the separation before the divorce, in public this was discreetly hidden. Now at the gayest dinners it was painfully evident that the Duke hated his second wife and did not care who knew. The fact that Gladys was hard of hearing in one ear was used by her husband as excuse for shouting his most cutting comments at her in a voice so loud that it carried from Bleinheim's dining hall to the kitchen, one hundred yards away.

It is not strange that their entertainments became infrequent and finally almost ceased.

Most people blamed Marlborough, saying that he had married two charming American heiresses and been mean to both. The first marriage was foredoomed as everyone foresaw, but so was the second. Marlborough and Gladys had both been cheated. In twenty-five years of romantic meditation, she had painted a false picture in her imagination of a man as big of heart and personality as his title and as probably was the first great Duke. What she got, was a little, petulant man, small in mind as in body. In her disillusionment that is the way she saw him and treated him. Instead of being revered, almost worshiped as a sort of demigod, who had condescended to marry her, this attitude stung him to the quick.

So they went to work on each other, without mercy. Besides insulting her in public, the Duke got down to tactics that were reported in the press. On the plea of economy, he ordered her to close their town house and join him at Blenheim. When she refused, he discharged the servants, cut off gas, electricity and telephone, locked the wine cellar and the pantry and put two detectives in the house to watch and annoy her. After cooking on an oil stove for a week, she gave up.

Later she disappeared and when last Spring the old Duke died, it was announced that his son, the new Duke, would reopen Blenheim in all its former glory. Gladys, in hiding, read no mention of herself, the Dowager Duchess, but that coming for a long visit would be the present Duke's mother, her girlhood friend and rival, Madame Balsan.

The discovery that those three rooms, once as beautifully furnished for human habitation as money could make them, had been made into a kennel for the last Duchess' thirty dogs, made many shake their heads.

By accident, Gladys' retreat was discovered. She is living in the little village of Mixbury, twenty miles from Blenheim and its 3,000 acres, in an old farmhouse. The entire lower floor of the house is given over to eighty dogs. Upstairs are the living quarters of Gladys, Dowager Duchess of Marlborough and her only companion and attendant, Mrs. Grills.

How vindictively this once renowned beauty hates the thought of her past, especially the grandeur she achieved and did not like, is shown in many ways.

She wears the plainest of garden dresses, but usually the overalls, which are dyed mauve. She forbids anyone to call her "Your Grace," denies that she is the Dowager Duchess and insists that she be known as plain Mrs. Spencer, which is one of many family names of the Marlborough tree.

People who call on her are sometimes surprised to find themselves greeted with a bucket of cold water. One such incident is said to have taken place at the gates of the farmhouse where the visitor looked through and saw the Duchess completely surrounded by a small lake of Blenheim spaniels — apparently the whole eighty of them—but as he smiled and spoke and started to open the gate, he received the contents of a bucket of water squarely in his face. This story, however, may be another variation of what a woman who had also tried to call upon the Duchess, told a London newspaper about her ,own reception. She said:

"I did not meet the Duchess. Mrs. Grills is more than a companion to her —she is a zealous watchdog. She met me in the porch and said that Mrs. Spencer was not at home.

"But I had seen a golden head and a mauve, smocked overall lurking behind the upstairs window of the farmhouse.

"'Mrs. Spencer is not here,' repeated Mrs. Grills.

"I explained that the Duchess had been seen by villagers only an hour before and that I myself had caught a glimpse of her through the window.

"Swish! came a deluge of cold water all over my head. Spluttering and gasping I looked up just in time to see a mauve-clad arm and a golden head hastily withdrawing from an upper window.

"'Who is that?' I asked.

"Mrs. Grills laughed merrily.

"'Oh, that is my servant,' she said. 'She probably thinks the flowers want watering.'

"'That is Her Grace,' I said.

"Mrs. Grills capitulated then.

"'Well it served you right,' she said. 'Mrs. Spencer wants to be left in peace and quiet.'"

The only connecting link between her grandeur and her present is that the dogs which make her family are all eighty of them pedigreed Blenheims.

Phantom of the Blue Dog Returns to Haunt Manor

IF a wandering peddler hadn't been foully murdered in Port Tobacco, Maryland, more than a century ago, and if he hadn't owned a blue-gray shepherd dog that followed him in his travels about the country, some of the citizens of that community would be sleeping better o' nights and they wouldn't be avoiding the road that winds close by an abandoned estate called Rose Hill Manor.

Maybe the hair-raising howls that they have heard coming from the woods near Rose Hill Manor were made by some harmless hound dog, but in their active and uneasy imagination the baying has an unearthly and unnatural sound and has become the phantom of the Blue Dog, back after a hundred years and more, to sit on Peddler's Rock, where his master was killed, and send chills running up the spines of the superstitious.

The legend has it that Port Tobacco was a thriving river town a century ago and that the old peddler was set upon by a gang of tough rivermen who had heard that he carried around a lot of money. The thugs, caught up with the peddler, so it is said, near Rose Hill Manor, the home of one Dr. Gustavus Brown, personal physician to George Washington in Revolutionary times, and there, on a rock, they killed him and relieved him of his cash.

The blue dog disappeared in the woods but, from time to time, came back—it was his ghost that came back, some said—to howl at the spot where his master died.

During Civil War times Rose Hill Manor was occupied by a Miss Olivia Floyd, who was said to be a Confederate spy and a strangely forbidding person. The Negroes, and some of the whites, in the community, looked upon her as something of a witch. "Miss Livia," they said, believed absolutely in the phantom of the blue dog and related, in her high, cackling voice, how the shade would sometimes wake her in the night, barking and whining on the rock where the rivermen put a violent end to the old peddler's wanderings.

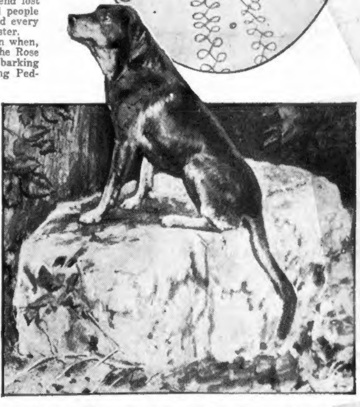
The eccentric Miss Floyd was not the only one in Port Tobacco who heard—or thought she heard—those mournful wails. And so the legend grew and gained credibility. With the passing of the old lady who lived in the manor that once was the home of General Washington's private physician, Rose Hill Manor fell into decay and the legend lost much of its effect on the imaginations of the good people of Port Tobacco, but it wasn't entirely forgotten and every dog baying in the darkness recalled it to some oldster.

The strange bit of lore was more or less forgotten when, a few weeks ago, someone driving along the Rose Manor Road late at night, heard a hoarse barking and whining from the thicket surrounding Peddler's Rock. The noise was not like that of any ordinary hound dog "giving tongue" and the fellow who heard it pushed the accelerator of his flivver to the floor and put the place behind him as rapidly as possible.

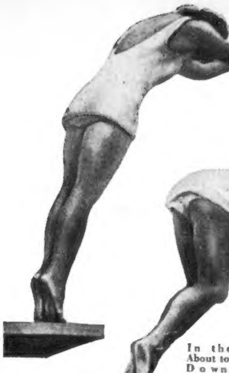
A few nights later the baying was heard again and, even when it was reported that a couple of stray dogs had been seen around the manor, the uneasiness of certain residents of Port Tobacco was not lessened. It just might be, they said, that all ghost stories are not the baseless fabrications of fiction writers and, anyhow, there were roads that did not pass by Peddler's Rock.

Rose Hill Manor, the Beautiful Setting to Which the "Ghost-Dog" Has Returned, Say Residents, Who Are Stirred by the Legend of Treasure and Tragedy.

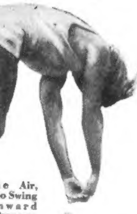
Miss Olivia Floyd, a Belle of 1830, and Mistress of the Manor, Who Is Said to Have Believed Implicitly in the Phantom Dog.



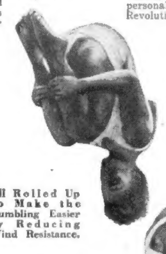
On This Rock, Where a Dog Is Posed, Sits the Phantom Pet of the Slain Man, Say the Old Residents, and It Is He That Howls for His Master.



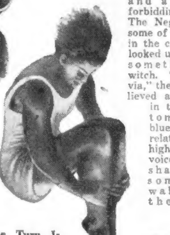
Madeline Karson, About to Do Her Two-and-a-Half Somersault Dive.



In the Air, About to Swing Downward She Prepares to Clutch Her Legs in Her Hands.

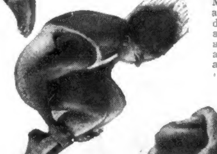


All Rolled Up to Make the Tumbling Easier by Reducing Wind Resistance.

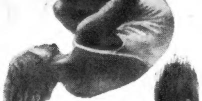


One Turn Is Completed, But Madeline Is Still Gaining Centrifugal Force,

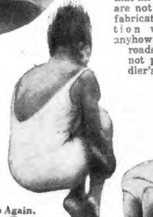
and—

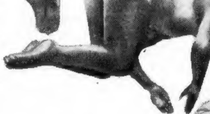


There She Goes Starting Another Somersault, and It Must Happen Quickly, for the Diver Is Dropping Rapidly to the Water.

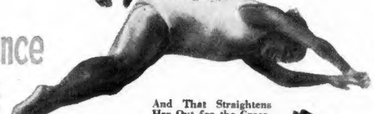


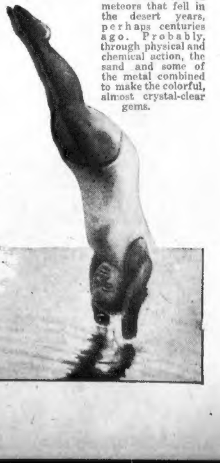
She's Half Way Around Now, and Turning at Just the Right Speed.





Head Up Again, After Two Complete Somersaults. Only a Half Turn and She'll Be Hitting the Surface. Better Let Go of the Knees, She Figures—





And That Straightens Her Out for the Graceful Arc So That She Will Strike the Water at the Proper Angle. Splash! She Hits, and the Dive Is Complete. "It's easy," Says the Former National Fancy Diving Champion. But Nobody Believes Her.

Only One Woman Can Do This Dive

MADELINE "Buddy" Karson, the country's former feminine national junior fancy diving champion, is said to be the only woman in the land who can consistently perform, with accuracy and grace, the so-called two-and-a-half front somersault dive.

As the name of the feat implies, this dive requires the young woman to make two complete revolutions and half of another turn in midair between the time she leaves the springboard and the instant she hits the water with terrific force. The stunt demands practice, nerve, and, of course, perfect timing—and the turns in midair are made at such speed that only a high-speed camera, in the hands of an expert photographer, can record exactly what goes on.

The pictures on this page, made with a camera that clicks its shutter many times in the fraction of a second, reveal just what an athlete—masculine or feminine—has got to do to manage a perfect "front two-and-a-half."

To the naked eye, Miss Karson is not much more than a rapidly spinning and falling blur, but to the faster eye of the camera her maneuvers are clearly visible.

"Mouse-Trap" for Stars

THE country's learned astronomers are much too busy solving the mysteries of the skies to bother their heads with such ordinary, earthbound things as mouse-traps, but it seems to many people who live in the neighborhood of Mount Locke, in southwestern Texas, that the star-gazers in charge of the new observatory atop the mountain are putting up a gigantic mouse-trap, big enough to hold a herd of elephants.

Of course, the structure that looks so much like a device to catch mice is the frame work for the semi-cylindrical building that will house the new eighty-five-inch reflecting telescope now being made for the Texas observatory. It is intended to snare more accurate information about the sun and the planets that whirl about it, and the countless other suns and satellites that swing in their orbits unimaginable distances from the earth.

The huge dome that looks so much like a mouse trap is engaging the interest of astronomers all over the world because it is the last word in observatories. The dome itself will set on top of a two-story structure which is so made that it will absorb all but the most violent of earthquake shocks. The structure will also be air-conditioned so that an even temperature can be maintained inside. This is not so much for the comfort of the observers as in the interest of accuracy. The delicate instruments would be thrown out of adjustment if varying temperatures caused them to expand and contract.

The astronomical mouse-trap will be set on a circular steel track and will rest on wheels so that it can be turned around in order to bring the slot-like opening through which the big telescope will be focused on the stars to concentrate on any part of the sky.

Science Using Artillery

RIGHT now scientists are extremely interested in the stratosphere, that layer of thin and stormless air ten or a dozen miles above the earth's surface. In the past year or two they have sent several balloons, bearing observers and scientific instruments, into this mysterious region and smaller balloons, carrying only small recording instruments, have gone aloft as high as 22 miles above ground. But both the stratosphere and the layer of ozone above it—from 22 to 37 miles above the earth's surface—are puzzles to be solved.

Remembering the Big Berthas, those gigantic German guns that hurled shells 24 miles during the World War, certain scientists now believe that similar pieces of super-artillery can be used to ascertain facts about the upper atmosphere by sending shells, bearing recording instruments, from 25 to 30 miles in the air. Such shells, of course, would be fired in an area where they would land in isolated sections of ground far from the nearest human habitation.

Lamp Counts the Audience

SCIENCE has found a new use for the highly efficient photo-electric cell, which opens and closes doors. Recent experiments have shown that the cell, used in much the same way as it now is on doors, seemingly opened by magic, can be hooked up with a computing machine and be made to count the people entering and leaving a theatre. It is built in the form of a lamp.

As each person goes in, cutting the beam of invisible light, the fact is registered and a running total kept. Another photo-electric cell counts the people that depart. By simple subtraction, the manager of a theatre equipped with such automatic counters would be able to know, at all times, just how many seats, if any, were available inside the theatre.

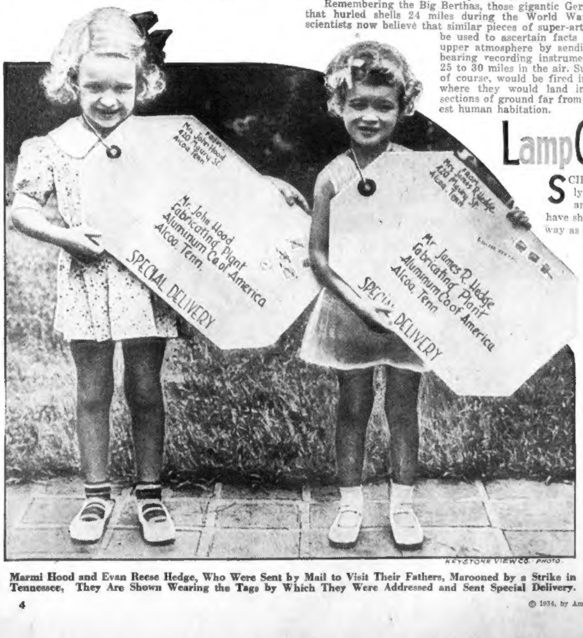
Precious Stones Out of the Heavens?

EXPERTS who have been studying curious greenish-yellow precious stones picked up in the Libyan Desert and now on display at the Kensington Museum, London, have come to the interesting conclusion that the gems fell from the skies, in a manner of speaking. Their analyses indicate that the beautiful stones are desert sand fused by the terrific heat of meteors that fell in the desert years, perhaps centuries ago. Probably, through physical and chemical action, the sand and some of the metal combined to make the colorful, almost crystal-clear gems.

Mailed to Their Marooned Daddies

SELDOM has the United States Mail been put to more unusual use than during a recent strike in the aluminum manufacturing plants of Alcoa, Tenn. For several days 200 non-union workers, who had attempted to break the strike by filling the jobs left by the strikers, were marooned in the company's buildings and it was impossible for members of their families to make contact with them because of the army of pickets that guarded the gates of the mills.

When two little girls—Marmi Hood and Evan Reese—made up their minds that they just had to see their fathers, inside the barricaded plant, someone recalled that livestock, including little girls, could be sent from one place to another by parcel post and that the strikers probably wouldn't dare tamper with Uncle Sam's mail. So two big tags, addressed to the fathers, were fastened to the necks of the girls and the postman set out with them. He took them, one under each arm, through the picket lines, and delivered them without interference from the milling crowd of strikers.

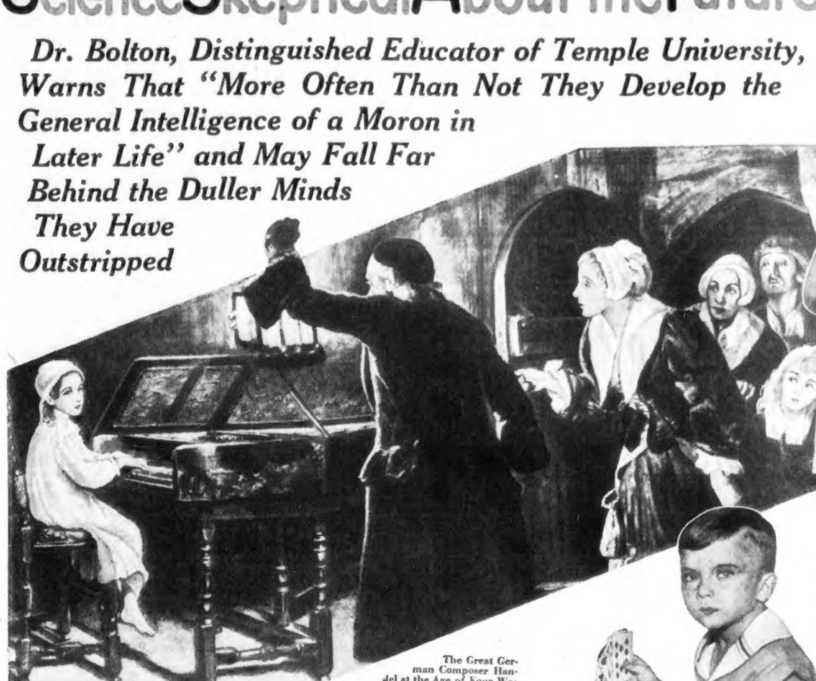

From: Mrs John Hood 420 Maury St. Alcoa Tenn
Mr. John Hood Fabricating Plant Aluminum Co. of America Alcoa Tenn.
SPECIAL DELIVERY
From: Mrs James R. Hedge 420 Maury St. Alcoa, Tenn
Mr. James R. Hedge Fabricating Plant Aluminum Co. of America Alcoa, Tenn
SPECIAL DELIVERY

KEYSTONE VIEW CO.—PHOTO.

Marmi Hood and Evan Reese Hedge, Who Were Sent by Mail to Visit Their Fathers, Marooned by a Strike in Tennessee, They Are Shown Wearing the Tags by Which They Were Addressed and Sent Special Delivery.

Science Skeptical About the Futures of "Infant Prodigies"

Dr. Bolton, Distinguished Educator of Temple University, Warns That "More Often Than Not They Develop the General Intelligence of a Moron in Later Life" and May Fall Far Behind the Duller Minds They Have Outstripped



The Great German Composer Handel at the Age of Four Was Found by His Family Composing Music in the Dead of Night in the Dark Attic, Upon the Old Piano. But He Was One of the Comparatively Few Child Prodigies to Continue His Progress and Attain Fame in Maturity.

An American Mathematical Child Prodigy, Five-Year-Old Herman Louis Miller, of Philadelphia, Who Can Correctly Answer Mathematical Problems While Playing Games of Cards Which Require Concentration.

Dorothy Mae Waters, of Kingston, Pennsylvania, Who, Although Four Years Old, Spells, Writes, Reads and Can Do Arithmetic Almost as Well as a Ten-Year-Old Child.

Little Ulrika Ringstrand, a Five-Year-Old Child of Stockholm, Sweden, Who Puzzles Scientists by Her Extraordinary Mathematical Mind. She Works Out Geometrical Problems Which Ordinarily Would Stump a Sixteen-Year-Old Student—But She May Never Grow to Be an Einstein.

Nine-Year-Old Margaret Heifetz, Who Has Astonished Moscow, Russia, by Leading, With All the Efficiency of a Seasoned Musician, Full Sized Symphony Orchestras in Programs of Difficult Classics—But Later On, Science Says, She May Become a Very Ordinary Person.

Chicago's Versatile Child Prodigy, Joan Bishop, Who, at Six Years of Age, Is a Finished Pianist, Singer, Actress and Dancer—and Yet May Never Attain Unusual Honors Upon the Stage When She Grows Up.

EVERY few weeks there is news of some new child prodigy, able at six or eight years old to perform feats of music, mathematics, memory or something else which would tax the abilities of adults who have studied these subjects for years.

Moscow is excited just now by the marvelous orchestral conductor, little Margaret Heifetz, who is not yet ten years old.

Little William MacNeil, of Atlantic, Massachusetts, is five and discourses on history, classical literature and even on the economics of the business depression and the New Deal as learnedly as university professors who have studied these subjects for ten times William's total age.

In the Harlem district of New York City lives a brilliant colored child named Philippa Schuyler, well schooled in geography, spelling, drawing and other subjects. She is just three.

A series of concerts was played recently in this country by Aubrey Rainier, described by competent critics as one of the world's most brilliant 'cellists. He is nine years old.

A few years ago four-year-old Billy Nash of Brooklyn passed with flying colors an examination in geography, history and popular science which would have stumped the vast majority of adults.

One entering class in Northwestern University, in Illinois, contained no less than five such precocious children, all able to enter the university with full standing, although the oldest was just fifteen.

In Los Angeles a mother was summoned to court for not allowing her nine-year-old boy to attend the public schools. She produced the boy, who proved a better speller than anyone in court, including the judge, and to know more about history, geography and other subjects than they did. The mother explained that she had taught her boy at home by a special method which she claimed was a secret, but it is probable that the boy was merely one of the mysterious child prodigies like the rest. The cynical scientific comment upon all this is interesting, but what of it?

With so many remarkable child minds turning up all the time it does seem even more remarkable that so little happens in consequence. In theory, one would suppose that an eight-year-old boy able to play almost as well as Paderewski would eclipse Paderewski altogether when he became fully matured and had more time for practice and learning. Similarly, a bright youngster who can write good poetry at the age of four should be the world's greatest poet when he had grown to middle age.

The fact seems to be, however, that this prognosis does not work out quite right. Perhaps Nature is too shrewd to let things go on progressing. If all the super-children grew up to be the geniuses they promise to become, the world might find itself in trouble with a group of super-men and super-women who would make everybody else feel ashamed of themselves.

Anyway, it certainly happens many times, if not most times, that the brilliant child prodigy soon vanishes and is heard of no more.

The popular idea is that they burn themselves out, like the proverbial candle burnt at both ends, or like an electric lamp supplied with too much voltage so that it burns with extreme brilliance for a few minutes and then goes out in one expiring flash. Professional psychologists, several groups of whom have studied the child prodigy problem are inclined to agree with this, or at least to agree that the child prodigy very seldom goes on to realize the brilliant promise of the first years.

Just why this is true is not so well agreed upon, although some plausible theories have recently been worked out.

One of the things that seems often to happen to child prodigies is early death. An example was the young son of John Evelyn, whose famous diary is one of the treasures of English literature and history. At the age of two and a half this boy could write words in English, Latin, French and Gothic. By the time that he was four he could translate Latin and Greek into English and knew perfectly the grammars of English, French and Latin. Propositions out of Euclid's geometry were read to him for his amusement. He died at the age of five years and three months.

Another not uncommon end of child prodigies seems to be crime. A few months ago an unusually brilliant high school boy of Pelham, New York, then just twelve years old, was trapped by the police collecting what he believed to be the ransom money in a kidnap plot which he had evolved.

Last year a ten-year-old girl of Pleasantville, New York, was exposed as the contriver of another kidnaping threat which had kept the police of that town excited for days.

In a case recently mentioned in The American Weekly, a mysterious and highly successful "cat burglar" who had been operating in Le Havre, in France, was caught and found to be a brilliant schoolgirl from a nearby school.

This year in New York City a boy who had graduated from high school with honors at fourteen was arrested as a burglar when he was seventeen.

There are, of course, not a few exceptions to the rule of later failure or disaster, especially among the child musicians. A generation ago one of the famous musical prodigies was the tiny Josef Hofmann, recognized as a great pianist although his hands were scarcely large enough to span the keys. Today, this same Josef Hofmann is one of the world's foremost musicians, and also has proved himself a brilliant teacher, composer and administrator of musical schools. The great Franz Liszt, whose compositions still are played daily all over the world, was another boy prodigy who grew up to be a brilliant pianist, director and composer. Jascha Heifetz and Yehudi Menuhin, violinists, were prodigies who improved as they grew older.

One New York City prodigy of a few years ago recently turned up again in the news as a happy and successful wife, working at an ordinary job and keeping house for her husband, who also has an ordinary job. This is Mrs. Harold S. Leach, formerly Ellen Benso, who was an honor student at Barnard College before she was twelve, received the highest rating ever reported on the intelligence tests given to children and was author of a book on the younger generation before she was fifteen.

At twenty-one, Mrs. Leach is happily married to a young man in the ice cream business and herself holds down an office job as a cashier.

One of the professors at Temple University, Philadelphia, Dr. Thaddeus L. Bolton, head of the Department of Psychology, has confessed that he still believes the futures of child prodigies to be extremely doubtful. Commenting on the prospects in life of three child prodigies recently discovered in Pennsylvania, Dr. Bolton said that "a child displaying excessive talent along one particular line more often than not develops the general intelligence of a moron in later life."

Marked precocity in special lines is shown by all three of the recent Pennsylvania discoveries. One boy, Herman Louis Miller, of Philadelphia, is nearly five and already has displayed remarkable mathematical ability. Even while he is tossing a ball about or playing some other game such as a game of cards with his older brother, this youthful calculator will answer rapidly and correctly a stream of questions about additions, subtractions, multiplications and other mathematical operations. Apparently the mathematics goes on in the boy's head side by side with ordinary activities, and without either interfering with these activities or being interfered with by them. This same kind of split in the mind so that two things can be done at once is characteristic of many adult "lightning calculators" and similar mathematical prodigies, one of which the Miller boy may be when he grows up—unless he turns out the other way.

In Chester, Pennsylvania, is a boy named Charlie Fritz, seven years old, already more than five feet tall and as husky as most boys in high school. He is ready for high school, too, although he entered the first grade of school only a year ago, when he was six. In one year he raced through all of the school grades from first to seventh and did much of the seventh and eighth grade work in addition. But Charlie is interested only in school and school subjects. He does his light reading in the dictionary and cares nothing for any kind of sport.

Third of the recent Pennsylvania discoveries is four-year-old Dorothy Mae Waters of Kingston. This little girl's special talent is for spelling and reading. Long ago she completed the reading primer and other books for the first and second grades, although it is still two years before it will be time for her to go to school.

"Cucumber," "scarecrow" and other words which usually tax the spelling abilities of students five or six grades along in school are easy for Dorothy.

If she grows up to be a stenographer she may be the world's prize speller—or she may be nothing.

Last Winter, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Edward A. Lincoln, of Harvard University, reported a study which he and his associates have made of exceptionally high grade children in public schools near Boston. A group of forty-five boys and sixty-four girls were found whose intelligence rating, made by the tests ordinarily used for children just starting at school, were much above the average. These children then were followed for from five to eight years of their school work. Grades and other school records were examined. At the end of the period the children's intelligence was tested again, by new tests suited to the ages which they now had reached.

In agreement with many other facts indicating that a good start does not necessarily mean a whirlwind finish, Professor Lincoln found that this group of gifted super-children did not develop much faster, on the average, than if they had not possessed any unusual intelligence. More than a third of them actually dropped backward in intelligence; that is, they progressed more slowly than their average schoolmates who had started less quickly.

The chief interest of the psychologists is in why these things happen. Is it a law of Nature that too quick and early development must mean slower progress later, or can this fate be avoided so that prodigy children actually go ahead to become super-men and super-women?

One theory of why they do not is the isolation theory. The super-children find themselves so different from other children around them that they become psychologically abnormal. They may learn to "show off" all the time or they may be depressed by their apparent superiority and try to hide it. In any event, they miss the valuable kind of education which comes from active contact with other children on a basis of equality.

Another theory says that the child tends to be leveled down to the mass of other children merely because he or she mixes with them. It is known that in factories an exceptionally fast workman tends to work more slowly when working with others of average speed, just as an exceptionally slow workman tends to work faster. All exceptional people, this theory says, tend to be leveled down to approach the average.

The most probable explanation of the peculiarities of the "wonder children" is, however, that suggested by Professor Bolton of Temple University, the theory that both the precocious ability and the usual failure to progress beyond this are due to one-sided development of the brain.

Psychologists once believed that there are special "centers" in the brain for one thing or another; a center for mathematical ability, one for ability at speaking or reading languages and so on. It now is known that this is almost altogether wrong. Virtually all of the things called thinking are done by a large part of the brain working together, perhaps by nearly all of the brain. Ordinary people develop all of their brains about equally and in much the same way, so that they can do many kinds of thinking reasonably well.

The child prodigy, on the other hand, develops some one ability very early in life and very perfectly. This affects the entire organization and training of the brain, so that other kinds of training become difficult or impossible. What is called common sense, which really is nothing but good general thinking by all of the brain, becomes difficult because the brain's habits, abilities and so on have been used up in becoming a precocious musician, or speller or something else.

This theory also explains the fact that there are exceptions to the general rule that child prodigies do poorly later. Some brains may be good enough to overcome the handicap of one-sided early development, or perhaps this one-sidedness was not quite so complete. Capacity for later brain growth still remained.

In any event, psychologists and educators agree that to be a child prodigy or to have one in the family is a dangerous experiment. It is safer not to be quite so remarkable at five or six and to have more capacity left for brain growth and development later on.

Mountain Folk Who Order Their Lives By "Signs"

MANY unique "signs" and superstitions prevail among the natives of the Ozark mountain region. They enjoy them, as the hound dog does his midnight chase after varmints. These folks live by "signs," as did several generations preceding them. You could no more shake their belief than you could quench their thirst for mountain dew.

Young women of the Ozark region have an unusual amount of quaint superstitions about love affairs. When one of them plants a "love vine" they say that if it grows her sweetheart will be faithful; if it withers and dies, he will be untrue to her. Sally Goodin, of the Ozarks, believes that if she stubs her toe on a rock, kisses her own thumb quickly, she will see her lover within 24 hours; that if she cleans her finger nails on Saturday she will meet her lover at church on Sunday morning.

If a red bird flies across her path, she will be kissed twice before sun-down. When she plucks a hair from her head, runs it through her hand and finds that it curls, she is certain her lover is true to her; if it does not he loves another. When the cornbread burns, her lover is angry with her. If she allows cobwebs to accumulate in the cabin, her lover will never visit her again. If any girl allows anyone to sweep under her chair while she is sitting in it, she will not be married for at least a year.

Young men of the Ozarks have their share of peculiar beliefs. If a young hillman starts a fire in the stove and it burns brightly at once, he feels certain of his sweetheart's love. If he bends down a mullien leaf in a field toward the cabin of his sweetheart, and the stalk grows up straight again, within a week or so, she loves him. If the stalk withers and dies, she does not.

The young woman who sits with her thumbs resting inside her hand will be dominated by her husband; if her thumbs are extended she will rule the household.

When a death occurs in an Ozark cabin, some one stops the clock immediately, covers every mirror in the house and draws down all shades. It is a general belief that the last person to look upon a corpse, and then see his or her own reflection in a mirror, will certainly die within the year.

The Mountaineers Say It Is Uncanny—the Certainty That If a Rooster Crows at Night There Will Be Much Rain, and They Make the Necessary Preparations for Dealing With the Problems It Brings.

Rain on a wedding day is considered a calamity for the couple being married. Rain during a funeral is a good omen, meaning the dead will rest in peace. One should never count the number of vehicles in a funeral procession. Graves are always dug on the same day of the burial. If a grave is left open overnight, there may soon be another death in the same family. Attendants at an Ozarkian funeral never leave the graveside until the last shovel of dirt has been thrown upon the grave.

When a turkey buzzard appears, it is Spring. The same number of thunderclaps heard in February means an equal number of frosts in May. A rain on Monday morning means a rain every day that week. A rain on the first Sunday of the month, means that it will rain every other Sunday of that month. If the sun sets clear on Tuesday, it will rain on Friday.

If a rooster crows in the Ozarks just after dark it will rain before morning. When chickens stand with their tail feathers to the wind, you may expect showers. Pleasant weather is ahead when quails sun themselves and rabbits nest in shallow furrows.

A hen set on Sunday will hatch out all roosters. Eggs carried to the nest in a woman's apron will hatch out all pullets.

Girls, upon seeing a red bird, always make a wish. If the bird thereafter flies upward the wish will come true; if it flies downward the wish will be denied. Always make a wish when you drop a comb if you live in the mountains.

If a girl's dress turns up by accident, her lover is thinking of her. Upon seeing a spotted horse, a woman should not look at it but the one time, then rush to a friend and make known her wish. It will be granted.

Sure signs of an approaching death in the family are: a bird flying into the house, a ringing in the ears, a rooster crowing in the doorway, cattle bawling at night, horses playing in the barnyard, or a window falling.

If red birds hover around the back door it means trouble ahead. If a snake in found in the cabin it means an enemy is plotting evil. If you step over a spade lying upon the ground, you will soon sleep in a grave dug by this spade. Never carry a hoe into the house; it will bring about the death of a friend.

If you wear a garment made on Friday you will never live to wear it out. To step over a person lying on the floor means premature death for that person. To burn sassafrass brush means the death of your mother.

Children are not allowed to glance in a mirror, nor are their nails or toenails trimmed until they are two years old.

The accidental dropping of a knife means a woman visitor, a fork means a man will call. If the dishcloth slips from your hands and falls compactly upon the floor, your first guest will be a woman; if it falls spread out your first guest will be a man. If you drop a towel while drying the dishes your first visitor will be a man.

All these signs and superstitions which regulate the lives of the mountaineers are not original in that territory. The superstition that if you count the vehicles in a funeral procession, death will visit your family is known and flourishing in almost every part of the world.

The weather portents are not all superstition as it happens. Many weather signs are the result of expert observation by natives over hundreds of years—natives who have learned to read the scientific significance of conditions that seem phenomenal.

School teachers and others who go into the mountains to try to modernize the folks who live there, find their tasks doubly difficult if they do not pretend to believe firmly in all the signs and portents of the country.

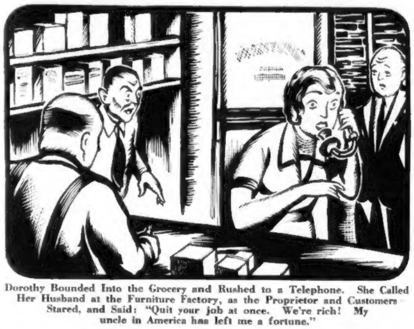
Lived Like A Queen On Her Daydream Fortune

NOT long ago Dorothy Connell bounded into a corner grocery store near her home in Melbourne, Australia, and fairly gasped: "May I use your telephone? I must talk to my husband right away!" The grocer and several customers were startled—for she was so breathless with excitement she could scarcely speak. Business in the store came to a standstill while Dorothy Connell called the furniture factory where her husband was employed as a varnisher.

"Arthur!" she almost wept with joy. "Throw up your job and come straight home. We are rich. Yes! Rich. I've just heard that poor Uncle John died in New York, leaving me all of his money. A fortune—$400,000."

Naturally, the grocer and his customers were simply beside themselves for more details, which Dorothy willingly supplied. Poor Uncle John had not seen her since she was a little girl, with long golden curls, down to there! Lonely despite all of his wealth, and dying among the skyscrapers of New York, he thought about her and those golden curls. So he had written her a farewell message, and sending for his lawyer had dictated a will, making her his sole heir.

"Well, well!" the grocer rubbed his hands. "You'll probably be wanting to have a bit of a party, by way of celebration. Now, if there is anything I can do——"


Dorothy Bounded Into the Grocery and Rushed to a Telephone. She Called Her Husband at the Furniture Factory, as the Proprietor and Customers Stared, and Said: "Quit your job at once. We're rich! My uncle in America has left me a fortune."

That was a splendid idea. Dorothy's eye ran over the shelves, and presently the grocer was getting down expensive imported delicacies—anchovies, goose liver paste, hearts of artichoke.

"It may be some time before the estate is settled," said Dorothy, carelessly. "But the lawyer wrote he was leaving for Melbourne and he would bring a substantial amount of cash with him."

Of course, the news spread rapidly—and other tradesmen felt just as the grocer felt. Anything Dorothy and Arthur wanted was theirs—dresses, suits, hats, shoes, watches, mesh bags or gold-headed walking sticks. Later, they were going to order a foreign automobile and hire a liveried chauffeur ,but meanwhile they were satisfied to ride in a sedan hired by the day. No more street cars for them! Even when Dorothy went to see her mother, just a few blocks away, she must ride in the upholstered sedan.

When more than a month had passed, and the lawyer from New York had failed to put in an appearance, even though there had been several ships from America, all of those trusting merchants who had so joyously extended credit to the Connells began to feel uneasy. Dorothy's mother, too, began to feel uneasy. It is a mystery now to everyone why she was not suspicious from the first—for she had already had considerable experience with her daughter's fertile imagination.

But Dorothy really did have an uncle somewhere in the United States, although no one had heard anything from him in years and years—and Dorothy had disarmed her mother and everyone else with that charmingly worded farewell note from poor Uncle John. The letter from the lawyer had somehow been misplaced—but, never mind, Dorothy would hunt it up as soon as she had time. Wasn't it just like poor Uncle John to remember the golden curls and write to them as he lay dying? So Dorothy's mother swallowed the story, hook, line and sinker.

And Dorothy continued to play the role of heiress until the proprietors of the stores where she had run up big bills began to feel that it was about time they were paid in something more substantial than promises. When they became insistent Dorothy became confused—and when she became confused, they became alarmed. Authorities were asked to investigate, and when they pressed Dorothy for satisfactory proof of her legacy, she broke down and in tears admitted that it was all just another day dream.

At first there was a feeling that Dorothy ought to be prosecuted, but after the mother had told all that she knew about her daughter's vivid imagination, authorities decided that the girl had not concocted the story with any intent to defraud. She had just simply been up to her old trick of "building castles in Spain." When people believed her, and demonstrated their belief by volunteering credit, she was delighted—but she just did not seem to realize that there was anything dishonest in accepting merchandise and services she could never on this earth pay for.

Dorothy's first outstanding flight into the realm of fancy came when she was a schoolgirl living with her grandmother in London. She came home one day and announced that she had won a scholarship to an exclusive women's college. Overjoyed, her grandmother spent weeks outfitting the girl with an extensive wardrobe. Then, every morning, Dorothy would leave home in her fine clothing, presumably to attend classes. At night, she would return at the right hour. But all that time, for weeks, she was really seeing the sights of London. One day a friend of the family saw her on the street when she was supposed to be at the college, so that house of cards came toppling down.

Later, she and her mother moved to Melbourne, where they were employed as caretakers for an automobile company. Life was drab, so once again Dorothy took flight from reality into the realm of fancy. Her mind went back to an occasion in London when she had met the son of a rich man. She built up a little romance around him, with herself as the Cinderella heroine. She whisked him around the globe on the magic carpet of imagination and landed him in Australia.

One morning she announced that she had met him on the street in Melbourne, and that they had promptly fallen in love with each other. But he had to go to Sydney, where his father had a factory. However, he was returning soon, and then they would be married.

The curious part of it is that her mother—who seems to have been a remarkably credulous woman—believed all of this. But that was doubtless because in her own drab existence the mother also had need of escaping from reality, and consequently found the daughter's romancing both exciting and convincing.

Dorothy even displayed a love letter from her millionaire-lover—a letter she herself had written. She explained that the reason he was so long delayed in Sydney was because he had been hurt in an automobile accident. This particular day dream reached the point of wedding preparations. The mother even went with Dorothy to inspect engagement rings, and started making things for the trousseau. But one day someone caught Dorothy writing another love letter to herself, and that imaginary romance dissolved into a flood of tears.

Shortly afterwards her one and only true romance entered her life. She met and married Arthur Connell, a furniture varnisher. In their modest suburban home, with a baby daughter, they seemed happy enough—until Dorothy's yearning for better things got the best of her, and her old trick of day dreaming took possession of her again. She kept up the fiction to the very end, even riding in the hired sedan when she went to sign the confession. Now, poor Arthur is smoking his pipe once more, and is tramping the streets looking for a job.

Day dreaming is a common enough habit. People the world over are addicted to the practice—for by living in an imaginary world of their own creation they can make the most drab surroundings and unpleasant circumstances endurable. Fortunately, most people keep their day dreaming to themselves, and do not feel compelled—as Dorothy did—to make them seem true by inducing others to believe in them. But for any who do feel the need of taking in the credulous to make a fictitious existence seem genuine—Australia seems to be an excellent place to try it.

Paris Divorce Snoopers Revealed As Blackmail Ring

"SHOCKING! Most embarrassing indeed!" So said some of Britain's most staid, conservative and discreet lawyers when they learned the other day that for years they have been obtaining evidence for divorce cases from an organized gang of French blackmailers, operating under the guise of a "divorce evidence agency."

But the angle which gives zest to this situation is the fact that these same staid, conservative and discreet solicitors—through their patronage—were largely responsible for the organization and growth of the divorce evidence agency, which is now being investigated by French authorities.

Here is how the whole thing started. For years, it had been the common practice for English solicitors—with clients who suspected that husbands or wives might be misbehaving in French hotels—to call upon various employes in those hotels to supply the necessary evidence for divorce action.

After this had been going on for some time, the hotel employes who had been doing the snooping and providing the evidence began to realize the value of organization. So the first thing the English solicitors knew they found themselves no longer dealing with individuals in various hotels, but with an agency, or "society."

The solicitors did not understand how this agency had come into being, but for a number of years they found no cause for complaint. The agency had been registered in accordance with French law, and it did its work efficiently. In every important hotel in France, it had a representative—some member of the hotel staff.

This simplified matters a lot, and made life easier for the English solicitors. Whenever a client came in and said, "I say, my wife's gallivanting around France with some bounder or other," or "I'm simply heartbroken—my husband's run off with a chorus girl, and I know they've gone to France," those English solicitors could reply, "Tut! tut! You leave it to me. I'll have you a divorce before you can say Jack Robinson." Then, instead of having to track down the erring husband or wife, the solicitors only had to communicate with the agency—and presto! In no time, the necessary evidence was on hand.

But after a while some of the more ambitious and energetic members of the agency became dissatisfied with the volume of business that was being handled. With their extensive organization they ought to be doing a lot better than they were. They must stimulate trade. Why wait for solicitors to call for evidence? Why not snoop around and find the evidence? So that is just what they did. They would spy on English couples sojourning in French hotels, and when they found a couple that was not married, they would write to the husband or wife back in England, offering divorce evidence.

For a while that worked fine, and business thrived, Then the agency heads became even more ambitious. They started working both ends against the middle. They would write to the person in France, stating the evidence had been gathered, and asking how much was it worth to suppress it. Then they would write to the person in England, asking how much would be paid for such evidence. The highest bid would be accepted.

Things went along this way for some time—until one husband refused to be blackmailed, and raised a rumpus when sued by his wife on evidence supplied by the agency. Everyone was shocked—the staid, conservative and discreet solicitors, who had been dealing with the agency, most of all. When French authorities began to investigate they found one case in which the agency had accused the wrong man, getting names mixed, and another one in which the woman the agency's "snooper" said had been with a certain man in a certain hotel had never been near the place.

The French government promptly revoked the agency's license—and arrested two men and a woman, said to be its executives. But the greatest excitement over the affair is in England—for numerous divorce cases based on the agency's evidence are now pending, and no one knows just what attitude the English courts are going to take.

Bracelets, Rings, Ruled Proper For Nudist Maids

"THE meeting will come to order," said the presiding officer, an imposing gentleman, who—from head to foot—was a few shades lighter than a sun-ripened strawberry. Then he cleared his throat and took a swipe at an agitated mosquito that seemed to have been driven into a state of frenzied indecision over the expansive opportunities offered by this bizarre assembly. The presiding officer and all of the members of the club sat cross-legged on the greensward, clad only in their "birthday suits."

There was no snickering nor giggling. This was an earnest conclave. England's most extraordinary country club was in executive session, and there were important matters to be discussed. Perhaps it seems a trifle odd to apply the term "country club" to this unadorned gathering in an Adam and Eve setting—but that is the disarming title under which the members themselves have undertaken to shroud the identity of their organization. They call it a country club. In this country, where a lot of people think nothing of hanging their clothes on a hickory limb, it would be called a nudist colony. But in England, such frankness would be looked upon as vulgar—so they call it a country club.

"Any unfinished business?" inquired the plump and ruby presiding officer, who—in addition to knowing all about the delights of cavorting through leafy glades without a stitch of clothing—was well informed about parliamentary procedure. He conducted the meeting with the greatest of dignity, and presently moved on to "new business." It seems there was quite a lot of that. But most important at the moment was the question of admitting single men to membership.

The presiding officer, and other shining lights, felt that single men just did not get the idea. They did not want to come out flat-footed, and bare-footed, against letting single men in the club. But experience had demonstrated that single men loose in this Eden presented difficulties—and were not to be trusted any further than they could be seen, which was not far, considering that there were plenty of hedges, shrubbery and bowers all around. So, on the recommendation of the membership committee, it was decided that the greatest caution would be exercised in the future before the privileges of the club were extended to any single man.

At the End of the Nudist Discussion the Majority Ruled, Many of the Men Supporting the Contention of the Women That It Is Not Incongruous for an Unclothed Lady Member to Wear Jewelry or a Wrist Watch.

Then there was the matter of certain forms of personal adornment by feminine members. Complete nudity was the rule. Everyone understood that and approved of it, or else he would not be there. When a new member was introduced into the circle, for instance, he—or she—was immediately conducted to the council grounds, and in that clearing, before the assembled membership of the club, was required to remove every article of clothing. If the new member demurred, from embarrassment, he—or she—was gently but firmly assisted in this ritual of shedding the emblems of civilization.

But what about wrist watches, beads, bracelets, and anklets? The girls in the club were still wearing them, and was that right? Up spoke the chairman of the rules committee and said, "No! That is not right. The rule of this club is that everyone must be completely unadorned from head to toe."

"Well spoken!" agreed the stern and slick-headed chairman of the rules committee. But the girls voted him down. They insisted upon their trinkets, and even upon the right to enamel their toenails, and enough of the men sided with them to make a majority.

The executive session being over, the members promptly began to express the lighter side of their natures—disporting themselves in the swimming pool, like so many nymphs and driads and whatever masculine creatures of mythological woodlands are supposed to have frolicked with nymphs and driads.

This most extraordinary country club—which has become the talk of London, despite the secrecy surrounding it—has been flourishing for some months in a wooded dell not far from the metropolis. Its membership includes persons of all ages, from babes in arms on up. There are cabins, cottages and tents scattered through the woods for those who feel inclined to express the lighter side of their natures for a week or so at a time. As in most other nudist camps, the members eat, drink, play games, make merry and wander through the thickets utterly devoid of clothing at all times. In fact, as has already been indicated, clothing of all sorts is absolutely taboo. The moment a member enters the gate, he must shed everything. After he has once been initiated by the stripping ritual, if he ever appears before the other members on the club property with so much as a sock on, he would be held guilty of an unpardonable breach of etiquette.

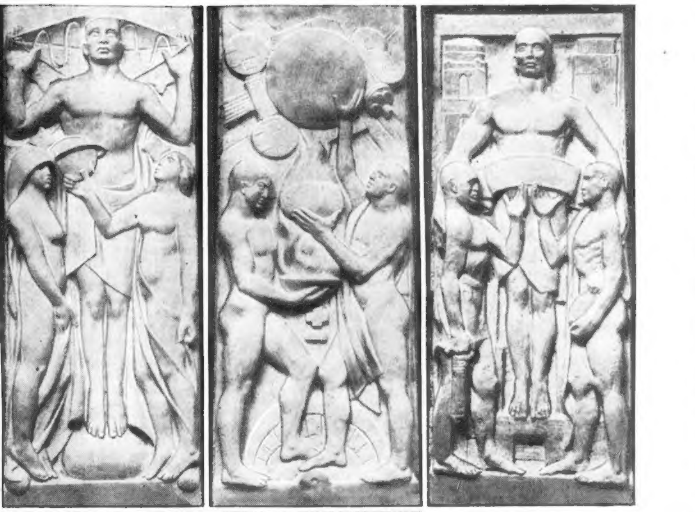
Operated most discreetly, this club has been unusually successful in its determination to avoid attracting the attention of residents in the neighborhood. In fact, scarcely anyone in the district knows of its existence. The grounds are surrounded by a high fence, topped with barbed wire—which is quite sufficient to discourage anyone who might be curious or prying. The entrance looks like the entrance to any private estate. Hundreds of people drive by every day without ever suspecting that a nudist colony is flourishing beyond that commonplace entrance.

It is considered quite difficult for one to obtain membership in this singular country club. After a person's name has been proposed to the membership committee, that person is thoroughly investigated—reputation, disposition, habits, antecedents, prejudices, preferences, all are carefully scrutinized before the membership committee makes its report and recommendation.

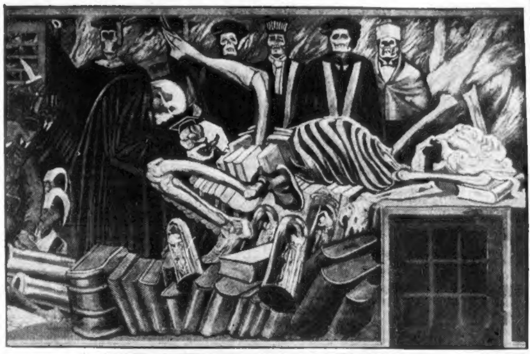
Upon finally being approved and voted membership, a person is then presented with a key, bearing a special membership serial number. This key unlocks the only portal that gives access to the club grounds—and every member is cautioned to guard his key at all times and "for heaven's sake do not lose it!"

Absurdity of Most "Symbolism" in Art

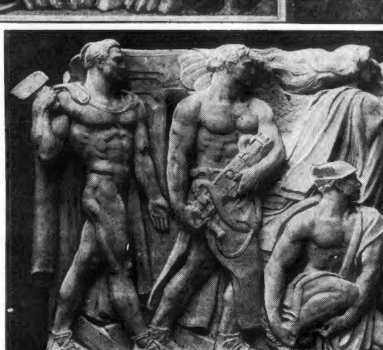
A Prize of 100,000 Gondwanaland Yen Offered by The American Weekly to Any Reader Who Can Guess What on Earth These Sculptors Were Trying to Express, Without Being Told



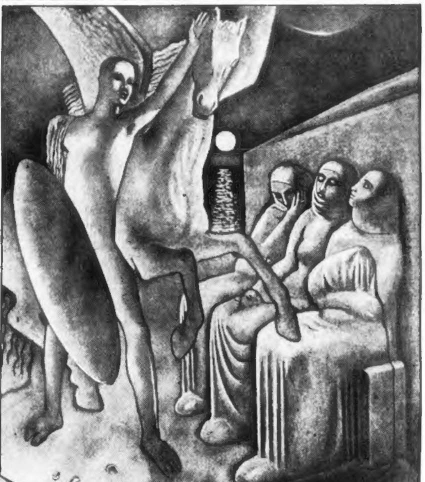
Some of Gaston Lachaise's Symbolic Panels at the Entrance of the R. C. A. Building, Rockefeller Center, New York. The Artist Has Engraved a Label on Each Group. But If the Labels Got Mixed Up, Perhaps It Would Do No Harm. Guess What Each One Represents!



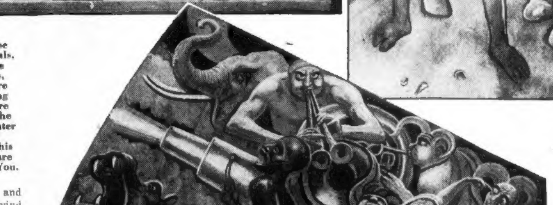
One of Orozco's Panels at Dartmouth College. The Artist Having Omitted to Explain What It Means, It Is Anybody's Guess to Interpret It. What Does the Reader Think the Artist Was Trying to Tell People?



What Are These Husky Individuals, Wearing Little or No Clothes, Doing? Where Are They Going and Is It a Fire Extinguisher the Man in the Center Is Carrying? Guess What This Symbolic Picture Ought to Tell You.



By the Royal Academy Sculptor, Glyn Philpot. The Explanation of What Mr. Philpot Had in Mind, If He Had Anything in Mind, Is Left to the Reader to Imagine.



The American Weekly's Prize Does Not Apply to This Picture. Here the Artist, Leo Katz, Has a Real Idea, and He Expresses It in a Way That Even a Feeble-Minded Person Would Understand. This Is a Mural From the Chicago World's Fair and Represents "Sound." It Is One of the Rare Cases Where Symbolic Art Has Any Meaning.

WHENEVER a great new public building, state capitol, hall of justice or a modern skyscraper is erected, it is customary to call in distinguished artists to design some sculpture which will symbolize something or other. A world's fair is a grand opportunity for symbolism in art—and we have Industry, Agriculture, the Bounty of Nature, etc., etc., shown in marbles, bronzes or paintings. And so, too, when a battle monument is erected, we have Victory and Sacrifice, etc., in symbolic art. But unless the sculptures or the murals are labeled, nobody can guess what they mean, as a rule, and if the labels were mixed up, no harm would be done—the symbolism of Sacrifice would do just as well for Industry.

On this page today are given some examples of recent symbolism in art by artists of reputation. The labels have been purposely left off from the pictures to give the reader a chance to look at the picture and figure out what it means. If any reader can correctly guess the meaning of the various pictures on this page, without being told, The American Weekly will award a prize of 100,000 Gondwanaland Yen—Gondwanaland was the continent which disappeared in the ocean 200,000,000 years ago, long before man came on this earth.

John Erskine, college professor and well known author and critic, is a man of exceptional intelligence. He is familiar with the great art galleries of the world and is a member of an artists' guild as well as a poet. But Professor Erskine, as he studied the series of bas-reliefs on the outside walls of one of the buildings of the handsome new group known as Rockefeller Center, in New York, found he was unable to guess what they were all about. Luckily he found that each stone riddle had its explanation chiseled on it, telling what it was supposed to mean, and he then made this remark:

"There is something wrong with sculpture which has to be translated into another language before it can be understood. I agree with whoever put the inscriptions there that those bas-reliefs needed translating."

For years everyone has recognized the well-nourished figure with silk hat and side whiskers as the symbol of the rich banker, and a slouching figure, with cap pulled down over his eyes and the corners of his mouth drawn down as symbolizing crime. Uncle Sam is a tall, thin figure with a high hat but nobody confuses him with the symbol of Prohibition, which is another tall, lean figure, with an even higher hat. John Bull and John Barleycorn are both portly yet any child can tell these symbols at a glance. But if the cartoonists created all these popular and easily-recognized symbols—why can't the "great artists" do as well?

Richard King, eminent English columnist, became fed-up on another aspect of symbolic art, the absurd misuse and misplacement of women who apparently have just stepped out of the bath, without time even to grab a towel. He said:

"I wish that some witty author would write a book on the excrescence of the naked woman in art. Is she not the everlasting gate crasher? No symbol in color or stone of Peace, Triumph or Adoration, but she strips for the occasion. She even flounders about beneath the monument of Queen Victoria in front of Buckingham Palace, though she has in this instance the tact to turn 'fishy' just where it must really be most inconvenient."

After citing various other cases of inappropriate nudity, he goes on to say:

"In fact, at the least emotional crisis her clothes inevitably slip off as a sort of beau geste to the occasion. At all events I have yet to admire any statue to Peace, Prosperity or Victory without at least one naked lady, dressed entirely in her own beauty or, what is worse, one negligible garment and a tactful wind. Which brings me to yet another wonder, and that is, why the wind in art is always so considerate and yet in reality it inclines invariably toward embarrassing exposure? But then I am always wondering and laughing."

The subject is a broader one than the mere naked woman in symbolism, and Mr. King might have pointed out that whenever a new building is dedicated to a national or municipal service, it is customary to call in the artists and have designs submitted to symbolize Justice, the speed of the mails in the Post Office, the topic of Literature if it is a public library, or of Science if the building is to contain a laboratory or meeting hall of a learned society. And the way the brain of the sculptor works out his problem is usually a scream.

Women have gotten used to seeing their sex doing things in marble and oils that would be a joke in life, and make no protest as long as the general idea is credible though untrue. There were some laments, however, when a sculptured group entitled "Civic Virtue" was unveiled in New York City and revealed a rude, nude young man deliberately walking on a prostrate nude woman. To add insult to injury, he represented virtue and she vice of all sorts. Even so she could have had him arrested.

But the absurdity of symbolism is shown best at the dedication of buildings for a World's Fair or a great exposition.

Here the genius of the sculptor is most severely tested, because he must symbolize things which are solemn, mechanical and have no possible aesthetic attributes. But as the conventional traditions require attributes which do not belong there, and since the inevitable female must be the central idea, we have such grotesque nonsense as a huge muscular woman leaning with one arm on a big cog-wheel, while her other arm rests on a big iron anvil, and around her naked or sandaled feet are scythes, sickles, hammers, tongs, rivets, plowshares, crucibles and other miscellaneous junk which women abhor, know nothing about, and nobody wants them to mess themselves up with.

And so it is all through the symbolism of the statuary, carved decorations and caryatids on public buildings. Of course, war memorials are also preposterous. Oftentimes an allegorical figure of War is the inevitable woman with helmet, enormous shield on her arm and a sword. No such creature exists, nobody wants any woman to go to the front, and a more wrong-headed symbolism could scarcely be devised.

Artists are constantly asserting that they must be true to life and depict things as they see them. A woman dressed up in the war togs of the soldier is as untrue to life as a soldier marching in women's high-heeled slippers and almost the only place where an artist can see a woman dressed the way they often represent them, is in a musical comedy.

On war memorials one would expect the sculptor would rise to the occasion. He has some 2,000 years of splendid precedents for that ancient subject and, since 1914 must have been constantly thinking and reading about it. Yet Jo Davidson turns out a screaming, hysterical, female figure, with upraised clenched fists to typify the Battle of the Marne. Nothing could be further from the dogged, soldierly discipline in those worn-out troops which made it possible to overcome the German war machine.

Nevertheless the modern artist can on occasion deliver a message that is powerful because it rings true, even when he is at the disadvantage of trying to decorate symbolically an industrial building at the Chicago Century of Progress. Leo Katz, in four mural paintings representing Cold, Heat, Sound and Mechanical Motion, hit one bull's-eye, as far as the general public is concerned. This was Sound—with the others he was not so inspired.

The Sound section required no inscription to force home to everyone, that we are living in the savage din of the jazz age. Maniacs are seen blowing on brass instruments, an African beats with bones on a tom-tom, typifying the barbaric trend of modern music, its brutality is suggested by the bellowing of a hippopotamus and the blast from a war howitzer. Yelling faces bring to mind all sorts of vocal noises from radio singers to public speakers. Crouched in the corner, with fingers in ears and going crazy with the bedlam, is the victim which every spectator identified as himself. Here Mr. Katz had a message, it was true and so clear that not a detail was missed.

Cold, however, is represented by a giant on a horse, steed and rider covered with icicles. Next to this is a nursing mother and the face of the father. In dangerous proximity is a polar bear and two seals. The artist has explained that the last two groups symbolize the heroism of life fighting with cold. It was suggested that instead of the last two, one of Scott and his companions on the last day of their heroic attempt to get back from the South Pole would have been clearer and more forceful.

In the Heat section he was even less effective to the average man and woman. The visitors knew that the red and yellow treatment represented fire and things looking like flames appeared to be burning alive four human beings and a horse. The biggest figure in the section is a dragon which proved a total loss to perhaps 99 out of every hundred because the average person has forgotten (if he ever knew) that the ancients considered the dragon a symbol of fire.

Artists seem to be at their worst when they try to tell the message of machinery. In the fourth section are seen several bits of machinery, including an automobile and a fearsome iron robot towering over the bowed figure of a man. The suggestion seems to be the old idea that man is the slave of the machine. The historic facts are that the machine has reduced man's hours from fourteen of the most heart-breaking labor to an average of eight much less laborious and better-paid ones. The machine age has presented economic problems in consumption and distribution but Mr. Katz's mural has no message on those. However, he has refrained from showing a muscle-bound female playing with a cog-wheel.

Maurice Lambert has made a hollow, metal, female figure with gaping holes in face and stomach revealing that all the insides have been apparently blown out so that her own mother would have trouble to identify the remains. To the uninformed this symbolizes some terrific explosion, like the Black Tom disaster but to the sculptor, who created it, for some reason it represents the Mistral, a wind celebrated in the South of France. If he hadn't told, nobody would have guessed it.

Robert Reid painted four serious-looking girls in classic costume but nobody could guess that they symbolized anything until he explained that they were Wisdom, Knowledge, Understanding and Philosophy. Even with that clue it is very rare for anyone to get all four labels under the right ladies.

With the five senses it was not so hard. A girl holding a large shell to her ear must mean hearing. Another, nude from the waist up, you could see was Taste because she was drinking out of a saucer. The third presumably was Smell because she had a flower at her nose and a fourth looking at herself in a mirror might be Sight. These guesses being correct, it was possible by elimination to know that the fifth and last would have to be Touch. Otherwise nobody would have suspected it because the lady has one languid hand resting on her knee and the other dropped behind a sleeping dog, at which she is not even looking.

But what is the message or enlightenment to be gained by looking at such work? Most anyone could have furnished the artist with more interesting and stimulating ideas. For sight, an eagle peering down from his mountain eyrie; for hearing, a startled fawn, with ears erect; for touch, the blind girl of Pompeii, feeling her way out of the doomed city in spite of the impenetrable fog of volcanic ashes. Taste and Smell could as easily be improved.

Artist George W. Maynard painted a barelegged girl, carrying a live snake in one hand and looking at herself in a mirror held in the other instead of looking where she was stepping. What do you think he labeled it? "Prudence." And he wasn't joking either. Why not "An accident on her way to happen?"

The artist Orozco, decorating the library at Dartmouth College, painted a mural, a copy of which appears on this page—but he did not put a label on it. This leaves it to anybody to guess what it means—if it has any meaning at all.

Artists live strange lives, often out of touch with common people and events. Perhaps what is needed is professional idea-furnishers for them. These men or women need have only enough technical skill at sketching and roughing-out a clay model so the great artist can get the idea and complete it.

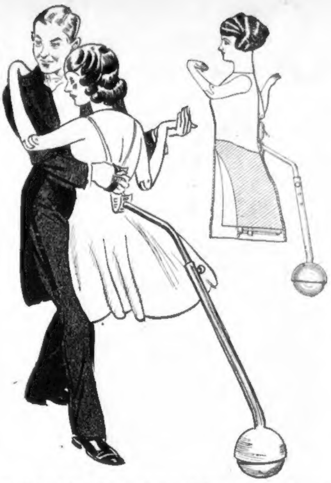
To relieve the curiosity of the reader of this page, it is now explained that the three murals by Gaston Lachaise in the upper right-hand corner are labeled, from left to right, as follows: "The Spirit of Progress Through Understanding," "Invention Seizing the Light of the Sun" and "The Conquest of Space." Mr. Philpot's group is supposed to symbolize to any person who looks at it "Man and the Fates." The sculptured group of the husky people on the left-hand side of the page, represents "Progress," and is on the Bronx County Court House, New York.

Some More New Inventions

A Robot Dancing Partner, An Electric Razor That Shocks the Whiskers, an Emery Wheel That Grinds Them Off, a Draft-Protector for Wives of "Fresh-Air Fiends," a Scratcher for Itching Hives and a Fat-Stomach Bouncer, Have All Been Patented—But You Can't Patent Loaded Dice Nor Worm-Hole Borers, Because They Are Crooked

Photo Acme.

Designed by a Movie Actress to Prevent Lipstick Smears From Damaging Garments While Gowns Are Being Tried On.


The Bashful Man's Dancing Partner, Designed for Home Practice and Guaranteed Not to Complain of Having Her Toes Stepped On.

READERS of The American Weekly will recall a recent page about "Inventions That Are Needed." Mr. Albert G. Burns, president of the Congress of Inventors at Seattle, Washington, remarked that the country does not need any more mouse traps, automobile drivers' direction signals or can-openers because there are too many of these things on the market already. He then mentioned some things that we do need.

The American Weekly followed up the suggestion and has been able to find a number of curious and amusing new inventions, but not yet on the market, some of which seem to fill a long-felt want while others are at least doubtful.

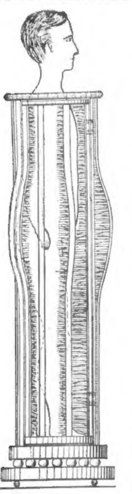
The fact that an invention excites ridicule, wrath or both is no proof that it will not be accepted later. The commonplace umbrella was hailed by English cartoonists as the most preposterous idea, next to the flying machine, ever seriously offered. The bathtub was denounced by the American clergy as immoral. As soon as ether or chloroform were discovered they were prohibited as "wicked," and firearms were considered "unfair competition with the honest English archer and the knight in armor."

At first thought Mr. S. E. Feist's invention of a lady robot dancing partner is a joke. A man wants to dance with the prettiest live woman he can find as well as the most interesting talker and best dancer. Who would wish to clasp a cold, silent dummy to his chest and scuff around the floor? If the thing should be adopted, the taxi-dancer's union would probably consider it unfair to their line of labor and smash its wax face.

Mr. Feist knew this perfectly when he patented his robot and, far from intending to make wall-flowers of any women, he expects it to provide more male partners, just as most machines in the end provide more work rather than less. His robot is only for the man who is learning to dance, somewhat on the idea of the boxer's punching bag.

The dancing robot opens possibilities not only for making his blunders in the privacy of the home but for combined radio and correspondence school dancing courses. For the young man with money enough to be worth suing there is another advantage. Instead of renting his lady robot he can buy her outright, keep her in a closet, use her when convenient and get rid of her when he pleases, with not a breath of scandal or breach of promise blackmail. Some bashful youths think dancing silly and do not wish to learn but usually they are forced to just the same.

Imagine a young man who has been too busy or too exemplary to learn to dance and yet who has become engaged or wants to become engaged to a young woman who is fond of dancing. If he should invite her out to dinner where the modern barbarous custom prevails of letting the soup get cold if the orchestra strikes up a rhumba—then what chance would he have of winning the girl if he had to confess that he couldn't dance? Such a worthy young man, whether rich or poor, might gladly embrace this opportunity for safe and private practice.


Apparatus for Brushing Almost the Entire Body—a Wonderful Device for Itching Hives.

The robot has no feet to be trod upon, neither is she, like some ladies, without visible means of support, her weight resting on a hollow steel ball which rolls in a socket.

Below the waist she is only an empty skirt, but from there upward a wax figure, as near as possible to the female form divine, including a pair of arms, one of which rests on the gentleman's shoulder while he holds the other in his hand. With one arm around her waist he pushes his silent partner about the floor. Her weight is adjustable, permitting him to get used to anyone from a giantess to a midget.

Mary Villette Stetson and William Bedell of New York City have patented a flesh-brushing appliance whose purpose and mechanism are clear at first glance. One simply disrobes, steps into the machine and either turns on the juice or works hand levers. The machine does the rest, brushing the entire body vigorously from the neck down.

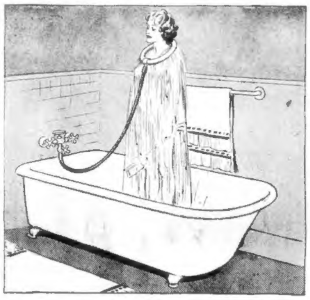
Many people, looking at the diagram, have wondered why, if a person thinks his skin needs brushing, he would not get a regular long-handled flesh brush and get busy. Anyone who does not know the answer has never waked up in the middle of the night, frantic with hives and wishing that he had 100 hands instead of two that he might scratch himself all over his body at the same time.

Loaded dice are much in demand among the professional gamblers, but some of their victims know enough to demand transparent ones in which they could see the dishonest little lead pellet which can be hidden nicely in the ivory die. Some time ago an inventive genius ran to the patent office to make sure of royalty on his great invention, transparent dice loaded invisibly. But the hard-hearted office turned the great man down as it did another brilliant gentleman who had contrived some sort of a "cock-eyed" bit that would bore curved and twisting holes to simulate worm holes in fake antique furniture.

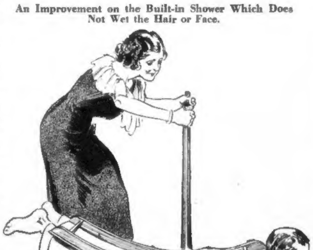
A Specially Devised Safety Pin to Hold Shoulder Straps Together—in Case One Breaks, the Other Would Still Hold.

Way back in 1900, S. L. Blygh obtained a patent for a device which he hoped would make the old-fashioned razor obsolete and end the ambitions of the safety razors then just coming into popularity. It was new, basic and quite simple. The shaver merely held against his face a little rotating roller which he operated by pulling a string with the other hand. The roller was covered with emery paper.

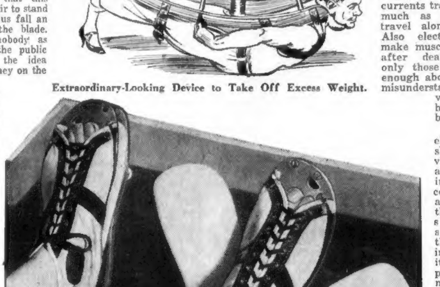
There is no doubt that this grinding process would remove any hair, the only question was how much of the face would go with it. The inventor supplied no model but he offered to demonstrate on his own countenance for anyone who would be financially interested. Apparently nobody felt that way, because beards are still mowed by steel as of old. Anyone with a face hard enough to withstand such treatment probably could shave with a plumber's blow torch, which would be less effort.


An Improvement on the Built-in Shower Which Does Not Wet the Hair or Face.

Mr. Frank White patented an equally striking idea in razors. The blade was connected with a battery and coil so that the skin received a mild electric shock wherever the edge touched it. His theory was that this would cause the hair to stand up straight and thus fall an easier victim to the blade. But apparently nobody as yet has thought the public would care for the idea enough to risk money on the gadget.


Extraordinary-Looking Device to Take Off Excess Weight.

When the stream-line figure for women became the style, it brought a stream of flesh-removing schemes to be patented, some of them quite kind and gentle but others looking like cruel and unusual punishments of the inquisition. Mr. L. W. S. Flynt offered a plausible contrivance in which the person with ambitions to be slimmer, simply pulled handles up and down much as in ordinary exercisers. But these movements caused coiled springs to travel up and down the body. Exercise undoubtedly tends to reduce fat but it does not always take it away from the right places. The springs passing back and forth over the most prominent and undesirable accumulations were supposed to make these move away instead of others.


Wide World Photo

Shoes With Extension Blades, Useful in Treading Water or Water Polo. The Blades Are So Pitched That They Spread Fan-like With Each Downward Thrust of the Feet and Close When the Foot Is Lifted.

Mr. A. M. Loughney was of sterner mind when he worked out his abdominal fat-reducing appliance. The apparatus is shaped somewhat like an anchor or pickaxe. The customer allows himself or more likely herself, for few men would be so determined, to be strapped face-down to the outside curve of the wooden "anchor." This leaves her resting on the centre of the abdomen, with arms and legs slightly above the floor. An assistant then grasps the shank of the "anchor," moving it back and forth and rolling the fat lady about on her undesirably plump stomach. It surely ought to remove that stomach but, like the emery-wheel whisker-grinder, it might do more.

The simplest ideas are usually the most successful. As soon as the first shower baths, suspended above tubs, proved popular, James Kelly, of Chicago, noted various disadvantages, such as the extra plumbing expense, the spattering of the walls, a waste of much of the water and the risk of getting one's head wet whether that was desirable or not. So he attached a hollow metal ring, full of small holes to a rubber hose to be pushed onto the faucet outlet and removed all these objections. By hanging the ring around the neck, the bather does not get his hair wet, all the water passes over the body and there is no need for a curtain and rod to prevent spattering the walls.

Certain persons, sometimes disrespectfully referred to as "fresh-air fiends," undoubtedly thrive in open-air sleeping porches, during the coldest Winters, with icy winds howling around their placid faces. But other individuals simply catch one cold after another under the same circumstances. When two such persons marry, there is what might be called, "incompatibility of temperature."—What is to be done?

Mr. Mossi B. Bantly recently patented what he considers the answer. This makes the bed into a sort of tent in which the sleeper is completely covered except for a wide breathing tube from the face up, giving him air without any drafts. To make it one of the most humanitarian inventions of all times, Mr. Bantly needs to add just one thing to that tube—a snore muffler.

There are a great number of patents for causing electricity to flow through the body while exercising, reading and even sleeping. These are not all approved by modern medical science and are based on the old, exploded notion that "electricity is life." This was a natural error because nerve currents travel along nerves, much as electric currents travel along copper wires. Also electric shocks will make muscles contract even after death. Nevertheless only those who know just enough about the matter to misunderstand it, think that vitality is built up by electrifying the body.

However these electrical inventors should not be too vigorously discouraged because once in a while one comes through with a real benefit to the sick. For instance diathermy sends a current through the body in such a way that it raises the temperature of flesh, muscle, bone, organ or whatever lies between the two electrodes, thus producing an artificial fever.

A natural fever, such as Nature produces in pneumonia, aids the body to resist germs and eliminate them, but also may heat up the whole body too much and harm it. Diathermy can also heat up the whole body, producing all the well-known, unpleasant, fever symptoms, even to delirium, if carried far enough. But it can also be localized, in the lungs for pneumonia or in just one joint for arthritis, while the temperature of the rest of the body remains normal and the patient is comfortable.

Many inventions requiring expensive laboratory equipment and long research with many assistants are therefore beyond the reach of the ordinary "jack" chemist and attic inventor. But there still remain fields for these single-handed pioneers to be useful and reap rich rewards. One of these is in the insect world.

Insects are tyrannized by instinct. They are little living machines, automatons that can be made to destroy themselves, like the moth flying into the candle, if one can only find the right instinctive button to press.

Some new synthetic smell, sound wave or light wave may be found to cause all the potato bugs to flee from the farmer's vines or, better yet, vamp them all into a trap. Incidentally the farmer's scarecrow hasn't been improved since stage-coach days.

To save expensive fabrics from damage by lipstick smears while trying on gowns, a motion picture actress had a bright idea. She molded a model of her own lips and had the thing made into a device which is said to be a great boon to the studio wardrobe department of the big motion picture companies.

A Pacific Coast deep thinker concluded that any man or woman who has to do a lot of standing in the water ought to have some sort of appliance to make the thing easier. But who are the people who have to stand a long time in the water? Anyhow the curiously bladed shoes, shown in a photograph on this page, are his device, the blades being so pitched that they spread fan-like with each downward thrust of the foot. Lifting the foot causes them to close, conforming to the sole line of the shoe. Perhaps water polo players will find them useful.

A new garter clasp, which is said to have a special grip on the stocking, so that it will not tear or cause runs, has been invented by a thoughtful young woman.

Among gadgets exhibited at a recent Inventors' Congress was a device that tests the honesty of a hen's cackle. It is a trap nest in which the hen is confined to a special pen unless she earns her honorable discharge by laying an egg. The egg rolls down a chute and releases a trigger which opens the pen. All the cackling in the world won't fool that device.

Then there is a mechanical caddy, intended to make life less strenuous for the golfer who hates to carry his own bags and is irked by the presence of a caddy who can count. It is a two-wheeled affair, sort of a miniature of a warehouse freight truck, on which the player trundles his bag of clubs.

For those who would avoid being spattered in the eye while eating grapefruit, an inventor has made a simple device. It is a metal plunger which is inserted in the fruit. Then you squeeze the fruit and a well of juice surges up and into a glass.

A Seattle inventor has contrived a mail box which buzzes the minute a postman deposits a letter in it. It shuts off when the postman closes the lid of the box. He also submitted an electric cord and switch which one takes to bed with him. Awaking in the dark, you simply push the switch and the room lights, much to the embarrassment of burglars or intruders.

To thwart hold-up men, a gas pistol has been devised that is attached to the arm up the sleeve and discharged by the movement of a ring finger to which is strung a cord. This is said to have been approved by police in many cities, particularly for the use of bank workers. Steel mittens have been designed to frustrate the escape of prisoners in custody, replacing handcuffs.

It is in the line of household appliances, however, that inventors find their most salable market.

In this field, some of the latest inventions include automatic milk bottles, containing a hole high up on the side of the bottle, covered with a small paper cap. The idea is to remove the cap and presto! only the cream flows out. There also is a mechanical mixing machine which instead of running by an electric motor operates by hydraulic force directed through a hose from the kitchen faucet.

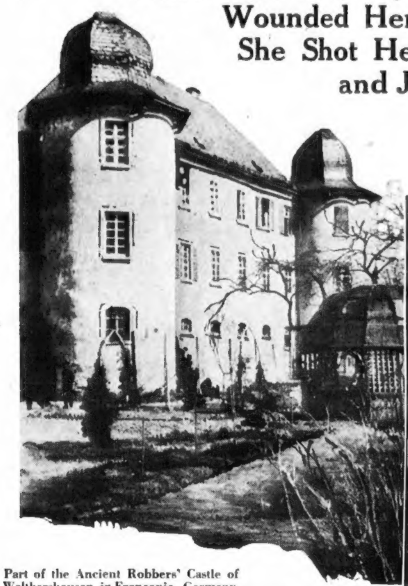
For the beginner in typing, a machine that in appearance resembles a radio runs copy before the eyes of the typist at any speed desired.

Wearing apparel is another favorite medium for invention. A woman who suffers from the vague and indefinite feeling that accompanies the breaking of a shoulder strap is relieved of embarrassment by a simple clasp that fastens her shoulder straps and prevents them from slipping. It is based on the theory that a woman wears two straps and that both don't break at the same time. If both should break, there is no benefit in it. But anyway it cuts down the chances of such disasters 50 per cent.

A Patented New Garter Clasp Which Is Said Not to Tear the Stockings or Cause Runs.

Strange Murder Mystery of the Baron's Castle

Its Master Has His Eyes Shot Out, His Wife, the Baroness Von Walthershausen, Says the Chauffeur Did It and Then Wounded Her Five Times—But Experts Say She Shot Herself and a Tangle of Loves and Jealousies May Have Been the Cause

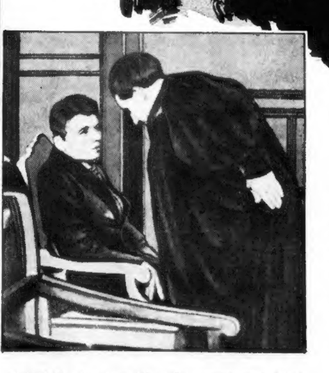


Part of the Ancient Robbers' Castle of Walthershausen, in Franconia, Germany, Where the Mysterious Murder Took Place.

Fraulein Hulda Schmidt, Chauffeur Liebig's Sweetheart, Whose Picture Was Found in the Bedroom of of the Castle's Master.

While Liebig and the Cook Were Talking, the Baroness Ran Out Into the Courtyard, Dressed Only in a Nightgown. Her Hair Was Torn, in Her Hand She Held a Pistol and Her Body Was Covered With Blood. And, to His Astonishment and Dismay, She Pointed at Him, Crying: "You murdered my husband last night and thought you had silenced me with your bullets. But I live to denounce you!"

The Baroness von Walthershausen at the Trial of Liebig.



Carl Liebig Consulting With His Attorneys at His Trial for the Murder of Captain Werther.

BERLIN, Oct. 25.

WHO the murderer is who shot out both eyes of Capt. Waldemar Werther, master of the ancient castle of Walthershausen, in Franconia, remains a deeper mystery than ever.

Nearly one hundred witnesses testified at the recent trial in Schweinfurt. The widow, still bearing the title of Baroness from her first husband, swore that Carl Liebig, her chauffeur-gardener, the man on trial for the crime, had shot her husband to death and then fired five bullets into her own body. The Baroness had five bullet wounds to prove it, yet neither judge nor jury believed her story.

Liebig, taking the stand in his own defense, said that on the night of the murder, as he was on his way to visit his fiancee, he had fired his pistol in the air four times to see if it was working right. The judge remarked that such a statement was preposterous; yet he charged the jury that there was not enough evidence to convict this man who, for a time, had been a consolation to the elderly Baroness, in place of her inattentive husband. Further to complicate things a framed picture of Liebig's fiancee, Fraulein Hulda Schmidt, was found in the murdered captain's bedroom.

The shadow of suspicion flitted over many characters. Professor Fischer, Dean of Wuerzburg University and leading German criminologist, stated that the accusing Baroness had fired those five bullets into herself with her own hand, emptying two different pistols to do it. Twice she has been held in jail on suspicion but, in spite of a year and a half's detective work, not enough evidence has been found even to indict her.

The shadow fell also on her son, the young Baron Wolfgang von Walthershausen and his pretty wife, the heels of whose slippers were found to fit imprints in the castle's gravel walk, discovered the next morning. But both had a perfect alibi.

The weight of such evidence as seemed credible indicated an inside job. Twice after the crime burglars managed to storm the walls of the castle to enter the murder chamber and destroy evidence against the guilty one. But why, just before the crime did they break in, ransack many rooms and take away only two pistols?

The prosecution held that Liebig had killed his master while attempting to steal the captain's pension money, that had recently arrived. But this simple motive was soon buried under a tangle of loves and jealousies, any one of which might have been the real cause.

When old Baron Farola von Walthershausen died, shortly after the World War, his widow married an army officer, Capt. Waldemar Werther, and thus, for the first time in its long history, the castle's lord was a commoner.

Perched on a commanding height from which its four turrets saw everything that went on in the countryside for many miles, the grim old fortress had been built and held by a long succession of robber Barons who delighted in swooping down on trade caravans lumbering through the valleys, unless these had paid tribute in advance. Also the Barons taxed and abused the peasantry as well as the timid merchants and artisans in the little village below the frowning castle.

The early Barons of Walthershausen held the "high, the middle justice and the low" which meant that they had the legal right to arrest, torture, try, convict and punish any sort of misdeed from the smallest misdemeanor to capital offenses. High-handed, harsh and often unjust, were these robber overlords, but the plain people were thankful that they were there and looked up to them. The Baron's men-at-arms provided the only police and military force to preserve law and order. They knew that the Baron and his knights would turn out to fight for protection of the hut of the meanest peasant. If the invader was too strong, he would let the peasants take their grain and even some of their animals into the castle. After the siege was over, he would finance the restoration of their ruined farms. He was a sort of insurance even if the premiums were a bit high.

Of course, all these rights and duties had long since been taken away, but still to the people in the village, especially the romantic girls, the master of the castle was a sort of superman. When the Baroness remarried, she was forty-nine years old and Captain Werther, forty-five, seemed even younger. At the trial both sides agreed that the captain was not only an inattentive husband to his elderly wife but a flagrantly unfaithful one.

Though the old castle no longer protected them and the present incumbent had no title or relationship with the mighty men on horseback who had once held that section of Franconia against all comers, he was nevertheless a romantic figure who seems to have been irresistible to many pretty girls in the village. In medieval days the Baron had the right to the society of the bride of any of his subjects the first night. Werther enjoyed the society of many he fancied without caring whether they were to be married or not.

Lonesome, the Baroness found some consolation in the attention of Carl Liebig, a handsome young man who had come to the castle originally as Captain Werther's chauffeur. As times grew hard, incomes dwindled and taxes multiplied, many servants were dismissed while others had to cover two jobs for the pay of one. Thus it happened that Liebig became head gardener as well as chauffeur.

One of Liebig's jobs was to superintend the cutting down of a forest of splendid old oaks through which, for centuries, poachers had stalked the Barons' deer and the Barons' retainers had stalked the poachers. Now this splendid timber had to be sacrificed to pay taxes. The Baroness made it her business to be with Liebig on this work. Her husband had to drive his own car, which probably suited him just as well considering that much of his driving seems to have been taking village girls for long rides.

Many of the village men had come to hate the master of the castle, enough to have done the deed. Some of them having repaired the castle's roof and plumbing had ample opportunity to note where a ladder could be placed to reach a convenient window.

The captain, busy with his love affairs, seems to have been glad that his wife was finding companionship in the chauffeur-gardener and never suggested getting rid of him. At the trial the widow gave her age as sixty-five and there was no evidence of actual infidelity on her part. Probably Liebig was nothing more than a sort of outdoor gigolo, flattering and dancing attendance on an unhappy old woman.

In time the inevitable happened. Liebig revealed the usual weakness of gigolos, falling in love with a village girl. When he finally had to announce his approaching marriage, the Baroness' wedding present was to fire him. A man cannot serve two masters, nor two mistresses, if the ladies know it. Here was a possible jealousy motive for killing either Liebig or the village girl but none for murdering the captain, except the finding of the fiancee's picture in the captain's bedroom. The girl said that there had been no undue intimacy and Liebig said that he believed her. The Baroness believed otherwise but she had no evidence to offer.

On the fatal night in December when the crime occurred, the maid-servant, Grete Wittmann, was lighting a fire in the drawing room of the castle when Baroness von Walthershausen came in and asked her where Carl Liebig was.

"Liebig is going to see his girl tonight," the maid answered.

"You are wrong," the Baroness snapped. "He is not going to see his girl," she added, leaving the room without another word. After finishing her work the maid-servant went to bed.

Liebig claims that on the night of the murder he first went to see his girl in the late afternoon. On his way he pulled his pistol which he bought two weeks before and fired four shots into the air. After returning, he chopped wood until 9 o'clock, then cleaned his pistol and went to his chamber where he read in his bed until midnight. He heard the Baroness call him twice but assumed that she saw the light in his room and wanted him to turn it out. He claims he heard neither cries nor shots that night.

In the morning he got up as usual. When he stepped out into the castle courtyard the cook came rushing up to him with the words: "Carl, the mistress has gone mad."

She was terror-stricken and very much excited. Behind her Liebig suddenly saw the Baroness run out into the courtyard, dressed only in a nightgown. Her hair was torn, in her hand she held a pistol and her body was covered with blood.

To his astonishment and dismay the Baroness, pointing a bloody finger at him, screamed:

"You murdered my husband last night and you thought you had silenced me with your bullets. But I live to denounce you."

The Baroness was taken to the hospital. The police found the captain dead on his bed, with a bullet through each eye. His room, the room of the Baroness and the hall near-by were covered with blood and the furniture upset as if from a struggle. He had been killed by bullets from a pistol of the same make and calibre as that belonging to Liebig, but ballistic experts said that they were not from that particular one. Of the two guns with which the Baroness had been shot up, one was an American make belonging to the captain and the other her own gun.

The Baroness was taken to the hospital and the man she had accused to jail but, after several months investigation, they arrested her and let him go, only to reverse the situation again, later. On the day when the case came to trial, Liebig presented the unheard of spectacle of a man charged with murder, coming to court as a free man, unguarded and even without bail.

"I was awakened by shots and then a noise at my door," the Baroness stated at the hospital. "The door was torn open and a man stood in the doorway holding a revolver. It was Liebig. I begged him not to shoot at me but he replied 'More than ever, Madame.' Liebig thereupon approached my bed and shot at me blindly. Then he disappeared through the door.

"I took my pistol and sat in bed all night waiting for him to return. Then I got up, opened the window and emptied the revolver into the air. The weapon finally fell out of my hand and dropped into the garden."

That weapon was found under the window, but nobody seems to have heard those or any other shots. The pistol she carried at the time of her appearance to the cook, was her husband's which had been fired at her and reloaded.

Interesting but serving only further to confuse the jury was the opinion of Professor Fischer, who said:

"The Baroness von Walthershausen was wounded by five bullets. One pierced her left shoulder, one was found in her left shoulderblade, another grazed her right cheek below the ear. One pierced her left hand and the fifth her right hand. Three of these bullets were fired from a distance no greater than twelve inches. Powderburns around the wounds prove this beyond any doubt. It has been definitely ascertained that three bullets were fired from the same pistol with which Captain Werther was killed. The pistol could not be found.

"Two hairs and a silk thread were found on the bullet in her left shoulder. The hair belonged to the Baroness and the silk thread belongs to her silk night-jacket. Curiously, her nightgown was not pierced by any of the bullets, nor was the silk jacket. By turning the jacket inside out it was discovered that the seam was torn by two bullets.

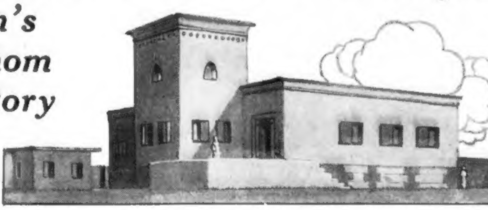
"Persons who commit suicide usually bare the spot on the body into which they intend to shoot and the Baroness doubtless first removed her jacket and then opened her nightgown.

"My theory is that the Baroness wanted to die when she shot herself in the chest. When she saw that the bullet did not kill her she changed her mind and began to inflict the other wounds with the intention of giving the impression that someone else had shot her."

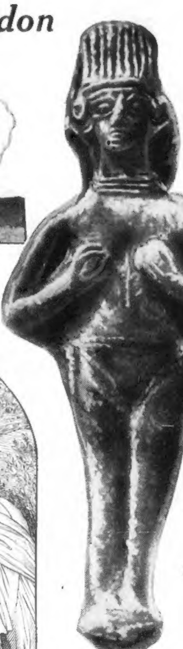
Judge and jury could only give the whole thing up as beyond human understanding, another of those murder mysteries which seem to love ancient castles.

Found the Temple Solomon Built to the Goddess Ishtar

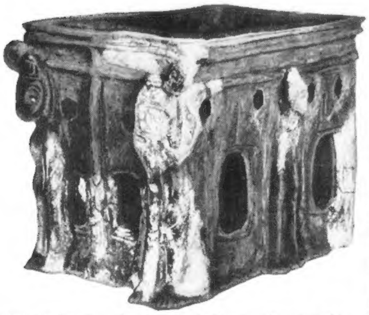
The Spades of the Archeologists Uncover in Ancient Armageddon the Ruined Shrine of Babylon's Goddess of Love and War Whom the Wise King of Biblical History Worshiped Under the Name of Ashtoreth



A Reconstruction of the Temple of Ishtar, Discovered at Megiddo by the Expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.
(Drawn by T. A. L. Concannon.)



A Pottery Figure of a Canaanite Goddess, Perhaps Ishtar. Dug Up at Megiddo in the Holy Land, Which May Be an Idol Before Which Solomon Prayed.

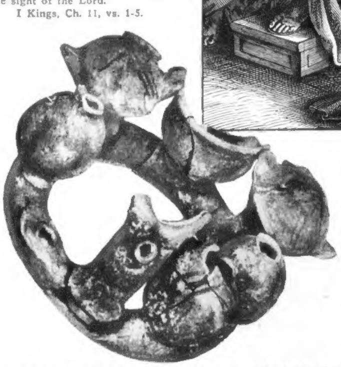


Reconstruction of an Altar Found in the Temple. Decorated With Sphinxes (the "Cherubim" of the Old Testament). With Round Holes in Which the Sacred Doves of the Goddess Nested.

> But King Solomon loved many strange women, together with the daughter of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians, and Hittites.
>
> Of the nations concerning which the Lord said unto the children of Israel, Ye shall not go in to them, neither shall they come in unto you, for surely they will turn away your heart after their gods: Solomon clave unto these in love.
>
> And he had seven hundred wives, princesses, and three hundred concubines . . .
>
> . . . it came to pass, when Solomon was old, that his wives turned away his heart after other gods: and his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God, as was the heart of David his father.
>
> For Solomon went after Ashtoreth the Goddess of the Zidonians . .
>
> And Solomon did evil in the sight of the Lord.
>
> I Kings, Ch. 11, vs. 1-5.

THUS it is that the Bible describes the folly and wickedness of once wise old King Solomon, and now the spades of archeologists have uncovered the very temple which he built to his goddess Ashtoreth at Megiddo, the Armageddon of the Apocalypse, where the nations are to be embattled on the "Last Day."

The discovery was made by an expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago which has been working at Megiddo for some time. There can be little, if any, doubt that King Solomon raised the temple to please some beautiful Phoenician; Zidon or Sidon, having been an ancient capital of this people. And there can be no doubt that having built it he joined her there in worshiping Ashtoreth, thus doing "evil in the sight of the Lord."



A Temple Object Symbolic of the Fertility Cult of the Mother Goddess, Showing at the Top Two of the Sacred Doves Drinking From a Cup.

Ashtoreth was simply another name for Ishtar, the great goddess of love and war of the Babylonians. Doves were sacred to her worship, and so were antelopes and gazelles. This is one of the facts that help in identifying the structure. A vessel used in libation rites—that is, the pouring of wine and other liquids during the ceremonies—was uncovered, and a photograph of it is reproduced on this page. At its top are two doves, drinking from a cup, the head of a gazelle, two pomegranates and two wine jars. Doves were always associated with mother-goddresses or goddesses of love, and Aphrodite, or Venus, the Greek and Roman equivalent of Ishtar, was almost invariably shown accompanied by one or more of these birds. Even to this day they are associated with love and marriage.

But although there is the saying, "harmless as a dove," the rites of Ashtoreth or Ishtar were neither harmless nor innocent. She was a goddess of fertility and reproduction, and her worship was characterized by what even in the worst of post-war days would have been considered extreme looseness of conduct. This was peculiarly revolting to the Jews with their high standards of family life, and this was why the prophets and "fathers in Israel" detested her worship, and why the Bible calls her "the abomination of the Zidonians."

There was one curious difference between the temples of Ishtar and the temples of Ashtoreth, however, that would make it seem as though the Megiddo shrine was more to Ishtar than to Ashtoreth. Those of Ashtoreth were always surrounded by a grove of trees, among which were usually to be found a certain number of the priestesses. They had tents or curtain-covered booths. There the alluring priestesses, who were chosen for their beauty, often from the noble families, received and entertained the male worshipers of the goddess. The groves were the scenes of disgraceful ceremonies.

Ishtar's temples had no groves, but they did have numbers of charming retreats, where the priestesses counseled every guest, and during her lifetime every Babylonian maid, wife or widow had to come to the temple and officiate at least once in the peculiar rites of the goddess. They also, on coming of age had to sacrifice their hair to Ishtar. The Megiddo temple seems never to have possessed a grove.

These tents or curtains are mentioned in II Kings 23, where it is said that when Josiah cut down the groves of Ashtoreth, he also "broke down the houses, where the women wove hangings for the grove.

"And the high places that were before Jerusalem . . . which Solomon the King of Israel had builded for Ashtoreth, the abomination of the Zidonians . . . did the king defile.

"And he broke in pieces the images, and cut down the groves, and filled their places with the bones of men."

At the same time, no doubt, they killed all the doves which were sacred to Ishtar in Babylon and Nineveh, and also sacred to her wherever she was worshiped as Ashtoreth. These doves were a peculiar species now extinct. They were pure white with crimson bills and crimson feet, with a spot of red feathers upon their breasts that was called "the bleeding heart." It was supposed to have come from the touch of Ishtar's hand when her own heart was bleeding because of the death of her lover, Tammuz.

Old Drawing From Schnorr's "Bible in Pictures," Showing Solomon and Some of His Wives Worshiping Strange Gods, Among Whom Was the Goddess Ashtoreth, or Ishtar.

If there had been any doubt as to the literal truth of the Bible statements about Solomon's worship of "other gods" than Jehovah, it is removed by the finding of the Megiddo temple. In it are the actual altars of incense with Ashtoreth's doves upon them, and also round holes for the nesting of these birds. It was from these altars, some of them clearly representing the superstructure of the temple, that the reconstruction of it shown on this page was made. Upon them, too, are female sphinxes, symbols of the same goddess.

Other sphinxes discovered suggest the "Cherubim" which were used upon the top of the Ark of the Covenant, but in this temple they became a desecration of the idea which they represented in the Temple of Jehovah which Solomon had built when he ascended to the throne.

The pomegranates on the libation vessel are notable symbols of fertility because of the large number of seeds with which the fruit is packed. The wine-jars refer to the Bacchanalian rites celebrated in honor of Ashtoreth, when men and women, inflamed with wine, danced through the sacred groves or in the temple, indulging in practices which were frowned upon by every prophet.

Clay chariot-wheels were also unearthed, symbols of the sun, the worship of which was associated with that both of Ishtar and Ashtoreth.

Six of the altars of incense bore horns, like those described in Exodus XXX, verses 1 to 5, but these altars were the ones placed in the Tabernacle of Jehovah, and only imitated in the temple of Ashtoreth. They were overlaid with gold, and so designed that the incense could be burned on the top. Instead of being used for the One God, they were devoted at Megiddo to the worship of the goddess of love and fertility, another instance of Solomon's impiety.

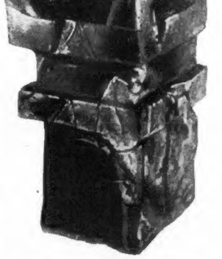
One of the strangest of all the symbols upon the objects was the double triangle, which has been accepted very generally as the "Star of David" and appears on all the so-called Jewish flags. Here is proof, according to the archeologists, that what was once a mark. of the "abominable goddess," was later adopted as the symbol of Israel, and thus perpetuated, the true origin being altogether forgotten or ignored. It is evidence of the way in which a pagan symbol, once taken over by a people, may be and often is transformed to represent an entirely different idea. The six-pointed star of the double triangle originally belonged to Ishtar. Afterwards it passed into the use of the Zidonians to represent Ashtoreth.

Yet, even in this temple of abomination, Jehovah was not altogether forgotten. For here was a jar on which was the inscription "Belonging to Yo," a name by which Jehovah was known. It is quite possible that as the worshipers of Ashtoreth found King Solomon broad-minded enough to worship their divinity, they felt generous enough also to accept Jehovah as a worthy God.

There is no doubt whatever in the minds of students of the ancient religions that Ishtar and Ashtoreth, whom Solomon worshiped, are the same deity. Their characteristics and worship are absolutely the same, and the names are so similar as to suggest one another. Both were goddesses of love and their rites were nearly identical.

Ishtar's love affair with Tammuz was the greatest love story in history—believed in, says Sir James Frazier, foremost English authority on comparative religion, by more people than was any similar myth.

When Ishtar loved she loved; and when she hated, she hated. In the Nimrod Epic, the national poem of the Babylonians, it is told that she fell in love with the hero Nimrod, and because he repulsed her, she crushed him with a dreadful disease. If she had not, the modern world would probably not have the story of the Creation and the Deluge; at least not in its Biblical form. Because Nimrod, seeking a cure, went into the netherworld to find his ancestor, the Babylonian Noah, who told him all about how the world was first made and then destroyed. It is almost exactly the same story as found in Genesis, and most Biblical scholars agree that it was the original source of it, heard by the Jews during their captivity in Babylon.



A Horned Altar, or "Altar of Incense," of the Kind Mentioned in Genesis, Chapters 30 and 37—One of the Six From the Sacred Area of the Ishtar Temple.

But Ishtar loved Tammuz so well that she literally went to Hell for him. Tammuz died and Ishtar wanted to bring him back to her arms. Her sister, Allatu, was Queen of Hell, but there was no love lost between the two sisters. Ishtar presents herself at Allatu's seven dark gates. At the first one, the guardian of the gates strips her of the crown; at the second, of her earrings; at the third, of the golden chains around her neck. After this, so runs the ancient Babylonian poem:

The fourth gate he caused her to enter, he approached and took off the ornaments of her breast.
"Why, O porter, hast though taken off the ornaments of my breast?"
"Enter, my lady, for such is the custom of Allatu."
The fifth gate he caused her to enter, he approached and took off the the studded girdle of my waist?"
"Why, O porter, hast thou taken off the studded girdl of my waist?"
"Enter, my lady, for such is the custom of Allatu."
The seventh gate he caused her to enter, he approached and took off the last garment covering her body.

As soon as Allatu saw Ishtar she "moved angrily" and ordered her messenger Namtar "to smite" Ishtar with disease of the eyes, of the hips, of the feet, of the heart, of the head:

"Upon her whole person put disease!" cries this unnatural sister.

The gods take council because now all the earth is cursed with barrenness, the waters are sterile, the dews are dried up—love has vanished. All because of Ishtar suffering in Hell. They send a messenger, Uddushunamir, to Allatu seeking freedom for the goddess of love.

Allatu has the courage of her convictions—or hates. She answers:

"Thou hast sought from me a favor not to be sought after.
"Begone, Uddushunamir. I will curse thee with a fearful curse:
"The food of the sewage shall be thy food,
"The gutters of the city shall be thy drinking-place!"

But finally she relents. She turns Ishtar over to Namtar:

He sprinkled Ishtar with the water of life and brought her forth.
He led her out through the first gate and restored to her the garment covering the shame of her body.
He led her out through the second gate and restored to her the bracelets of her hands and the anklets of her feet.
He led her through the third gate and restored to her the studded girdle of her waist.
He led her out the fourth gate and restored to her the ornaments of her breast.

And Ishtar came up into the world again with Tammuz.

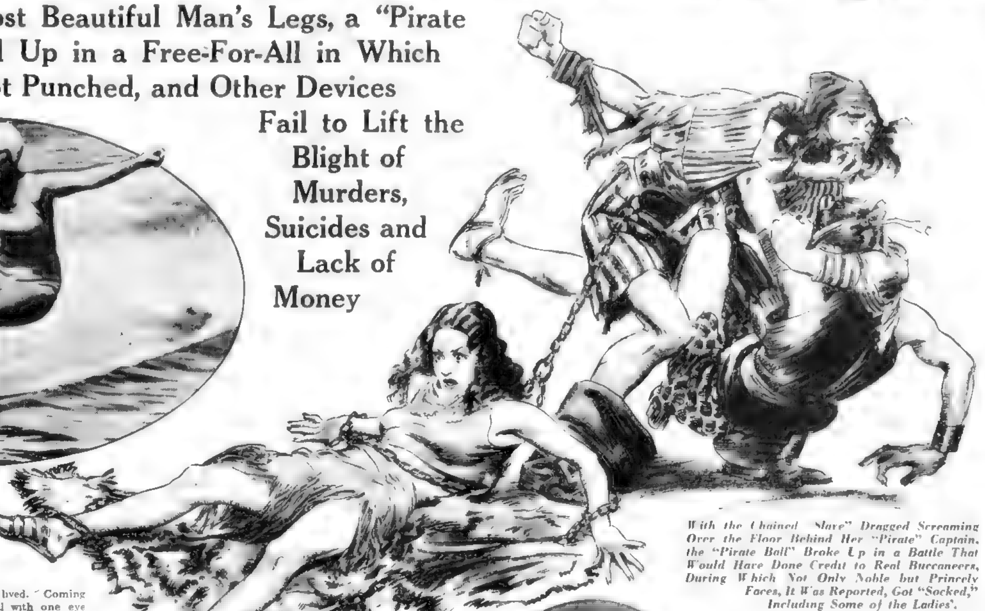
It is not strange that in the excavation of almost every site in Palestine statuettes of the goddess Ashtoreth are found, as at Beth-Shan, Gezer and many other places. They are identified, not as Canaanitish in origin, but as having been made by the Israelites, who were very easily led astray by the example of King Solomon. His punishment came not only in the splitting up of his kingdom, after his death, but Solomon himself, with all his reputation for wisdom, lived only to his sixtieth year, dying at least ten years younger than his father David, who Josephus claims lived to the age of seventy.

The worship of Ishtar or Ashtoreth, with all of the wicked practices of that cult, may well be credited with shortening the days of the great King Solomon.

Sad Riviera's Sadder Efforts to be Gay Again

Contests for the Most Beautiful Man's Legs, a "Pirate Ball" That Wound Up in a Free-For-All in Which Noble Faces Got Punched, and Other Devices Fail to Lift the Blight of Murders, Suicides and Lack of Money

Mrs. Frank J. Gould, Formerly Florence Lacaze, in a Daring Aquaplaning Stunt During Water Spectacles Designed to Give Thrills to Tourists—But Which Don't Seem to Have Given Them.



With the Chained "Slave" Dragged Screaming Over the Floor Behind Her "Pirate" Captain, the "Pirate Ball" Broke Up in a Battle That Would Have Done Credit to Real Buccaneers, During Which Not Only Noble but Princely Faces, It Was Reported, Got "Socked," Including Some of the Ladies'.

PARIS, Oct. 25.

TRAGEDY has touched the Riviera so often this season that Europe's lovely, irresponsible playground is frightened.

Can it be that the accumulated curses of moralists, the world over, are at last beginning to have effect?

But the more criticisms were leveled, the more those who operated the gambling casinos, hotels and other concessions, rubbed their hands and looked pleased

Yet today a sort of blight seems to have been creeping over the lovely stretch of coast. First the gambling casinos, beginning with Monte Carlo, began to find so few customers that they either closed up or ran without profit and now the ill-fortune has spread in all directions.

Experience at Deauville, Trouville, Paris-Plage and other pleasure resorts shows that there are just two things fatal to such places—murders and suicides. For this reason the Riviera police have become specialists, almost geniuses, at preventing murders and concealing suicides

How watchful they are was learned by an American woman, some time ago at the Monte Carlo Casino. She took a tablet of aspirin for a headache and had hardly swallowed it when three men in evening dress rushed her into a private office and to her terror and amazement proceeded to pump her stomach out. Afterward they explained that they knew she had lost a lot of money and were afraid she was taking poison. This year there has been an alarming crop of tragedies, especially at Cannes

Morals are said to be a matter of geography. Since people from every part of the globe and therefore representing every variety of morals or lack of them, were constantly rubbing elbows, the authorities were faced with a neat little problem—how to compromise on all these conflicting ideas.

What set of morals could they agree on? The answer was simple—no set of morals. Therefore they do not have any morals on the Riviera. This does not mean that the visitor has to be immoral in any way, unless he or she wishes to be so. Anyone may act and dress with the utmost modesty and propriety, without hearing any criticism. But on the other hand decency must not criticize indecency, virtue must not high-hat vice

Under the old system the police were able to keep the peace astonishingly well until this season, which began with one suicide and one attempt that would better have turned out successful, in quick succession.

The first was Fritzia Cavallero, a pretty girl who had been a mystery character the previous year because though well-dressed and seen everywhere, she permitted no serious attentions from men. Why a woman so strict as all that should remain in Cannes, after she had seen the sights, nobody could imagine. However, nobody bothered her because on the Riviera, they are very broad-minded and everything goes, even virtue

This season she had hardly been at her hotel a week before she shot herself through her temple. While preparing her for the operating table, the nurse pried from Fritzia's fingers the picture of a married man who had failed to visit Cannes this year. Coming out from the ether she told the story. The girl had been in love with the married man and true to him but he had tired of Fritzia who had then become tired of life.

It would have been bad enough had she died, but she lived. Coming out of the hospital with one eye closed in total blindness and the other almost blind, she went groping about, like a ghost from one place of gayety to another. The customers, whether they were eating, gambling or making love, shuddered and went away. Finally she was persuaded to leave the Azure Coast but long before she had ceased her haunting, the second tragedy had happened.

This was an American youth, not yet 21, who got a job as elevator boy in one of the most expensive Cannes hotels because his handsome face and figure looked particularly well in the gaudy uniform. The Riviera swarms with gigolos, many with titles and all sorts of accomplishments, but when an American widow still young and bearing a famous American name came to that hotel, instead of picking a professional gigolo, she had to fall in love with the lift boy and adopt him.

Next morning the dazzled youth was promoted to gentleman of leisure, with a suite of his own right next to that of the widow. Tailors were rushing clothes for him, he had silk shirts, silk underwear and on his finger sparkled a diamond, that looked to him as big as a cherry. For eight days the boy was in heaven but on the ninth the widow informed him that the affair was over, she had become interested in someone else but that he could keep the ring

The boy went to his room, packed up everything she had given him, including that ring, had the porter deliver it to her door and then blew out his brains. What sharpened the tragedy was that most everyone knew that she was not worth the suicide

Robberies are rated as tragedies unless done in the gambling resorts. In spite of the wide choice of unemployed gigolos, an American girl and an English girl were determined to employ the same one. The happy gigolo called the two ladies together and in polite but business-like manner notified them that he would be at the services of the highest bidder. To his disappointment the two rivals became strictly business also and, instead of bidding, agreed to take him on alternate days at the regular minimum rate

The strain of making love to two women on successive days, and almost never getting a day off to make sincere love to his own girl, was too much to endure. The overworked and underpaid love-maker brought his double job to an end by robbing both patronesses of their jewels. Before he could get the second robbery done, the first was discovered and now he is in jail

Nice distracted attention from Cannes by the murder and suicide mystery of Madame Elena Graz, who lived in impressive style at 13 Boulevarde de Cimiez. Her husband was known as a very rich business man who had contributed to the prosperity of the Riviera. One afternoon he went home and found his beautiful wife, much younger than himself, lying dead on the floor, shot through the head. It was at first supposed she had committed suicide, but this idea was quickly changed. She was lying in the bathroom, with bottles of perfume and various beauty products, set out before her. She was dressed to go out and her hat was on the bed. All her jewels had been found and her husband declared there had been no robbery. Inquiry showed that the business of M. Graz had been going badly. Where, then, did his wife obtain the money for her luxurious living?

The apartment had not been broken open and clearly Madame Graz had opened the door and admitted someone, who was familiar with the house. While she was finishing her toilet, putting the last touches of rouge on her lips, he pulled out a revolver and at a distance of five inches, sent a bullet into the back of her head

Then it was found she had received men whom she called her uncle and her cousin. The uncle was old and accompanied her to stores, the theatres, etc. The cousin, who was young, was entertained by her and demanded money. The conclusion of the police was that it was the uncle who killed her [illegible] to find that [illegible] or another [illegible]. The [illegible] M. [illegible] He committed suicide [illegible] hours after the murder.

It was easy to [illegible] tales of [illegible] tragedies [illegible] from the Riviera. [illegible] who have heavy investments there busied themselves to provide more pleasant topics. Juan-les-Pins [illegible] safe [illegible] appealing to the fundamental [illegible] principle of [illegible] in women's legs. They advertised a contest and offered prizes for the winners. The competitors sat in beach chairs, mostly garbed in bathing suits designed so that not only the legs but nearly all the rest of the anatomy was revealed. Curiously enough the most perfect pair of legs happened to be on the one contestant who was not only [illegible] but [illegible]. M [illegible], the aged [illegible] whose own legs though somewhat aged, are still highly regarded, [illegible] judge, mentioned the winner's modesty

Hardly had the "modest young thing" been named the winner when "he" let go a deep, horse laugh, tore off a wig and stood revealed as M. Odett, an artist from Paris who recently had said that there wasn't a good-looking pair of legs on the Riviera any longer. This caused so much fun to be poked at Juan-les-Pins that Cannes held a male leg contest, won by Raymond Catelain, a film actor. This was a flop, too, because nobody seem to care tremendously whether the masculine legs [illegible] beautiful or not

Abandoning [illegible] the promotion committee [illegible] to [illegible] of [illegible] in the [illegible] advertising [illegible]. [illegible] began to [illegible] driving some [illegible] others away. The schooner-rigged yacht Argo, belonging to an American, [illegible] Nordlacker, president of the [illegible] Bank of [illegible], blew up [illegible] Mrs. N[illegible] [illegible] arm and [illegible] their son Tony with broken left leg and crushed ankle. The charred wreck of the yacht lies right off the [illegible].

In desperation Cannes announced [illegible] and spectacle, the "Pirate Ball," which would outstrip [illegible] the "Gala of the S[illegible]." The merry-makers were [illegible] to come in piratical attire.

[illegible] the limited number of distinguished visitors to Cannes honored the affair with their presence. [illegible] them was Lord Milford Haven, [illegible] of the King of [illegible] to make up for [illegible] of the Prince of Wales. [illegible] accompanied by his beautiful [illegible].

Mrs. Frank J. Gould, [illegible] the American [illegible] grown [illegible] of the Riviera, [illegible] a very striking costume [illegible] than in most [illegible]. The Countess le Roy de Banes and Monsieur Parisot helped to [illegible] the affair.

Princess Tarakanova attracted attention by the carp and seahorses painted on her legs, while a young [illegible] was pleased to show the [illegible] tattooed between her shoulders—a striking [illegible]. Many women had [illegible] covered with paintings of [illegible] sea monsters.

M[illegible] Stoffel, tripped to the [illegible] as a bust [illegible] coral tiara. The Vicomtesse [illegible] also supported a headdress of coral but modestly veiled her torso [illegible]. Mme. Domergue [illegible] the night, with a crown of [illegible] in her coiffure and M[illegible] carried off first honors with [illegible] spangled dress that left [illegible] imagination

The [illegible] Suzy Solidor, cabaret singer, [illegible] except for a Manila rope [illegible] about her lanky figure

At 2 o'clock in the morning, when [illegible] was well mellowed by champagne and expecting to see the big [illegible] of the evening, they beheld M. [illegible] Mathis, automobile manufacturer, [illegible] buccaneer costume enter one end of the ballroom and stage what looked like a realistic fist fight with another pirate all the way to the other.

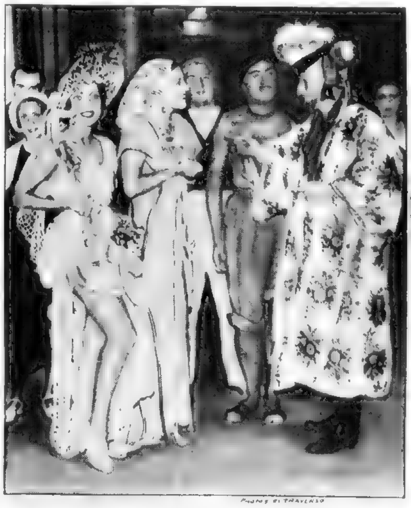
An interesting feature was that attached to M. Mathis' waist by a chain [illegible] along the floor behind [illegible] beautiful young woman, his [illegible]. In spite of her shrieks and [illegible] that her wispy costume and [illegible] her skin was entirely rubbed off in the course of the trip, nobody [illegible] her help

There were spontaneous cheers and everyone cried out that they should be awarded the big prize of the evening for their act. It was then learned that this was no act but a real fight because M. Mathis had resented the other man's attentions to his "captive." Then others began to take sides and there was a "free-for-all," in which it was said not only noble but princely faces were punched

However, it was a relief from murders and suicides, and the Riviera is grateful for that.

Lord and Lady Milford Haven, Who Went to the Pirate Ball to Help Out in Place of the Prince of Wales.

Mme. Vera Goulley, French Beauty, and the Princess Larakanova at the Pirate Ball—the Princess With Fish, Etc., Painted on Her Legs, and Mme. Goulley in Fish Net, and Little Else.



Four Striking Costumes at the Ball Countess le Roy de Banes, Mrs. Frank J. Gould, Mons. Parisot and Gabriel Domergue, the Distinguished Artist.

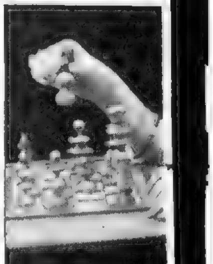
Secrets of the Great

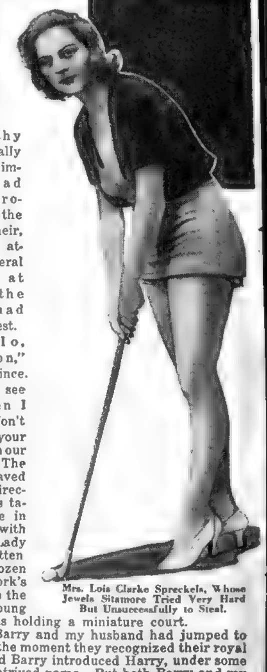
Mrs. Mildred Sitamore, Wife of Harry Sitam
Was Finally Caught With $500,000 W

The Famous $300,000 Blue Diamond Which Peggy Joyce Bought to Add to Her Collection of Jewels.

The Country Home of Joshua S. Cosden at Sands Point, Long Island, Where the Theft of the Mountbattens' Jewels Took Place.

Lady Mountbatten, Who Was the Victim of a $250,000 Gem Theft.





Mrs. Lois Clarke Spreckels, Whose Jewels Sitamore Tried Very Hard But Unsuccessfully to Steal.

By Mrs. Harry Sitamore.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE, the former Broadway show girl, whose accumulative marital adventures have woven a career almost epic in its field, has acquired even more jewels than she has husbands. The blonde beauty owns one of the largest private jewel collections ever gathered together. Among jewel thieves it is estimated that her gems have a value of nearly $2,000,000. Very few other women in America have, or at least used to have, an aggregation of precious stones to compare with those of the much married Peggy. And Miss Joyce believes in letting the world see her expensive baubles. When she makes her dazzling appearances in New York and European night clubs, she usually wears at least $1,000,000 worth of diamonds, pearls, emeralds and rubies scattered lavishly over her slender person.

Peggy Joyce could be said to be the absolute answer to a jewel thief's prayer. But there isn't any jewel thief that I know who would touch a single stone in her collection.

The underworld, unbeknown to Miss Joyce, has granted her immunity from theft, but not for any sentimental reason. The underworld, despite hysterical attempts to glorify it during the recent years of gangster rule, knows no sentiment. Miss Joyce's immunity has been granted purely for "business" reasons.

She doesn't know it herself, but Peggy Joyce has for years been regarded as a decoy duck by the professional jewel thieves.

My husband, Harry Sitamore, who has been described by the police as the world's greatest jewel thief, learned of the odd underworld code granting Miss Joyce immunity from theft just in time to prevent him from stealing her jewels himself.

It was several years ago that Harry decided on Peggy Joyce as a prospective victim for his craft. The actress has added many fine gems to her remarkable collection during the years that have elapsed, but even then she had a fortune in diamonds, pearls, emeralds and rubies. It was back in the days when Peggy was being wooed and won by Count Gosta Morner, the Swedish artist and diplomat, who became the fifth husband of the beautiful Peggy.

The couple were to be seen together nightly in one or another of the flashy Broadway night clubs, and the again prospective bride always appeared wearing a fortune in jewels. My husband, whose skilled eye can estimate within a fraction the weight and value of a gem from ten feet away, said she wore at least $1,000,000 worth of precious stones on each nightly appearance. A gorgeous diamond tiara was coiled around her silky blond hair, and she wore from four to six diamond bracelets on each arm. A beautiful rope of pearls had its place around her neck, and hung nearly to her waist in triple strands. And she wore a fortune in finger rings alone.

There was only one drawback. Miss Joyce wore so many of her jewels when she left her apartment in the West Fifties, that my husband was certain the things left behind were not worth going after. As I explained in an earlier instalment of this series, Harry Sitamore was a sneak-thief. He never carried a gun, and never in his career did he carry out a robbery by force. But with Miss Joyce wearing her jewels everywhere she went, it began to appear that force, in the form of a holdup, or else burglary during the time the former actress slept, were the only two possible methods of obtaining the gems.

Sitamore trailed Miss Joyce for several weeks, hoping that at some time or another she would leave her apartment without her jewelry. That never happened, and my husband finally decided that the only way he could steal the stones would be by entering Miss Joyce's apartment while she slept. With this plan in mind, he followed the actress one night through her tour of the night clubs, with her current sweetheart in attendance, and finally, in the early morning hours, back to her apartment. Harry watched outside the apartment until he saw Count Morner reappear, and drive away. Then, to allow Miss Joyce time to fall asleep, he walked on to the then well known Deauville Club, one of New York's most popular cabarets during the prohibition era, intending to pass an hour or so there.

Hardly had he entered, and found a table, when Arthur Barry, another of the country's best known jewel thieves, and Barry's wife, Anna, entered the Deauville, and seeing Harry sitting alone at his table, joined him there. Barry's wife left after a while, but her husband stayed on.

Barry and my husband had known each other for some time, and were rivals, so far as the police were concerned, for the blame for every big jewel theft that occurred in New York during that period. Naturally, their conversation soon fell into a discussion of their "profession." Barry told Harry that he was planning to loot the home of Mrs. "Josh" Cosden, wife of a multimillionaire Middle-Western oil man, who had just purchased one of the finest estates in fashionable Sands Point, Long Island. Barry admitted he was having a difficult time "cracking" the place. He said that he and his partner, "Boston Billy" Williams had tried about every trick of the game they knew, and they knew most of them, but that it appeared the only way they could carry out the robbery would be by force.

Barry did not want to resort to these tactics as during his work in building up the robbery campaign against Mrs. Cosden, he had been introduced to her as a wealthy and socially prominent importer from China—Leighton by name—and knew he would be recognized by the wealthy woman if he attempted a holdup. And Arthur Barry certainly didn't want to be recognized, or even seen by any of his victims, because his pictures were too well known in police files and were always among the first displayed to victims of jewel robberies.

Barry proposed to my husband that he join him in the prospective robbery, but Harry declined. He always was afraid of Barry's methods. Arthur Barry was more inclined to use force than skill, and Sitamore always felt that any robbery in which Barry participated might end up in gunplay and murder. In addition to that, of course, my husband had been so successful operating alone that he saw no reason, as he told me, "for teaming up with some other fellow, doing most of the work myself, and then splitting the profits."

In turning down the proposal, however, Harry mentioned that he himself was working on a "big job" at the time, and mentioned that his prospective victim was Peggy Joyce.

"You can't do that, Harry," Barry said excitedly. "Why, you would be literally killing the goose that is laying our golden eggs."

Harry stared at his table mate, perplexedly. Seldom mingling with the others of his craft, he was unaware of the reason that exempted Peggy Joyce. He had seen her as just as good a prospective victim as any other woman who wore jewels—better, indeed, because the actress had so many.

"Peggy is our best bet," Barry explained. "She wears so many fine gems that other wealthy women wear their best stones in public, in a worthy effort to rival her. Why, if Peggy Joyce lost her jewels most of the women in New York would put their own in a safety deposit box and go back to wearing paste. They don't do it now, because even the best of their imitation jewels look tawdry when they come in competition with Peggy's dazzling collection."

It was just a case of "keeping up with the Joneses," only on a much magnified scale. Women are naturally envious, and natural rivals. When rich men's wives see Peggy Joyce wearing her jewels in public, they decide to wear theirs in public too, and the sanest arguments concerning the danger of such a display, advanced by the most logical of husbands, can't change their determination. And then the jewel thieves reap their harvest. But they exempt Peggy Joyce from their forays, so that Peggy may unwittingly continue to be a decoy, to draw still more gems from the safety and obscurity of a safe deposit box, into the limelight and danger of public display.

That ended Peggy Joyce as a prospective victim, so far as Harry was concerned. He saw the logic of Barry's argument, and decided that if Miss Joyce was immune from robbery by the rest of the trade, she would be immune so far as Harry Sitamore was concerned.

As a matter of fact, the insurance company which holds the policies on Miss Joyce's jewels almost habitually sends a detective to shadow her when she makes her gem laden appearances. But it is said that the insurance companies themselves are aware of the immunity that has shielded Miss Joyce's jewels, and that the detective guard is on hand largely to protect the actress from the possibility of an attack by some amateur gunman, unaware of the underworld code, or some drug crazed crook who might violate it. It is also said that the insurance companies cherish Peggy Joyce as their best advertisement for the sale of jewelry insurance.

After Harry had promised that he would give up his project against Miss Joyce, Barry again endeavored to enlist my husband as a partner in the Cosden robbery, but Harry again refused to join forces, and they finally dropped the subject. They continued talking, however, until both became aware that someone was standing beside their table.

It was the Prince of Wales, then making one of his famous visits to the United States. Barry, in his role of Leighton, the wealthy and socially prominent importer, had been introduced to the British heir, and had attended several parties at which the Prince had been a guest.

"Hello, Leighton," said the Prince. "I didn't see you when I came in. Won't you and your friend join our party?" The Prince waved in the direction of his table, where in company with Lord and Lady Mountbatten and a dozen of New York's social elite the affable young Prince was holding a miniature court.

Both Barry and my husband had jumped to their feet the moment they recognized their royal visitor, and Barry introduced Harry, under some hastily contrived name. But both Barry and my husband refused the invitation to join the Prince's party. Each of them had glanced around the room, and noticed the silently significant manner in which the tables in the immediate vicinity of the Prince's party had been vacated by those who had occupied them, and had just as silently, and even more significantly, been reoccupied by efficient looking young men, whose eyes followed the movements of every man and woman in that night club—British and American detectives who had been assigned to safeguard the Prince.

Bowing their apologies, Harry and Barry left. The Deauville Club was most certainly not the spot, at that moment, for two well known jewel thieves.

That was the last time my husband ever saw Barry, but his effort to, as he said, "crack" the Cosden home, must have taken a turn for the better, for a few nights later the Cosdens were robbed. A fortune in jewels was stolen, and the victims included the Prince of Wales himself,

Jewel Robberies

ore, the King of Jewel Thieves, Who orth of Stolen Gems, Reveals How This Master Criminal Worked, Unsuspected, Among the Rich and Fashionable

Photo FOTOGRAMS

Peggy Joyce Robed in Strings of Pearls. But, of Course, These Are Not Real Pearls, Although the Necklace Around Her Neck Is Genuine and So Are the Jewels on Her Wrist.

Mrs. Joshua S. Cosden, at Whose Summer Home the Famous Jewel Robbery Took Place.

"While she was going in the front door, I got in the house through the back. I almost met her on the stairs. She was so jingled by that time that she was actually staggering, and she headed straight for her bedroom. She tore off her evening dress, and this shower of money spilled onto the floor. She didn't even look at it, but went into the bathroom. I slipped into the bedroom, picked the money up from the floor, left, caught a taxi and came back."

Lord and Lady Mountbatten, the Honorable Mrs. Richard Norton, Mrs. Cosden and a number of the others of her wealthy guests.

Mrs. Cosden and some of the others got their jewels back, after the insurance companies, through Noel Scaffa, the noted insurance detective, had bought them from various go-betweens. Lady Mountbatten, whose grandfather was Sir Ernest Cassel, one of England's richest men, never saw her gems again, however, and there is a story in the underworld that if Arthur Barry ever is released from the penitentiary, he will have wealth enough to live comfortably for the rest of his life—wealth represented by a hidden cache containing the $250,000 jewels of Lady Mountbatten and those of a dozen other wealthy victims of his thievery.

His meeting with the Prince of Wales was, I suppose, Harry's greatest achievement in the social world—an achievement hundreds of wealthy, fashionable, and thoroughly respectable men and women in the United States can envy, but can't accomplish. But as I have already pointed out in this series, the thing called "front" is the jewel thief's greatest single asset. And while an invitation to [illegible] Prince's party was unusual even in Harry Sitamore's life, attendance at parties given by scores of socially prominent Americans was most certainly not unusual. I said attendance. In many of these homes Harry was received as an invited guest while masquerading under some other name, and some entirely false social background. In many other cases, however, both my husband and myself attended fashionable functions without the formality of an invitation, depending simply upon our "front" to pass us into the party, and keep us there once we arrived.

It was on just such an occasion that Sitamore converted a fashionable party given by a wealthy society woman of San Francisco into a business opportunity that netted him $47,000 in cash for an evening's work. Notice that I said cash. This was the only time in Harry's years as a thief that he ever departed from his own chosen specialty, the theft of jewels, to steal money. I don't suppose he would have deviated then, had it not been that we were virtually penniless at the moment, after a series of disastrous gambling losses.

This woman, the charming and middle-aged wife of a Western multimillionaire, was holding her reception at one of the well-known hotels in San Francisco.

The Sitamores were living at the same hotel, still keeping up our front, even though we were absolutely strapped for cash. On the night of the party I chanced to wander past the hotel's private ballroom, which had been engaged for the occasion, and, seeking momentary amusement, walked in.

There must have been about 400 guests, all of them, with the exception of myself, members of the West Coast aristocracy. But of course none of that 400, including the hostess herself, could be certain that this latest and well-dressed woman guest wasn't there by an invitation of some sort or another. As a matter of fact, I doubt that anyone even suspected me. I mingled in with the guests, and in a few minutes was part of a circle that had gathered after the finish of a dance tune, at one end of the large ballroom, chatting with others just as freely as though I belonged there. And when the music started up again, one of the men in the group asked me to dance. From then on I was introduced to one guest after another, until I began to feel that I really did belong in the party.

Eventually at the end of a dance, an unknown escort asked me if I did not want to visit the roulette table. I hadn't even known there was a roulette table, but it appeared one had been set up for the occasion in a smaller room just off the main ballroom. I told my partner I would be glad to go with him and watch him chance his luck, but that I had left my own purse in a suite upstairs.

"Shucks, that's easy," the man replied, "I'll stake you, you look lucky to me," and he handed me five $100 bills. I will admit I was a little taken aback at this, but I decided that it was just an example of the Western hospitality I had heard so much about, and accepted the money.

The hostess was standing at the table as we entered, and glanced up and smiled at us before she resumed her betting. She was buying chips at the rate of $1,000 worth each purchase, and she never bet less than $100. When she lost, which was often, she merely smiled, and when she won, she accepted the pile of yellow chips handed her by the croupier as though they were so much trash. There were a number of other players at the table, and after our arrival, the room filled rapidly until there was not space enough at the table itself for all those who wanted to play.

My escort, who had staked me, wandered away, and I never saw him again. And the hostess gave up her place at the table to another middle-aged woman who apparently was well known to everyone in the room except myself, and who had consumed far too many cocktails for her own good. The woman was absolutely intoxicated, but she had the greatest streak of good luck I ever saw. She would bet $100 on No. 20, and 20 would come up, giving her a profit of $3,500. She would pull the entire $3,500 over onto the red, and red would turn up, doubling her stake. It seemed she couldn't lose, and on the few occasions that she did make bad bets, she simply doubled her bet the next time, and won.

I watched her for about a half hour, and she won around $50,000. Her luck was so amazing that I finally called up Harry in our room, told him where I was, and told him to come down and watch. He was there about five minutes later, standing at my side when I looked up after winning a small bet. As is usual in a case like that, the woman stopped winning after I had called him down to see her amazing play. But as is most unusual, intoxicated as she was, she stopped playing when she saw her luck had turned, and cashed in her chips. The total value of those chips was $47,300, and the woman tossed the $300 back to the croupier as a tip, stuffed the big roll of remaining bank notes into the bosom of her dress and walked out.

I played on, finally ending up with about $300 of my original $500 stake, and turned to look for Harry, to go, but he was gone. I walked around the ballroom once, thinking to find him there, and when I didn't I assumed he had left the party, and decided to leave myself, walking out into the lobby, and taking an elevator to our suite.

Harry was there before me, and in the center of the bed was piled a roll of bills that dazzled me.

"Thanks for the tip, Mildred," he said with a grin. It didn't take a whole lot of guessing to realize where that money had come from. Harry had in some manner managed to collect the drunken woman's winnings.

"It was simple, honey," he smiled. "When she left the table she left the party, too, and I just followed her. She, whoever she was, had a car and a chauffeur waiting outside, and I followed the car to her home in a taxi. While she was going in the front door, I got in the house through the back." He laughed again. "I almost met her on the stairs. She was so jingled by that time that she was actually staggering, and she headed straight for her bedroom. Naturally, I wasn't far behind. She jerked off her evening dress, and this shower of money spilled onto the floor. She didn't even look at it, but went into the bathroom. I slipped into the bedroom, picked the money up from the floor, left, caught a taxi, and came back."

That is just how simple some really big robberies are. The strangest thing about this robbery was that there never was, to our knowledge, any report of it made to police or even private detectives. Certainly the newspapers never mentioned it. Harry and I have always thought that the woman was so befuddled with champagne that when she awoke the next morning she either failed to remember her winnings entirely, or simply thought they were some sort of a drunken dream, and was ashamed to mention it for fear her friends would take the occasion to tell her just how drunk she had been.

It was during this same trip to the West Coast that Sitamore made a trip to Mexico City, traveling by airplane, and returned a few days later with more than $300,000 worth of diamonds and pearls, the result of a robbery in the capital of the Southern Republic.

"But that is the last time I ever operate there," he told me when he returned. "I met a fellow I knew there and he took me to see the

Continued on Page 22

The Mating of Dan Yeo

By Otwell Binns

The Story of a Fabulous Treasure, a Golden-Haired Princess and a Mysterious Island in the South Seas

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

DAN YEO, soldier of fortune, arrives stowaway on the Dordrechter at Hollandia in the Malay Archipelago. At Sun Kee's gambling house Mahya, Sun Kee's beautiful wife, [illegible] at sight of [illegible].

Ransome, a [illegible], Sun Kee and two other white men [illegible] a [illegible] stuffed head of her [illegible] which was [illegible] up with Mahya in an open boat. The girl and the head came from the Isle of the Sacred Birds where these birds abound, and the men hope to find it and reap a rich harvest of the [illegible].

[illegible] and Jack Cardon of the Frigate Bird rescue Mahya. On [illegible] the schooner Mahya [illegible] to return her to the Sacred Island.

The [illegible] she takes Dan [illegible] ago, leaving [illegible] in charge. Cardon [illegible] as Dan Yeo [illegible]. Mahya's story of an [illegible] a stone fort and [illegible] governed by [illegible] and Elespeth [illegible] legend.

[illegible] Mahya's directions [illegible] the Sacred Isle and [illegible] returned. When Elespeth appears it is love at first [illegible] and Yeo. She [illegible] the temple where [illegible] the replica of [illegible].

[illegible] a Spanish [illegible] wrecked on the [illegible] there he built a fort and [illegible] the sea. [illegible] Yeo [illegible] for England [illegible] and set out never [illegible].

[illegible] Ransome's Dordrechter [illegible] on the reef in a storm [illegible] attack by the Dyaks [illegible] Frigate Bird Cardon [illegible] another [illegible] Elespeth confess [illegible] decides to stay and [illegible].

When Yeo [illegible] of the attack on the schooner he orders the people to arm [illegible] is a message to Pawang Helai, the Dyak chief, [illegible] pledge his submission. The [illegible] there [illegible] of [illegible] or the schooner when Dan assembles the people to receive the Dyak's tribute.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Grisly Love-Token.

THE fact that Pawang Helai was in no hurry to acknowledge a new overlordship was evident. The minutes went slowly by, the heat of the valley mounted, and with it the excitement of the waiting Islanders grew intense.

Yeo, apparently utterly indifferent, but in reality watching them closely, saw that they were seething. Something was bound to snap if the actor for whom the stage waited did not soon put in an appearance.

The snap came almost with the thought. From somewhere in front there came a sudden hoarse cry. Half way up the line on the right there was a commotion, as of men struggling. Shouting followed the cry, then a man staggered forward and collapsed in the open. A second later another man leaped into the sunlight, his eyes rolling, foam on his lips, a blood-stained kris in his hand.

"Raving!" ejaculated Yeo.

He had seen a Malay run amok at Banjermassin, cutting down seven men and a child before a sailor had thrust out a leg that brought him crashing to the ground, and he knew the signs. Then it flashed on him that here, after all, was a difference. The fellow had cut down only one man, and that a man who had no doubt tried to hinder him—now, unlike a man who runs amok, he seemed indifferent to further killing.

That was queer—No! by the living jingo! The fellow had a definite purpose. He was running down the grove in the unswerving line a mad dog takes, and he was coming for himself—or Elespeth.

His hand went to his pocket and gripped the pistol butt, then almost in the same second came back—empty.

There was another way, and he would take that way and the risk of it. He waited tensely, conscious of wild cries from the watchers, and very conscious of the red flicker of the kris in the madman's hand. Almost at his shoulder he heard the girl cry out in alarm.

"Danyo!"

"Get back out of the way!" he ordered brusquely.

Then he waited—ages! So it seemed to him, though it was no more than nine seconds before the critical moment arrived. The man was almost on him, eyes now set, his face empurpled, a slaver at his mouth. The kris was lifted, flashing crimson with the wet blood still upon it, and behind him Yeo heard the girl give a gasping moan.

In that brief second before the stained blade could come back on the downward swing for the killing stroke, the adventurer's arm shot out in a terrific uppercut. There was a click like that of a smartly driven billiard ball as it meets another, the madman's head went back as if his neck were dislocated; he was jerked clean off his feet and fell backward—knocked out!

A wild yell rang through the grove. "Danyo!" mingled with what were evidently cries of execration. Yeo took notice of neither approval nor blame. He stepped forward a pace or two and addressed the nearest men.

"Take the madman away."

The men hurried to obey him, and Yeo slid back to his old position, breathing deeply, but maintaining a pose of aloofness that for the moment excluded even Elespeth from his attention. He knew that what he had done would serve his interests, that not one of all the crowd in the grove would have faced the killer with naked hands, and that accordingly his stock must have risen. But he did not show his knowledge, and whilst the men bore the stricken madman into the shadow of the trees, he stood aloof, apparently indifferent to the clamor, whilst inwardly fierce anxiety was gnawing at his vitals.

Would old Pawang Helai never come? Curse the fellow! If they waited much longer this crowd would be out of hand and—

A shout broke on his anxious reflections. He caught a word, saw a surge in the direction of the cleft, and licked his dry lips in sudden relief.

"Coming!" he ejaculated hoarsely to Elespeth, and so great was his exultation that the blood surging in his head made a red mist before his eyes, so that for a moment he could not see clearly.

Then the girl spoke, hurriedly.

"No! Pawang Helai comes not. But those three whom you sent forth return."

Flames of the Pit! It was true. He could see now. Through the opening lines of the Islanders marched the three men whom he had sent to bring Pawang Helai to this meeting. They were alone. He made sure of the fact in a single glance, felt a chill run through his blood at the thought of the effect of that refusal on this waiting crowd, then flamed with rage.

"I'll fetch the devil if—"

The embassy hurried forward straight toward him, and in the midst of his raging reflections he became aware that the middle man carried a kind of wicker basket topped with green leaves. His rage cooled suddenly.

"A peace offering!" he thought and waited.

The three men halted a good yard and a half from him.

"Where is Pawang Helai?" he asked tersely.

"He would not come," answered one of the men.

"He was told that I sent?"

"He was told. But he laughed at our words."

"He did! By heaven he'll laugh no more."

"Also he gave a message."

"Out with it, fool."

The man shrank at Yeo's tone, and plainly in something of a panic, began to stammer. "He said that...soon...in two days ...he was coming to wed...our Lady Elespeth..."

"The deuce he did?"

"Also he sent a love-token which we were to give to her."

The man indicated the wicker in his hand, and knowing something of Dyak love-tokens and with an idea of this one, Yeo tore the wicker from the fellow's hand, and lifted the broad leaves that covered what lay beneath. Then he suffered a terrific shock—for in the wicker was a human head.

He had expected that, for every Dyak youth in days that he remembered had wooed the maiden of his fancy with such a token—the head of an enemy, a rival, or even of a friend surprised and murdered in the bush.

But this ghastly trophy was different. It was a white man's head, and as he stared at it in horror, its waxen lineaments seemed to be familiar. Then swiftly remembrance came to him.

It was the face of the Dutchman who had been on Sun Kee's veranda on Hollandia Street that night when he himself had gone there after swimming ashore from the Dordrechter.

For a full minute after making the recognition, Yeo continued to stare down at that terrible trophy. His first thought was that probably the Dutchman's body had been washed ashore and found by the Dyaks as Elespeth's people had found Sachsen on their own beach, and that the Dyak chief had taken this ghastly offering from a dead man.

But a second look at the dead face told him the truth. There were indications that the man had been living when or immediately before decapitation had taken place.

"Taken on the hoof!" he thought to himself and then looked up and spoke to the three men with what under the circumstances was quite remarkable coolness.

"You were to give this to the Lady Elespeth?"

"Aye, Lord Danyo! Also there was another message, that when he came he would bring two other heads of men with white faces."

Yeo whistled sharply, as he realized the implication of the message. Apparently three men had escaped in the wreck of the Dordrechter and had fallen into the hands of the Dyaks.

"Did you see other men like this one?" he asked quickly.

"We saw two—lying in a hut, bound foot and hand."

"Alive?" he snapped.

"Alive, Lord Danyo."

He asked no more questions for the moment, but again stared down at the awful offering, one

(Continued on Page 16)

Dan Flung an Arm About Elespeth, Kissed Her Roundly, and Without a Word Ran Off at the Heels of the Rabble.

A STRANGER AT THE DOOR

NO, NOT TODAY. NOW IF YOU WERE ONLY SELLING SOMETHING TO HELP ME WASH, I'D BE GLAD TO BUY!
I'LL TELL YOU THE BIGGEST HELP I'VE FOUND FOR WASHING! IT'S LA FRANCE — YOUR GROCER HAS IT —
SO YOU BOUGHT THAT LA FRANCE THE AGENT TOLD YOU ABOUT? HOW DO YOU USE IT?
SHE SAID TO PUT SOME RIGHT INTO THE SUDS — THAT IT WOULD HELP THE SOAP TO CLEAN FASTER AND WOULD BLUE AT THE SAME TIME!
NEXT WEEK
WHY, THOSE CLOTHES LOOK CLEAN ALREADY! YOU'VE HARDLY RUBBED THEM AT ALL!
AND LOOK HOW WHITE THEY ARE! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE YOUR EYES, ISN'T IT?
WELL NOW — ALL I HAVE TO DO IS RINSE AND HANG THEM OUT! NO SEPARATE BLUING RINSE AT ALL!
MY! IF WE'D ONLY HAD SUCH A THING IN MY DAY! THE BACKACHES I'VE HAD FROM LIFTING HEAVY WET CLOTHES!
OH, I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR TELLING ME ABOUT LA FRANCE! IT SAVES SO MUCH TIME AND WORK — AND THE CLOTHES LOOK GRAND!
YOU MUST HAVE TAKEN MY ADVICE! YOUR CLOTHES ARE JUST BEAUTIFUL — SO WHITE! AND NOT A BLUING STREAK OR SPOT.

Nov. 3, 1933

Dear Sirs: Some time ago I was called to the door by an agent. I don't remember what she was selling, but I will never forget some advice she gave me. I was washing and I wasn't very proud of my results. So I said —

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED THEN

...A BLESSING LEFT BEHIND!

So I bless the memory of one agent and say "thank you" many times. Those little blue flakes of La France save untold work and bother and there's nothing like them to keep clothes white.

Mrs. D. A. Boyd

(This is a true story based upon facts taken from an unsolicited letter written by a La France user.)

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
AT YOUR GROCER'S

Never more than 10 cents. Enough for three big tubs of white clothes. If you are not delighted with the way it safely helps your favorite soap and saves you extra work and the trouble of a bluing rinse . . . if it fails to give you an easier, whiter wash . . . your grocer will cheerfully refund your money!

Magic LA FRANCE!

1. Add it to your suds!
2. Makes the soap work better, faster.
3. Blues at the same time, saving you one whole hard step.
4. Less work — whiter clothes!

TRY LA FRANCE NEXT TIME YOU WASH!

Save 30 to 60 minutes of your usual washday work . . . have whiter clothes than ever before! Just a few pennies will do this miracle for you. La France [illegible]

No hard rubbing . . . La France speeds up any soap! No lifting clothes through a separate bluing rinse . . . La France blues perfectly in the first suds!

Clothes are marvelously white . . . no spots or streaks. Colored clothes look brighter — fresher.

La France is safe for any fabric water won't harm. Washing machine makers endorse it.

And it's sold under a money-back guarantee!

Try La France! You'll finish sooner. You won't be so tired. And you'll have dazzling white clothes!

FREE! Mail the coupon below for a test package of La France — enough for one large tub. We'll also send a sample of Satina. You add Satina to boiling starch. It makes your iron glide easier. La France and Satina are products of General Foods.

A. W. 11-4-34

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich.
Send me free test packages of La France and Satina.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________ State________

(Print name and address — fill in completely)

"WON'T EVAPORATE— ONE FILLING LASTS ALL WINTER"
"STOPS RUSTING AND CORROSION"
"STAYS PUT— CAUSES NO LEAKAGE"
"LOW IN PRICE"
GPA RADIATOR GLYCERINE THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

GPA RADIATOR GLYCERINE

—the permanent anti-freeze

AVAILABLE AT
GENERAL MOTORS
DEALERS

Look for the G. P. A. seal on the can

Glycerine Producers' Assn., 386 Fourth Ave., New York

What is SEISMOTITE? Read this Advertisement

What is SEISMOTITE? Read this Advertisement

SEISMOTITE (pronounced sis-mo-tite) is a fine, flaky material produced by volcanic eruptions that took place in the Rocky Mountains thousands of years ago. It possesses cleaning and polishing properties so remarkable that it makes Old Dutch absolutely unique in the service and satisfaction that it gives. No other cleanser can equal Old Dutch because it is the *only* one made with pure seismotite.

You can use Old Dutch with complete safety on any surface water will not harm. It cleans more things; cleans quicker; saves your time and energy. And Old Dutch doesn't scratch because it is free from the harsh grit present in ordinary cleansers.

Old Dutch saves you money, too. Its flaky, flat-shaped particles cover more surface and do more square yards of cleaning per penny of cost. Just put a date on your next package and see how long it lasts.

Try Old Dutch on porcelain, enamel, linoleum and glassware, stoves, refrigerators and washing machines. You'll find that it's kind to the hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors. There's no other cleanser like Old Dutch.

Doesn't Scratch

OLD DUTCH

© 1934, The C. P. Co

The Mating of Dan Yeo

By Otwell Binns

(Continued from Page 14)

thought in his mind. He must save those other two men from the fate that had overtaken the Dutchman. Who they were he did not know. They might be utter scoundrels, almost certainly they were [illegible] stood there he was [illegible] of the call of race, and of his duty to mankind [illegible] circumstance [illegible] it had been ruthlessly flouted.

"Old Danyo would never have stood for this," he thought [illegible]

He left it there, his decision already taken. He looked round the grove, with its armed men. A great silence had fallen on the latter, and they were watching closely, hostility in many eyes, and something like amusement in others.

It came to him suddenly that in their experience the [illegible] love offering was nothing new. He looked at Elespeth. She was staring at the trophy, but there was no horror in her eyes [illegible] her face was like a flower in the morning sun.

A [illegible] that the old Dyak custom was not confined to the Sea-Gypsies but that the men about him [illegible]. They had Dyak blood [illegible] the savage women whom Dutch men had married had [illegible] strange superstitions in their offspring—he had Danyo's own word for that, and the [illegible] thing had been going on for three hundred years. Nothing was more likely than that they had adopted this Dyak custom and wooed their maidens with the heads of their enemies.

"Savages!" he thought to himself [illegible] wonder if Elespeth expected such a gift from him.

[illegible] thought come to him before the wild resolution was taken.

"By all the gods of Asia, she shall have it!"

Then he looked at the men in the grove again; and spoke [illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Raid

FOLK [illegible] The proposition was [illegible] utterly unexpected one. Whether it would be popular remained to be seen. Then on the silence [illegible] and suddenly [illegible] hand [illegible]

"My lord Danyo, I go with thee! [illegible]"

[illegible] it was [illegible] he had surmised, he thought; these white-skinned folk many with yellow hair and blue eyes like Elespeth had slipped back to the primitive. Well, that was not his affair. If there were others who wanted heads, they could have them for all of him. He must save the heads of those two white men lying bound in Pawang Helai's hut, and avenge the death of this gross Dutchman who had been his enemy. If only there were enough men like this youth—

There were many, it seemed. The youth's words were like flame to tow. A great shout went up, there was a surge forward.

"We will go—"

Whatever hostility they had felt was momentarily forgotten [illegible] popular proposition. He stayed the rush by a lifted hand.

"Good," he said, "we will go to Pawang Helai—for him or his head. Let us march."

The Islanders stayed not on [illegible]

[illegible]

He [illegible] voice and [illegible]. The blue [illegible] there was ex[illegible] and it came to him with something of a shock that she shared the enthusiasm of the shouting rabble, and that he [illegible] that she was anticipating Pawang's head as a [illegible] taken [illegible] so far from the [illegible] have been.

For a moment he was dumbfounded [illegible] gust of [illegible] Well, Pawang [illegible] his cheeks anyway, and if the girl liked his topknot—

He flung an arm about her, kissed her roundly, and without [illegible] at the heels of the rabble.

"A foray—in the old style," he muttered. "And there are worse things than a fight. I hope old Pawang puts up one worth having."

The crowd took the way that Cardon had followed when he had stalked Melchior, dropping in turn down the cleft, and swinging in single file down the cliff face. When Yeo came in sight of the sea his eyes swept the wide expanse for any sign of the Frigate bird, but without finding any.

"Wonder what the little man would say if he could see this circus?" he thought, and then laughed recklessly. "Well, I guess old Danyo must have dropped down pretty often in the old days, and it's but carrying on the good work. Those fish [illegible] weeps anyway [illegible] shipwrecked men. They'll get no [illegible] than their deserving."

By some wonderful luck, without being seen, they reached the bush that gave directly on to the beach by the Sea-Gypsies village and there they crouched spying out the land. The tide was in and the stilted huts were mostly surrounded by water. Between them a couple of proas moved and on the beach itself perhaps half a dozen men meandered at the edge of the tide, from their actions plainly on the lookout for flotsam.

Yeo considered his plan of action. Those huts on their spidery like legs were his objective. In one of them lay the two men whom he must set free, and in that same hut was Pawang Helai whom he was sworn to take—either living or dead—back to the sacred grove.

For him in that matter there was no choice. The Dyak had mocked his authority, had replied with deadly insult and apart from the natural irritation to a masterful nature that such action gave rise to, Yeo knew that the immediate success of his mad scheme depended on what happened on this foray.

For the moment the men who crouched in the bush at his side were with him. But an hour ago, in the grove, he knew that to many of them he had appeared as no better than a sheep for the slaughter. There had been treachery abroad. The attempt in the night had shown that very clearly, and that Melchior's influence was subterraneously at work was certain and with that fermenting, that secret leaven the treachery would lift up its head again, would do so beyond all question if the present enterprise failed.

Assured of that, he called one of the three messengers, and inquired which was Pawang Helai's house. The man pointed it out, and he considered it closely. By far the largest house in the village, it stood close on shore, but at the moment the water was rippling among its piles. To approach it in broad daylight without being seen would be impossible and if there were any

(Continued on Page 22)

HOW TO GET MAXIMUM ENGINE PERFORMANCE

Champion equipped cars and boats continue year after year to win every major racing event throughout the world. For example, a stock Hudson equipped with Champions recently shattered officially all A.A.A. records for climbing Mt. Washington, by a wide margin. The conclusion is obvious. For better performance in your car use the spark plugs Champions use.

CHAMPION
EXTRA-RANGE SPARK PLUGS

USE THE SPARK PLUGS CHAMPIONS USE

THEY ALL NEED ENERGY . . . SO THEY
"GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!"

PHARMACIST. W. A. Seaman says: "Nerves don't trouble me—and I don't ever want them to either. I smoke a great deal, but I stick to Camels. They never interfere with healthy nerves."

BUSINESS WOMAN. Miss Eve Maller says: "I appreciate Camel's mildness and delicacy of flavor and also found that Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low."

SCIENTIST. Russell F. Mann says: "I like the flavor of Camels better and better the longer I smoke them. And they never jangle my nerves."

POLO PLAYER. Cecil Smith, one of the world's highest ranking players, says: "International polo takes healthy nerves. I prefer Camels because I like their flavor and they never upset my nerves."

THE fact that smoking a Camel does produce an increase in energy has drawn people in every walk of life to Camels.

On this page you will find Camel's "energizing effect" discussed by many smokers. They emphasize the fact that Camels do give them a healthful, enjoyable lift in energy when they are tired. They speak of the pleasure they get from Camel's mild, rich taste. And over and over comes word from steady smokers that Camels never interfere with healthy nerves.

And so—in light of the experiences of other smokers, and of the scientific evidence confirming Camel's "energizing effect"—turn to Camels yourself!

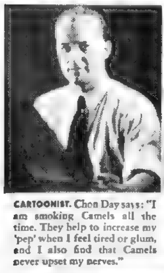
TOBACCO EXPERTS SAY:
"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."
CAMEL

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

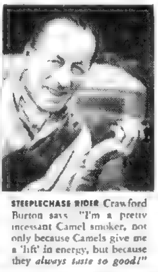
SPORTSWOMAN PILOT. Mrs. Cecil Kenyon says: "After a strenuous, tiring flight, when I feel worn out, a Camel quickly restores my energy. And each Camel renews the enjoyment of the last one!"

TRAIN DIRECTOR. R. L. Woodman says: "I need to be sure of healthy nerves. That's why I smoke Camels. For even after a full day's smoking, I know Camels won't upset my nerves."

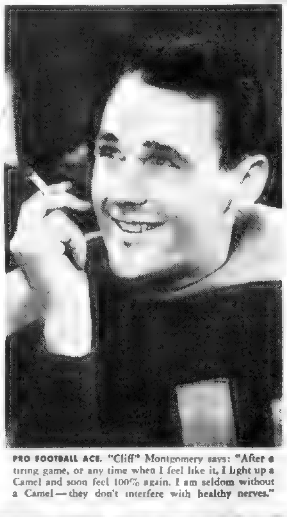
MOVIE PROJECTIONIST. Charles Muller [illegible] He says: "I prefer Camels for their rich, full flavor. And even with all the smoking I do, they never jangle my nerves."



CARTOONIST. Chon Day says: "I am smoking Camels all the time. They help to increase my 'pep' when I feel tired or glum, and I also find that Camels never upset my nerves."



STEEPLECHASE RIDER. Crawford Burton says: "I'm a pretty incessant Camel smoker, not only because Camels give me a 'lift' in energy, but because they *always taste so good!*"



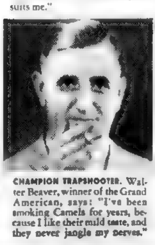
PRO FOOTBALL ACE. "Cliff" Montgomery says: "After a tiring game, or any time when I feel like it, I light up a Camel and soon feel 100% again. I am seldom without a Camel—they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

NEWSPAPER MAN. Ray Baker of the INS, says: "Whenever I feel 'all in,' I can quickly restore my energy with a Camel. Camels bring back my 'pep.' For over ten years I've preferred Camels. Their flavor just suits me."

CIRCUS AERIALIST. "Camels always taste smooth and rich—never flat or 'sweetish,'" says Antoinette Concello of "the greatest show on earth." "And I can smoke Camels all I want to for they never upset my nerves."

NAVIGATOR. Thomas Olsen, who sailed a tiny 26-foot sloop across 9,000 miles of ocean, says: "There's one cigarette that I can smoke steadily without getting nervous or 'fed up' with smoking. I mean Camels."

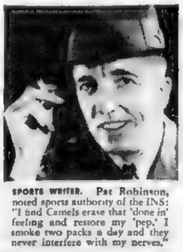
CHAMPION GOLFER. Tommy Armour, "Wizard of the Irons," says: "What do I think of Camels? They have been my brand for years. I smoke a lot but I must be sure that my nerves are healthy and my head is clear—that's why I prefer Camels."



CHAMPION TRAPSHOOTER. Walter Beaver, winner of the Grand American, says: "I've been smoking Camels for years, because I like their mild taste, and they never jangle my nerves."

AIR HOSTESS. Says Miss Marian McMichael, R.N., who travels with the American Airlines: "A Camel quickly relieves any feeling of tiredness—and how good it tastes."

EXPLORER. Capt. R. Stuart Murray, F.R.G.S., just back from Honduras, says: "Camels always give me a 'pick-up' in energy when I need it. And I prefer Camel's flavor above all others."

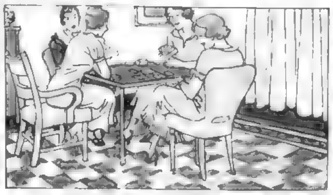


SPORTS WRITER. Pat Robinson, noted sports authority of the INS: "I find Camels erase that 'done in' feeling and restore my 'pep.' I smoke two packs a day and they never interfere with my nerves."

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT AN EXPERIENCE THAT MADE OUR HOME A LOT HAPPIER!

"I have always tried to keep my home spotless and sparkling. But no matter how much I scrubbed, my old floors kept right on looking dingy and dull. I was ashamed of them—but what could I do?"

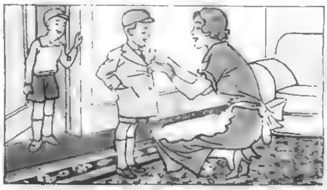


"Like all women, I enjoy a good sociable afternoon . . . but I wouldn't accept invitations that I couldn't repay. One day I 'filled in' at a neighbor's and I couldn't help admiring her bright cheery rugs."

'Next morning bright and early I was out shopping, with the name 'Armstrong's Quaker Rugs' in my mind. I found nicer designs than my neighbor's—and I bought two with the money I expected to pay for one."

I have lots of parties now . . . and I don't have to apologize to anybody. In fact, I'm a little inclined to boast about my lovely rugs. They have certainly brought new color and life into our home

"Would you believe you can dust Armstrong's Quaker Rugs just as you do fine furniture? Well, you can—that's all the daily care they need. Occasionally I renew their luster with Armstrong's Linogloss."



'My youngsters often come in wet and muddy-footed. But these rugs don't mind. I'm certainly a booster for Armstrong's Quaker Rugs . . . but let the Quaker Girl tell her part of the story . . ."

Here are the five All-American Quaker Rugs for Fall . . .

The Quaker Girl

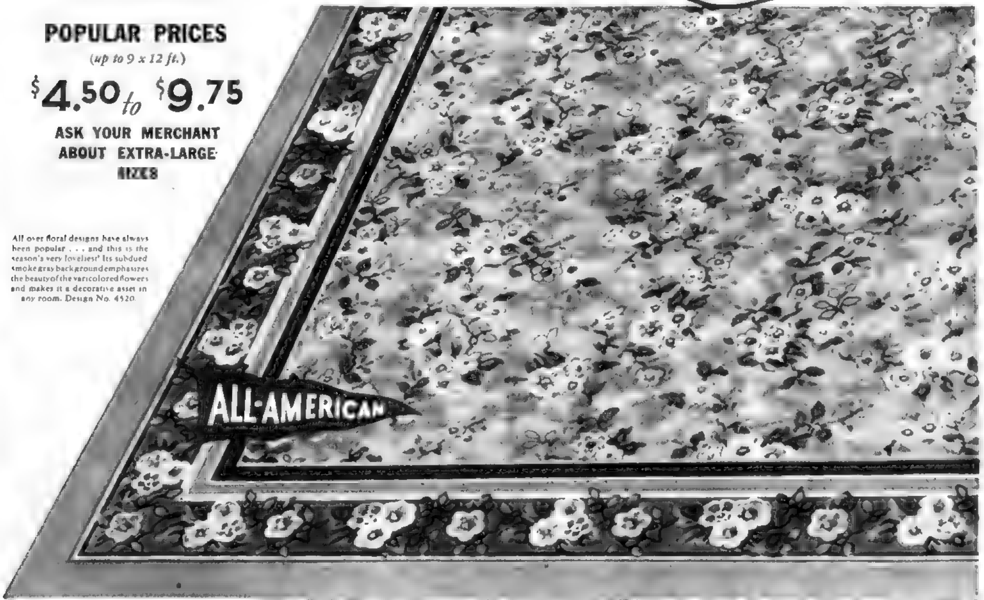
POPULAR PRICES

(up to 9 x 12 ft.)

$4.50 *to* $9.75

ASK YOUR MERCHANT ABOUT EXTRA-LARGE SIZES

All over floral designs have always been popular . . . and this is the season's very loveliest! Its subdued smoke gray background emphasizes the beauty of the varicolored flowers and makes it a decorative asset in any room. Design No. 4520.



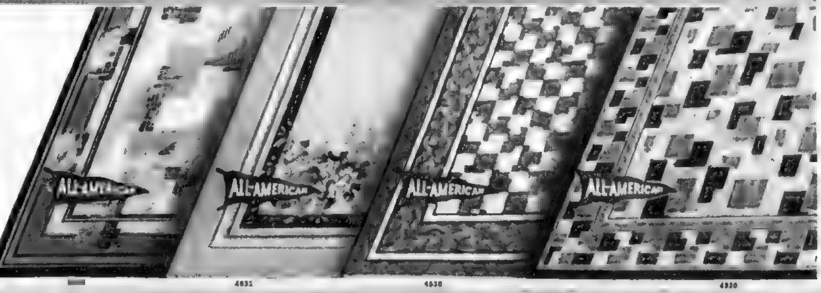
AT THE RIGHT

1st Rug—A striking new design—made even more effective by a new silver color subtly worked into the pattern. Design No. 4950

2nd Rug—Attractive tones of taupe make this rug blend into any room scheme, while the floral sprays add brightness. Design No. 4831

3rd Rug—Our designers took years to perfect just the right delicate shades of marbling in this lovely rug. Design No. 4530.

4th Rug—This inset tile effect rug can enhance the charm of your finest rooms, or make itself at home in the kitchen. Design No. 4930.

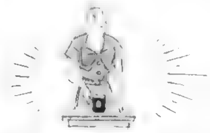


LOOK these rugs over carefully! They are the new All-American Winners . . . the five Armstrong's Quaker Rugs sure to satisfy the decorative taste of the nation's home makers.

Lovely! Yes, and more . . . for every Armstrong's Quaker Rug is built for faithful duty—printed in rich oil colors on good thick felt. Each is surface-sealed against soiling and staining. Dirt does not penetrate this sealed surface. That's why just a daily dusting keeps Armstrong's Quaker Rugs gleaming . . . and why all kinds of spilled things will wipe off without leaving a trace.

These are only five designs of more than a score! See all these work-saving, money-saving rugs at your dealer's. Discover how inexpensively you can buy floor beauty today! Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 905 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

An exclusive Armstrong feature—Quaker Rugs are made in extra-large sizes—11¼ x 12 and 11¼ x 15 feet. If you prefer to cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering is offered in 2, 3, and 3¾ yard widths.



$1000 FOR A PHOTOGRAPH

102 OTHER CASH AWARDS IN THIS SIMPLE CONTEST

No bothersome work! No red tape! Just take a photograph of one of the rugs shown on this page as it looks in your home. Have your dealer sign it. Then mail it to us. The Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration will be the sole judge of merit and its selection will be final. No entries will be returned. Contest closes midnight, November 30, 1934. Ask your dealer for folder describing contest in detail, or write to us. (Neither Armstrong employees nor professional photographers may enter this contest.)

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

Armstrong's Quaker Rug

"LOOK FOR MY PICTURE"

"It's your guarantee that the rug you buy is a genuine Armstrong's Quaker Rug . . . the finest smooth-surface rug made."

Full Moon by Talbot Mundy

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

WHEN Brigad[illegible] ham—studen[illegible] [illegible]

CHAPTER III (Continued)

Wu Tu

CRAFTILY Wu Tu [illegible] Wu Tu [illegible] word [illegible] turbed [illegible] but [illegible]

"Don't call me th[illegible] you!"

"Very well, don't call me Warrender."

"Blair, eh?"

"Ismail ben Alif Khan?"

"But why the [illegible] Why don't you [illegible] Why bring Chetusingh? Why do you [illegible] Orakzai Pathans? [illegible] like [illegible] when they [illegible] drunk [illegible]; then they sleep [illegible] stuffed python."

"Let me see behind that screen," said Blair.

But Chetusingh forestalled him [illegible] too late by a stride; as he reached it, a low door hidden by the screen thumped shut and a bolt clicked.

She seemed indifferent. "You have at least the manners of Pathans."

Chetusingh moved one wing of the screen away from the wall so that he could watch the low door. Then he and Blair sat on the divan, drawing their feet under them. Blair said something in a low voice and Chetusingh went to the curtained door, glanced into the passageway both ways, returned and sat down again.

The Chinese Girl Suddenly Thrust at Blair's Eyes With Her Lighted Cigarette.

"You are as stupid as Pathans," said Wu Tu. "You know well, Chetusingh, that men are not murdered in my house. I don't permit it. Otherwise, why do you think that a Rajput Chr-r-ristian"—she filled the word with venom—"played the Pathan—here—night after night—eighty-eight nights—and no knife in his liver? Tell me."

There was no impatience in her voice, no anger in her eyes, even when Chetusingh smiled without answering. She was only making conversation while she eyed Blair Warrender. It was his smouldering gaze that amused her. She mocked him.

"Take one of my merry widows!" Words, half-heard chords of [illegible] music from another room counterpointed the inflection of her voice. "Ismail ben Alif Khan the Orakzai" (her voice and her [illegible]) [illegible] concern of [illegible]. But Blair—"

She lingered on the word. Her sinuous ease, the scented heat and mellow light wove and again re-wove imagined calm, but its weft and its woof were danger, beyond guessing.

"My merry widows shed humility and meekness and all those virtues when they left home. Do they care for a Pathan's dignity? What if one of them should pull that turban off and laugh at an Englishman's clipped head? They might say his money is as good as another's. But which of my guests would not resent it? And no widow of your own to draw a pension!"

"There are nine men here to whom I wish to speak," said Blair abruptly.

"Set a new spy at the outer door! There are ten men. I would not describe them as your bodyguard!" Then she added in the vernacular: "Diwaza bund hai."

The news that the outer door was locked made Chetusingh stir uncomfortably. Wu Tu drew some paper money from her bosom and without glancing at it tossed it into Chetusingh's lap.

"Go and play with the little widows!"

Chetusingh was well taught. He examined the money before he tossed it back to her. Then he glanced at Blair, who nodded. Chetusingh walked out into the corridor and turned left.

The Chinese girl parted the curtains, making the beads jingle to attract attention, at the hardly noticeable movement of Wu Tu's hand she withdrew and followed Chetusingh.

"Now you are not afraid to talk to me," said Wu Tu.

"No," he answered.

She drew her legs up under her and arranged a cushion so that she could loll back comfortably. "Would you like a drink? Smoke? No? Let us be frank with each other."

He smiled. "Jenny, are you ever frank with anybody?"

"Always! But don't you call me Jenny. I am that to the fools who use my house, and who borrow money from me secretly, and who slip—slip—slip into my power—it would surprise you to know——"

"It wouldn't. You needn't brag about it. I could give you a partial list of your creditors."

"To the Sikhs and the men from the North I am Soonia."

He nodded. "Soonia Singh in Berlin, Paris, New York, Brussels——"

"You know too much. I am Wu Tu to my enemies. To you, Blair——"

"Suit yourself. If you prefer it I will call you Marie."

"That is my true name—Marie d'Alencon. It is on my passport. Let us talk truth to each other. Why have you stayed away? And why send Chetusingh? Do you think that nine-and-eighty nights ago I let you sketch me—sat to be stared at by your eyes, that torture because they see so much, and burn, and tell so little—do you think I did that for Chetusingh's sake?"

"Do you suppose I came here to make love to you?" he retorted. "Chetusingh was spying on you. You know that."

"Why him? That convert-puritan so careful of his soul that he draws in his breath when he tells unavoidable lies! I tortured him. He would have bored me to death if I had not made trouble for him. I let his Bishop know where he is night after night."

"Why?"

"Because I know how he feels toward that Bishop—as a chela toward his guru. Yet he might not explain to the Bishop, who feels toward him as a guru to his chela. Are there hotter hooks than that on which to draw a convert?"

"Probably not. What I asked you is, why did you do it?"

"To bring you here. Why else? I could have had him beaten to death in the street, and none the wiser, but I wanted you here. It wasn't easy" (her eyes smiled reminiscently) "to reach the Bishop's ear and make him think he thought of that. The Bishop implored the Commissioner to send you here for Chetusingh's sake. But why didn't you come alone? I want you!" She leaned back on the cushion, put her arms behind her head, smiled—and her smile seemed all surrender. "Don't I look good? Don't you like me?"

"Yes. I can like without smashing and grabbing. There are ten men here. What are they doing?"

"People come here for amusement."

"Murder amuse them?"

"Not in my house. If they murder one another, sometimes—elsewhere—that is not strange. When was murder anything but a natural consequence of——" she spoke slowly, almost purring "—intruding—unwisely—amid lusts not understood?"

He got up. "You may as well come with me," he said. "I am going to interview those men."

"Wait!" Her dark eyes suddenly grew liquid with excitement. There was a change in her voice. Beyond, or beneath, or around its luring, lazy sensuousness there was an unguarded overtone of danger, like a wolf's yelp very far off, coming nearer.

"Three months ago, when you sketched me, I said——"

"Yes, I know what you said."

"You savage! Blair, your cruel heart glows through your eyes! You love strength. You love nothing else. You are on the side of the law by accident. You have no morals—none, I tell you! You are only loyal. And to what are you loyal? England? You would dread to live in England. You would leave India unless it were a battle-ground for all your talents. You love battle, because it makes you feel your strength, and you are drunk with strength! So to what are you loyal?"

"To the job," he answered.

"Not you! You are loyal to your hunger, just like any other savage! Duty? That is nothing to you except that it means to be strong — stronger — strongest —and then stronger again beyond the dreams of devils! That is why you love danger."

"Do I? Well, what of it?"

"Love me! I am danger!"

"You love strength in order to corrupt it, Wu Tu."

"Call me Marie! Are you incorruptible? You dare me. Think a minute! I can snap my fingers, Blair, and ruin you."

"Try it," he answered.

"You policeman!" She stood up and faced him, laughing. With a naked foot she kicked his shin, triumphant, daring him to do as he pleased with her. She wasn't afraid of his strength; she craved it. "Love me, you savage! I will loose your harness! I will give you the keys of India—of Asia! You devil, love me!"

CHAPTER IV.

The Trap Springs.

BLAIR shrugged his shoulders cynically. "Love!" he scoffed. "Give me a cigarette, Wu Tu, and don't be silly."

He returned to the divan. She followed and sat beside him, curling up at one end with her naked feet toward him. She tossed him her platinum cigarette case.

Blair examined the cigarette case, pressed the diamond catch, sniffed the cigarettes, selected one and gave the case back. He did not take the first, nor the last, nor the middle one; and before he touched it to his lips he tapped it on the little lacquered table, on which there were a jade vase and a small but monstrous figurine that looked like molded gold.

Wu Tu promptly chose a cigarette at random, lighted it, blew a smoke-ring, laughed and leaned toward him, proffering the lighter. Their eyes met above it. The scent of her reached his nostrils. For a moment she looked older than he did, but that look vanished.

"It is fear of me that poisons you," she murmured. "Not to trust me is as dangerous as not to trust yourself. Blair——"

"Who was behind that screen?" he asked her.

She shrugged indifference. "Probably someone. I have many servants."

"Why did you call me Warrender so promptly when I came in?"

"I was so glad to see you. I should have said Blair, shouldn't I?"

"Somebody behind the screen was listening and passed the news to someone else," he answered. "Why were you scared when I started for the next room?"

"Love me and be safe," she said smiling. "Don't I look good? I am even better than I look. Seize the nettle strongly——"

"And the cobra by the throat!" he added.

"Blair, I warn you—you strong, leopard-eyed devil! —— India isn't safe for one whom——"

He finished the sentence for her: "——Zaman Ali fears! Zaman Ali suspected me as Ismail ben Alif Khan. But now he knows I am Blair Warrender. He knows I am here, and the outer door locked. He knows now who has been watching him. Nine of his accomplices are here tonight, and he knows that Chetusingh, and consequently I, know all their names. He is probably not such a fool as to murder me here, supposing he could do that. But——"

"You don't even know why he is in Bombay," she retorted calmly. "I could tell you. How else can you find out? I can give you Zaman Ali! That pig——" Her eyes flashed. "Blair, you may have for the taking what he craves but is too much of a sot to imagine! Power! You understand me?"

He nodded.

"There isn't a guilty secret worth knowing in all India that I can't tell you."

He nodded again. His eyes did not reveal that he doubted her, if he did.

"Do you understand, too, that you are alive because I wished it? Any crazy failure of a student with a cheap revolver could have shot you and not known who directed him or why he did it. Isn't life good?" She leaned toward him. "You don't guess how good it can be!" Her hand touched his. He let his lie still. "What can you do to Zaman Ali? Arrest him? What would that accomplish? You have no proofs against him that a court would look at. He would soon be at liberty. But you? Death's arm is longer than life's desires! Nobody but I can save you now from Zaman Ali and his gang. But what if I give them to you?"

"When?"

"Love me."

He knocked the ash from his cigarette into the jade vase on the lacquer table, using his left hand. She was fingering his right hand, on the divan. He stared at the golden figurine, whose monstrous, sub-human face seemed wise beyond all emotion; whoever had made it knew neither love nor hate but only irony.

"Look at me, not at that! You catch sprats, you policemen, but the sharks escape you, because of the laws of evidence, and because you seek peace, not power. I don't seek power. I already have it!"

"And you're wealthy," he suggested, not withdrawing his hand when she raised it to her lap with both of hers.

Triumph stole into her eyes. "Blair, have you ever, even for a moment, felt the strength of money—the thrill of the strength of money that obeys you? I have money! Men and women—some of them so important that they dare not risk discovery—owe me more money than you have ever dreamed of having. It is the secret, unpayable debts that crack

(Continued on Page 20)

(c) 1934 by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Nobody called... nobody cared

FREE

"until a scrap of paper" led me to loveliness

Night after night I used to sit home alone. No one [illegible] for me. [illegible] friends or a [illegible] at all. Then one lucky day I visited the 10c store and a scrap of paper [illegible] my whole life and led me to loveliness.

I accepted from the great cosmetic counter a [illegible] from the giant atomizer of Blue Waltz Perfume. What [illegible] fragrance! It made me think of [illegible] [illegible]

Quickly I bought this [illegible] perfume for I hoped it would give me more charm. [illegible] At last my dreams of romance [illegible] Blue Waltz Perfume that made me [illegible] [illegible]

Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

DON'T SEND ONE PENNY

BOTH PAIR FOR $1.98

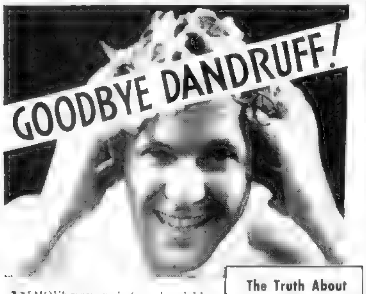
WE PAY POSTAGE

Bargain Footwear for WOMEN!

[illegible] black chrome patent leather or black kid. [illegible] brown or grey. [illegible]

JUST SEND US your name, address and size and color wanted. [illegible] Order by No. 20

WALTER FIELD CO., Dept. P1125 CHICAGO, ILL.



GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

REMOVE every speck of it easily, quickly, with a single application of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. If you don't believe you have dandruff, *try the finger-tip test*: gently scratch your scalp and look at your finger nails.

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo *dissolves* and *removes* every particle of even the most heavily encrusted dandruff. Under a money-back guarantee, too. It lathers freely and rinses easily; no after rinse needed. And it's just as good for women as for men. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo has never failed in 38 years of increasing sales.

Try Fitch's today! At all barber and beauty shops, drug and department stores.

After and between Shampoos Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. [illegible] Soap Shampoo

2. [illegible] Fitch Shampoo

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

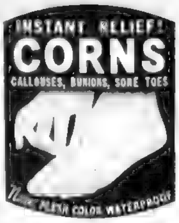
Do You Have These COMPLEXION FAULTS?

Don't be embarrassed by an unsightly skin. Try the Resinol treatment—Resinol Soap to cleanse and reduce the pores—Resinol Ointment to relieve itchy pimples, roughness and dryness. The treatment that has changed many an ugly skin to one that is clear and velvety.

Pimples
Enlarged Pores
Dry Skin
Blackheads
Redness
Roughness

Begin today to use Resinol Ointment and Soap as your external aids to natural skin loveliness. See your complexion improve!

SOAP & OINTMENT Resinol DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE



The instant you apply these soothing, healing pads relief is yours. In several days your corns or callouses will be loosened for easy, safe removal. At the same time the New Improved Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop shoe [illegible] them. [illegible] shoe and department stores.

CALLOUSES
BUNIONS
SOFT CORNS

NEW [illegible]
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Red Bakelite Leak-Proof Cap 4 Fluid ozs.

LUBRICANT PLUS!

Esso Handy Oil does more than lubricate bearings of fine mechanisms such as typewriters and motors. It's a real cleaner and polisher, too and, unlike practically all other household oils, it contains no gum-forming substance.

ESSO INC., 26 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

CRYSTAL-CLEAR • 100% LUBRICATING
PREVENTS RUST

Joy For Victims of SKIN OUTBREAKS!

Unsightly Blemishes Quickly Controlled

REALLY CLEARED UP MY BAD SKIN!

NOW colloidal compound HYDROSAL [illegible] pimples [illegible] amazing quickness [illegible] Remember the name HYDROSAL.

Hydrosal

BALDNESS—WHY?

Don't Let Falling Hair and Dandruff Get on Your Nerves!

Through a new discovery rejuvenating skin on scalp [illegible] absorbs [illegible] that activates [illegible] roots [illegible] grow [illegible] A clean new skin [illegible] comes [illegible] breathe [illegible] function [illegible] may grow [illegible] explaining how to do it yourself at home now being mailed free to readers of this paper. No obligation.

FREE W Witol Desk 9HA No. 1700 Broadway N Y

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly—there's no other magazine like it.

Do I Look Like A Woman of 60?

People Can't Believe It . . . Yet Here I Am

Edna Wallace Hopper . . . Who at Over 60 Has the Skin of a Girl . . . Discloses Another of Her Startling Youth Revelations

Edna Wallace Hopper

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. *Follow it* and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be *artificially re-supplied* to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is smear it on your face like a cold cream. *But, don't rub it off.* Let it stay on. *Then watch!* Your skin will absorb every bit of it—*literally drink in the youth oils it contains.* It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. Lines and hollow places soon go. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Try it. It may give your life a new meaning

Over 30—they have the skin of their 20's

Titled Beauties of 3 Nations examined by Dermatologists . . .

say they owe their youthful skin to the same Cream

Her Royal Highness

Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans

niece of the late King Albert of Belgium, wearing jewels by Mellerio dits Meller, jewelers to the Royal House of France since Louis XIV. "The skin of twenty. Firm—clear—no blemishes or lines." — Paris Dermatologist's Report

The Countess Howe

English beauty. "An unusually lovely skin—has the appearance of being years younger than her age. Firm and clear and fine-pored—free from blemishes."
London Physician's Report

The Duchess of Leinster

the only American duchess. "A remarkably fresh young skin more than 10 years younger than her actual age. Texture fine and soft. Excellent tone and suppleness."
London Physician's Report

The magnificent château "La Flachère," home of Princesse Geneviève, where she lives most of the year. Her hobbies are swimming, riding and sailing.

A WOMAN'S SKIN may be years younger than her age—or it may be years older

Dermatologists determine the youth of the skin not by years but by *conditions* within the skin itself. The activity of its circulation. Its elasticity. Above all, the ability of its glands to supply the skin with rejuvenating oils

They say that when you leave the teens behind, the skin begins to grow old. Neglect—exposure—threaten it. And the oil glands grow sluggish—inactive

Even as early as 20 this change begins. Blackheads and coarse pores appear. Aging lines etch themselves about the eyes and mouth. A horrid crêpy look gathers beneath the chin and the skin begins to look sallow—dark—*old*

But you can retard this aging process!

Famous Beauties say this one Cream keeps their Skin Young

After examination by an eminent London physician, The Countess Howe, famous English beauty, said, "I attribute the freshness of my skin to Pond's Cold Cream."

And after a similar skin test, the beautiful American Duchess of Leinster said, "Pond's Cold Cream is soft and refreshing. It soothes tired nerves as well as nourishes dry tissues."

While in Paris, the Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans told the dermatologist who examined her skin—"Pond's Cold Cream has prevented blemishes, roughness, lines. I'd be lost without it."

Three famous beauties—from three different countries—praise the same single cream—for the remarkable youth of their skin!

The remarkable youth-giving powers of this cream are due to its ability to answer the three vital needs of the skin

Serves your Skin 3 Vital Ways

It gives a thorough, deep-pore cleansing. Floats out lingering impurities that give the skin that drab, tarnished look. Even blackheads—pore accumulations yield to its gentle action

It stimulates lazy glands. Contributes a rich supply of invigorating oil to starved tissues. Softens aging lines before they crease into wrinkles. Finally, it prepares the skin for powder and make up

Use it at night—again in the morning—whenever you freshen your make up—in only a week's time you will notice a difference

You will see a new blooming, freshness and suppleness come to your complexion. It will feel softer—finer—smoother. It will look positively radiant. Lovelier than you ever dared hope it might. And your friends will admire this fresh new beauty which Pond's Cold Cream has brought to you.

A NEW FAVORITE . . *Pond's new Liquefying Cream.* It contains the same specially processed oils for which Pond's Cold Cream is famous, but is quicker melting. It cleanses, refines, corrects skin faults and delightfully prepares it for powder.

● ***Pond's Cold Cream*** **cleanses thoroughly—corrects skin faults—prepares for powder. There are thousands of creams on the market, yet Pond's is used by 1 out of every 5 women who use cream.**

HOW OLD IS YOUR SKIN?

20? 30?

Specially processed oils in this cream

CORRECT SKIN FAULTS

of the **20's**

ROUGHNESS

BLACKHEADS AND LARGE PORES

DRYNESS

LAUGHTER LINES

LITTLE BLEMISHES

FIGHT OFF AGE SIGNS

of the **30's**

CREPY SKIN

WORRY LINES

SALLOWNESS

SAGGING TISSUES

DISCOLORATIONS

Send for a GENEROUS PACKAGE

Clip the coupon below—mail with 10¢—you will receive a 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream and a liberal supply of 3 other Pond's beauty aids.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L, 36 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder. I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐. I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

Name____________________________

Street____________________________

City________________ State__________

Copyright [illegible] 34, Pond's Extract Company

Stop that pounding—"Ben-Gay" penetrates skin...muscle...joints

K[illegible] the neuralgia and head pain with "Ben-Gay," the original Baume Analgésique. Just rub on a generous quantity. No matter how far in the pain is, "Ben-Gay" will find it [illegible] the [illegible] and rout it! [illegible] "Ben-Gay" has a power [illegible] pain-relieving [illegible]. The power [illegible] to kill the pain where it is. [illegible] Look for the [illegible] Ben-Gay on the box.

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH BAUME "BEN-GAY" IT PENETRATES

Look Years Younger NEW BEAUTY QUICK END WRINKLES AGE LINES FREE GIFT If You Send Quick AMAZING RESULTS OVERNIGHT No More Wrinkles

[illegible]

Sem-Pray

Free Mail Coupon for 7-day [illegible] package Sem-Pray Creme [illegible] Sem-Pray Face Powder and Rouge FREE

Madame LaNore, Sem-Pray Salons, Suite 1885-B, Grand Rapids, Michigan. [illegible] FREE. [illegible]

Name

Address

Full Moon by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 18)

[illegible]

[illegible] "Scream, won't you?" [illegible] Suddenly she snatched [illegible] weapon like a [illegible] handled [illegible]

[illegible] He caught her [illegible] left [illegible] she [illegible] with her [illegible]. He twisted her wrist [illegible] he ground [illegible] through his teeth and the [illegible] weapon thumped to the floor.

He [illegible] both her wrists in one [illegible] then [illegible] on her to [illegible]. When he had it he [illegible]

[illegible] Wu Tu? [illegible] for the [illegible] no truth to [illegible]

He pressed the point of the knife on the [illegible] wood [illegible] the [illegible] hollow bodkin blade [illegible] little [illegible] spring within the golden handle! Through an almost invisible hole in the point of the blade there oozed a colorless fluid.

He sniffed it, and as he did that, the hand of the Chinese girl in the corridor parted the doorway curtain. He could see her eyes behind the hand.

"Send her for help," he suggested. [illegible] might bring Zaman Ali."

Without [illegible] her head—fixedly watching [illegible]—Wu Tu dismissed [illegible] gesture.

[illegible] what do you want?"

[illegible] "Tell it. Why [illegible] of Zaman Ali?"

"I?" She was [illegible] right wrist. "You think I fear him—or you? You shall learn what fear is!"

Weird, wild music swelled and ceased, as if a door had been suddenly opened and swiftly closed. Her anger stole away behind new laughter in her dark eyes.

"Now you have a very deadly weapon," he said. "Kill me if you dare, while you can. What are you waiting for?"

[illegible] he answered.

There was a carpet-deadened footfall in the corridor.

Blair rose to his feet. Wu Tu watched him fascinated. His eyes, unafraid but alert, were aware of peril, but the dagger in his right hand seemed to bother him. It was not his type of weapon.

Suddenly he raised it shoulder high and plunged its point into the lacquered table-top between the jade vase and the golden figurine. He struck so deep that the dagger handle scarcely quivered.

Then the dangling curtains in the doorway parted. Zaman Ali strode in.

His were bold eyes, arrogant with [illegible]. But he looked wary. [illegible] Close behind him [illegible] stood threatening [illegible] with his hand [illegible] Peshawar belt, the Chinese girl's ivory hands made [illegible] vanished.

The Afghan's beard, new dyed [illegible] of ingrained cunning [illegible] eyes. But [illegible] turned [illegible] with pain. [illegible] that [illegible] muscle beneath [illegible] cap, turban [illegible]

His curved, coarse nose, that [illegible] fierce mustache, twitched. He rubbed it—but that might have been to attract attention to the ruby in the ring on his middle finger.

"Mashallah! God! wonders never cease!" he [illegible] in Pushtu. "Ismail ben Alif Khan is—"

"Warrender of the police. What are you doing in Bombay, Zaman Ali?"

"Praised be God, I sold my horses. Please God, I shall now learn why I was watched—from the Pass to Peshawar—to Delhi—to Umballa—to Nuklao—to Ahmedabad — to Cawnpore — to Poona—to Bombay. A Pathan I knew you were not. Had I known you are Warrender—"

His fingers, stained and calloused, closed on an imaginary weapon.

"Peace! Not in my house!" Wu Tu warned in a sharp voice. She, too, spoke in Pushtu.

Blair answered in English: "Don't be a fool, Zaman Ali. The door's locked, and you've [illegible] men. But did Chetusingh tell you the house is surrounded? You didn't expect that, did you?"

"What of it?"

Zaman Ali shrugged his shoulders. Then he swaggered to the divan and sat beside Wu Tu, drawing his legs up under him. Almost imperceptibly she shrank away; and almost he contrived to look as if he owned the place. But there was something lacking. He was not quite at his ease.

"Where did you come from to Peshawar?" Blair demanded. "You didn't bring your string of horses down the Khaiber. They were a blind. You picked them up in Peshawar. I know who sold them to you."

The Afghan stared, not answering.

"What did you do in Rajputana?"

"Allah! Where I was not, what did I? That is a good conundrum!"

"When did you last see Brigadier-General Frensham?"

In[illegible] Zaman Ali called to the [illegible] in the corridor to [illegible] his water pipe. [illegible] "I never heard of him," he answered.

"Do you think the [illegible] you might remember?"

"Allah!"

Zaman Ali glanced at Wu Tu, but she avoided his eyes. She glanced at the door behind the screen. Blair strode to the door and kicked the panel. The door opened inward a few inches, struck something or someone and shut with a thud. A bolt clicked.

"Where is Chetusingh?" he demanded.

"Dead," said Zaman Ali. "Where did you suppose he is?"

Wu Tu laughed at that. The wolf-yelp overtone was nearer than it had been. She lighted a cigarette and looked straight at Blair, then leaned back lazily, blowing smoke-rings. "Dead," she said. "Perhaps. But you prove it!"

"Prove it, yes," said Zaman Ali. "That will be a piece of work for the police!"

"You surround my house," said Wu Tu. "Don't you think I knew that?"

"There's a secret passage from your cellar to the yard behind [illegible]. Did you know I knew [illegible]?" Blair retorted. "That's blocked."

Wu Tu looked slightly startled, but the look in her eyes changed to clouded [illegible]. She snuggled a bit farther away from Zaman Ali.

"I'm going to look for Chetusingh," said Blair.

He reached the doorway in three strides, turned facing them and backed through the curtain, colliding with the Chinese girl. He grasped for her—he was watching for a move by Wu Tu or Zaman Ali. His hand closed on her neck and she offered no resistance. When he glanced at her she blew cigarette smoke in his face.

He shoved her along in front of him and tried the door of the next room, twenty feet along the passage. It appeared to be locked, but he could hear laughter and music. The Chinese girl suddenly thrust at his eyes with her lighted cigarette. He grabbed her wrist and then almost lost consciousness in a blaze of agony as something struck him on the back of the head from behind.

"The Commissioner was right. It's a trap, and I'm in it," was his first thought. "Now what?"

The pain was welcome; he knew he could not have felt it if he had been knocked out. He let his knees yield under him, and as he fell, amid the fire that flashed in his eyes he saw the Chinese girl's face, smoking the cigarette in the jade tube, calmly indifferent.

He closed his eyes again and lay still. He felt himself being searched by experienced hands; the police pass that he had shown to the patrol crackled as someone took it from its envelope. He heard Wu Tu's voice:

"You dog! If you killed him—"

Then Zaman Ali's, speaking Pushtu: "Wah. Wah—dogs' names on a woman's tongue—death in her heart! Nay, tie him. Tie his hands behind him. Bring him back here."

Someone seized his arms. Some other man tied his wrists unmercifully tight. Then he was dragged by the feet, face downward. He contrived to raise his head an inch or two to save his face from being skinned, but the Chinese girl set her foot on it promptly, not pressing, however, as hard as she might have done. He took that for a hint and guessed she was obeying Wu Tu's order.

Once in the room, they turned him on his back and he glimpsed that the door behind the screen was opened wide. He could feel blood on his face and he suspected he loked like a pretty bad casualty, so he kept his eyes shut and lay still. He could hear Wu Tu's voice arguing in whispers, but could not distinguish words, until at last she said in English angrily:

"You heard me say no! You have got what you wanted. Now go to the deuce and I will take what I want!"

CHAPTER V.

Suggestion.

WATER was dashed in Blair's face, again and again, so he opened his eyes. The Chinese girl was dipping water in a cup from a crystal bowl. She seemed quite uninterested and kept on splashing until he sat up. Then he almost betrayed astonishment, because Chetusingh stood staring at him, smiling and apparently waiting orders.

"Loose my hands!" he commanded. "Look sharp!"

"There!" came Wu Tu's voice. Someone else exclaimed, "Allah!" Wu Tu again: "Does that satisfy you?"

Then I knew the man was not Chetusingh, but someone remarkably like him who was dressed in Chetusingh's clothes and had studied the Rajput's mannerisms.

"He will do in the dark," said Wu Tu.

She was on the divan beside Zaman Ali. Three men who might be Punjabis stood near them, but they were dressed in bazaar-made English suits, with brass watch-chains. They looked like deadly-respectable merchants on a night out—hot, uncomfortable, nervous. If they were not ashamed to be in Wu Tu's house they were good actors.

Near them was an Afghan in silver-rimmed spectacles, who looked like a teacher of the Koran. And there was another man who might be anything—Sikh, Dogra, Mahratta—in a well cut blue serge suit, who had an undefinable look of being well educated, but he looked silly in striped socks. His must be the brown-and-white shoes under the mat downstairs.

He had a black-jack in his hand and the sight of that made Blair realize that his head ached. He could feel a big bruise swelling where the black-jack had hit him.

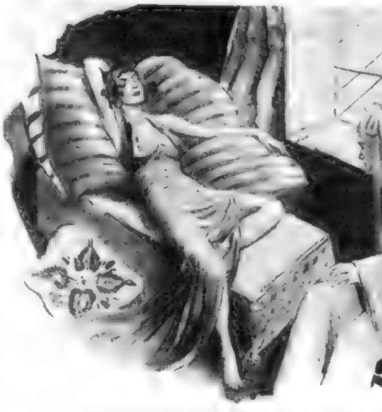
"Why do you wait?" asked Wu Tu. It was a command. There was much more than a hint of a threat in her voice and the man who looked like Chetusingh made a gesture toward the curtained doorway, flourishing Chetusingh's police pass.

All five men followed him through the curtain. Other men—Blair could not see how few or how many—joined them in the corridor. The Chinese girl went and let them out by the door at the stair-head, while Zaman Ali sat gloating over Blair's police pass.

"Mashallah!" he remarked. "It is signed by the Commissioner! The great—the wise Commissioner, whom none mistrusts but all obey! 'Pass bearer on government duty!' Wah! Wah!"

He produced a fat wallet and discovered, after groping in its crowded pockets, a photograph of himself, about passport size. The Chinese girl brought paste; he pasted the photograph on to the pass. She brought Chinese ink; he impressed his thumb-print on the photograph. The killer-grin

(Continued on Page 21)



Wu Tu Leaned Back on the Cushion, Put Her Arms Behind Her Head, Smiled and Her Smile Seemed All Surrender.

© 19[illegible] by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

"Baby Cory coughed night after night," writes Mrs. F. H. Cook, Verona, N. J. "Doctor said Pertussin. Two days later her cough was gone!"

"MOIST THROAT" METHOD ENDS COUGH...CORY'S STOPPED IN 2 DAYS!

THOUSANDS of tiny [illegible] glands keep your throat moist. "Catch cold" and these clog. Throat dries [illegible]. You cough!

PERTUSSIN clears up the clogged moisture glands that cause dry throat. Phlegm loosens [illegible] Relief!

Pertussin is safe for old and young. Contains no narcotics. Won't upset the stomach. Keep a bottle at hand.

GLANDS HERE CLOG—DRY—WHEN YOU CATCH COLD. THEN COUGHING STARTS

Doctors know Pertussin quickly stimulates throat glands!

PERTUSSIN

...helps nature cure your cough!

FREE of cost if trial does not prove it the best ever tried.

Sore, Tired Feet? Callouses? Athlete's Foot? Sensational new di[illegible] [illegible] pain, soreness and itching and carries healing medication far deeper into the [illegible] than ever before. [illegible] This is due to a new discovery— [illegible] used exclusively in

JAYNE'S LINCREME

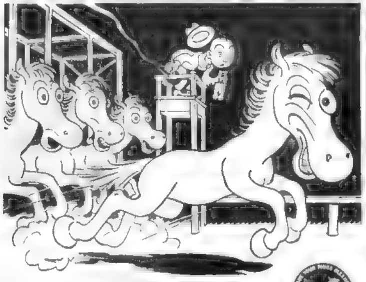
Penetrates Deeper Lasts Longer

No burn, no blister, no sting, no rub [illegible] Callouses are softened and soothed, athlete's foot itch stopped, germs attacked [illegible] or [illegible] feel comforted or money back! All druggists. Year's Supply 50c

FREE circular on request or send 50c (coin or stamps). Feet specialists, osteopaths, chiropodists—write for prices.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Inc., 2 Vine St. Phila., Pa. Dept. L-140.

EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY accurately portrays this world of ours—as it is, as it was and as we would have it be.



QUICK STARTING WITH CLEANED SPARK PLUGS

REMOVE OXIDE COATING WITH THE AC SPARK PLUG CLEANER AND YOUR MOTOR STARTS INSTANTLY

...ONLY 5c A PLUG

[illegible]

REGISTERED AC SPARK PLUG CLEANING STATION

Look for the "Plug-in-the-Tub"

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY, Flint, Michigan, St Catharines, Ont

—see how good—see the variety [illegible] in Johnston's new open-cover boxes. Ask for Johnston's About-the-Town small party chocolates. Every one a hit. The Perfect Gift!

LOOK FOR THE STORE WITH THE RED ARROW

If your dealer can't supply you, send his name with $1 to Johnston's Chocolates, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Believe It or Not! by Ripley

WM. R. McELWAIN Life Insurance Agent, Worcester, Mass. LOST A $25,000 CONTRACT Because his Pen ran dry!

When a prospective purchaser attempted to sign the $25,000 insurance contract with Mr. McElwain's old pen, *it failed to write*. The prospect then *said*, "I'll think it over" *and changed his mind*.

The PARKER VACUMATIC (which McElwain now carries) would have *saved the deal*, because its visible ink supply would have *shown whether the pen needed refilling* before he presented the contract for his client's signature.

THE ONLY PEN OF ITS KIND!

ELIMINATES 14 OLD-TIME PARTS—including the RUBBER INK SAC

HOLDS 102% MORE INK! Without increase in size

Less than actual size

EVER-VISIBLE INK SUPPLY

In order to hold as much ink as my PARKER VACUMATIC an ordinary rubber sac pen of the same length would have to be AS BIG AROUND AS A CANE!

WRITES 2 WAYS Both sides perfectly formed

This REVOLUTIONARY PEN WON'T RUN DRY unless you let it. THE BARREL IS LAMINATED—RING UPON RING OF SHIMMERING PEARL AND JET. BUT WHEN HELD TO THE LIGHT, THE "JET" RINGS BECOME TRANSPARENT, REVEALING THE COLUMN OF INK INSIDE—Showing when to refill—Like a gas gauge on a motor car.

"IT SAVES THE DAY FOR MANY A MAN"

says Ripley, "Because It Holds 102% More Ink and Shows When It's Running Low!"

Don't confuse this sacless marvel with ordinary ink sac pens, or with so-called vacuum fillers having squirt-gun piston pumps and valves.

The Vacumatic Filler was invented by a scientist at the University of Wisconsin, and because it contained no such old-time parts, Geo. S. Parker agreed to develop it. This is the reason that Parker can guarantee it mechanically perfect—and *does!*

The cost of neglecting to have this new creation is many times its price. That's why hosts of alert-brained people are tossing their present pens aside and carrying this beautiful non-stop writer wherever they go.

Not only a new, but a *basically* different pen—so revolutionary in principle, so marvelous in *performance* that it's like a pen from another world!

A pen that holds 102% more ink *without increase in size*—that has the shimmering beauty of Laminated Pearl and Jet because it's the only transparent pen that doesn't LOOK transparent.

Yet its ink supply is VISIBLE,—enables you to choose your own time to refill it, without danger of its lying down on the job in the meantime.

All good stores selling pens are demonstrating this wonder of science daily. Go and try it. Don't let an old-fashioned pen penalize your learning and earning another day.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Parker VACUMATIC

Over-Size, $10; $7.50 Other Vacumatic Styles, $5 Pencil, $2.50

This New Ink Discovery Makes a Pen a Self-Cleaner

Ask any store for Parker Quink—a new quick-drying non-clogging writing ink that contains a secret solvent that cleans a pen as it writes. Or send Parker your name and address for 20,000-word trial bottle of Quink, FREE. Send no money. Address Dept. 388.

PLASTIC WOOD WILL FIX THAT FOR GOOD

Easy to Make Quick Repairs with New Wood in Cans

Now anybody can do an expert, permanent job of repairing quickly—

holes in tile	cracks
broken chair	screw holes
loose casters	loose drawer
ugly nicks	pulls

—with this canned wood that handles like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood like natural wood. You can paint it, carve it—drive nails and screws into it. It's wonderful. Paint, hardware stores sell PLASTIC WOOD in 9 colors for 25c a tube, 35c a can.

THE answer
TO THE PROBLEM OF FEMININE HYGIENE

● To the perplexed woman seeking a dependable answer to the vital problem of personal hygiene, we advise BORO-PHENO-FORM. Known to the medical profession for more than forty years, it carries highest recommendations. Convenient—no water nor accessories required. Soothing, harmless—non-caustic, odorless, dependable. A boon to the mind and health of every married woman.

Dr. Pierre's BORO-PHENO-FORM

● Try it now. Just send 10c and coupon for generous Trial Package

"Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. M
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your Trial Package of Boro-Pheno-Form, Directions and Enlightening Booklet. I enclose 10c.
Name ....
Address....................
City .... State ....

Get the CORE and corn PAIN IS GONE!

Just taking the few top layers off a corn won't remove it, and it won't relieve pain. But *get the core—and the corn pain is gone!* It takes a complete scientific treatment to get the core. It takes the new KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN KIT consisting of pads to instantly relieve pain—tape to hold the pads and quick, efficient KOHLER salve to *get the core!* Ordinary surface treatments or "remedies" won't even budge that tough, aching old corn! But if KOHLER'S ONE NIGHT CORN KIT doesn't get the core—stop corn pain—you *get your money back!* Only 35c for this complete scientific treatment—and you risk nothing! At your druggist's—or write the Kohler Manufacturing Co., Baltimore, Md., if he hasn't got it. Demand KOHLER'S ONE NIGHT CORN KIT—accept no substitutes; and your corn pains now!

Kohler *One Night* CORN KIT

"Klutch" Holds FALSE TEETH Tight—all day

"Klutch" forms a comfortable cushion, holds the plates so snug they can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with, and not a seed can get under them. *You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. "Klutch" will end your troubles. 25c and 50c at druggists! If your druggist hasn't it, don't *waste money* on substitutes but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.
HART & CO., Box 2435-K, Elmira, N. Y.

MORE than 5,000,000 families read THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly.

Full Moon

by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 20)

hardened the rims of his eyes and the sides of his mouth.

"May God reward thee!" he said, staring at Blair. "Soon!" he added. "If I give thee choice of knife or bullet—?"

Blair's voice sounded strangely far off to himself, because his head throbbed and it was very difficult to keep the room from coming to whirl around him.

"Save yourself from the noose if you can, Zaman Ali!" he answered. "Why do you hesitate?"

Wu Tu spoke up: "It is to me you owe that you are not dead."

Zaman Ali stuck the pass into his wallet and rubbed the palms of his hands together.

"Never a woman yet told more than half a truth," he said. "Ye hold each other's lives in trust. Let up on me! If not, she and you shall learn together—the feel of the finger of death!" He said that slowly.

Wu Tu, also speaking slowly, added: "Honorably—now—you have to save my life, too."

Blair glanced at the knife he had stuck in the table-top, and noticed that the golden figurine was missing.

"Rot!" he answered. "What are you afraid of, Zaman Ali?"

The Afghan grinned. "If there is a truth under heaven," he said, "it is this, it is this: that a fish stinks from the head first. Like officer, like rank and file. Now that I know who tracked me from Peshawar, shall I doubt who should die first, if the police make trouble?"

"Tell where Frensham is. That's the only way for you to save trouble," Blair retorted. "That stolen pass may get you out of Bombay, but it won't save your neck in the long run."

There was a north wind look in Zaman Ali's eyes; it was weirdly out of place in that hot, exotic room.

"Frensham?" he asked. "Who is he?"

The door at the stair-head thudded shut and the Chinese girl spoke through the cutain in Chinese to Wu Tu, who translated for Zaman Ali's benefit:

"They have escaped the police, who thought it was Chetusingh and obeyed him. The police went away."

"The police are fools, and their mothers were wild she-swine," said Zaman Ali. "I will go before they come back furious to regain whatever pride such pigs have."

He gave the Chinese girl some silver money, which she accepted without a murmur of thanks, although she glanced at the money. Then he stared at Wu Tu, and she nodded.

Turning his back then, and without another glance at Blair, he swaggered through the jingling curtain. The Chinese girl let him out by the stair-head door. Wu Tu smiled.

"Do you understand, Blair? You are to forget this. Zaman Ali needed passes. Now he has them it is all right."

"Loose my wrists," he answered.

With an effort that made his head surge with pain he struggled to his feet and waited for her. Wu Tu hesitated, listening. There was an opened window somewhere, perhaps on a higher floor. Muffled by intervening passages and curtains came the familiar riot-roar of Moslems pursuing Hindus.

"Ya Allah! Din! Din!"

It was like a squall of wind smiting the hot night—sudden—over in a moment—vanishing along a dark street in silence.

"Thus," said Wu Tu, "if the oh-so-sly police did not really go away, Zaman Ali has been swept out of their clutches. He will keep the pass for later on. Will you sit still if I loose you?"

"No. Where's Chetusingh? They'd have killed me if they'd killed him."

"Murder," she answered, "isn't done in my house. Chetusingh isn't here any longer."

She began to unfasten his wrists, picking at the tight knots, swearing at them, until the Chinese girl brought a knife. Warrender held out his freed wrists for the girl to chafe. Her hands were strong, but so small that he laughed and turned to Wu Tu.

"You do it."

He sat beside her on the divan, setting his teeth because movement brought surges of pain to his head. Wu Tu chafed his wrists and ordered ice, which the Chinese girl brought in the crystal bowl and applied skilfully. Then, at a glance from Wu Tu, the Chinese girl carried out the lacquered table, in which the poisoned dagger was sticking upright, and brought in a silvered brazier from which there oozed an erotic symphony of blended perfume—soundless music that lazed on the air, half-visible as green-gray smoke. She washed the blood then from Warrender's forehead.

"Better now?" Wu Tu asked him.

He reached over her lap, took the knife that she had laid beside her on the divan and, without glancing at it, sent it spinning through the open door beyond the screen.

"Much better," he answered.

"Then listen—"

He interrupted: "Tell me what you know of Frensham."

She looked straight in his eyes. "Blair—better make friends with me, hadn't you? You're a fool if you don't. You can't make trouble for me. All you have had from me is first aid, after coming here disguised and getting into a brawl. Line up all my little widows if you like and see what they say. Two or three of them might even lodge a claim against you, for hitting them when you were drunk. Could you deny it? What would you say to the magistrate?"

Blair recalled instructions: "Walk straight into the trap and use your wits!" His wits suggested that it might be wise to walk in looking not too confident. He sat silent, letting his face express a medley of emotions.

Wu Tu talked on: "People do not love the police. And I have influence. If you were publicly charged with a drunken assault in my house, could you keep it quiet? Half a million Indians would seize that opportunity to make a scandal and to be more bitter than ever against the British. Your Commissioner would let you be a scapegoat. And then what?"

"What do you suggest?" he asked after a moment.

"Let us be friends, you and I. I will make you famous!"

It went against the grain to nibble that bait, but he did it: "Will you tell me about Frensham?"

"Yes! You think that perhaps I know, because I sent a little widow to amuse him now and then. Perhaps I do know. Little widows learn big secrets—sometimes."

"Where's Chetusingh?" he asked suddenly.

"Hah! You saw him leave my house with a police pass! How should I know where he went? And what if Chetusingh is my man? Eh? What of it? Didn't he turn Christian? Can't he turn a coat again? I could afford to buy a thousand of him!"

"Well—what of Frensham?"

"If I show you how to find him—if I give you that pig Zaman Ali to hang, and all his riff-raff with him—are we friends, you and I?"

She lay back on the cushions, inbreathing the perfumed smoke. Her eyes were excited. Her limbs, that were really tensely still, stole movement from the fan-blown silk of her clothing. Even the whirring of the electric fan contributed something to the sensuous effect; and through the open door behind the screen came slow strains of half-smothered music.

The trap was plain enough. And Blair's head ached. Wu Tu knew that, so he closed his eyes—lay back lazily, dreading a prick from a poisoned dagger—drugs — perhaps chloroform—glad that his head ached, since it helped him cling to consciousness.

The Chinese girl approached in silence, watched him for interminable seconds, and then laid cunningly sensitive hands on his temples and over his eyes. If that was meant to hypnotize him she was out of luck. It had the opposite effect; it stirred alertness; it was even rather difficult to sham sleep.

Wu Tu leaned over him, perfumed, adding some kind of move that did have a calming effect, but the Chinese girl's hands were an irritant. Between their united efforts he was as fully awake as he ever had been in his life.

"Blair!" Wu Tu leaned over him, breath to breath.

In a tiger's fangs a man might feel the same sensation of numbed dreaminess; but the Chinese girl's fingers kept stroking his eyes, and he wondered whether she knew she was keeping time to the pulse of his headache. She was undoing all the effect of Wu Tu's efforts.

He lay still, breathing steadily, until at last the Chinese girl pinched the lobe of his ear—he supposed, to find out whether he was conscious. Getting no response, she pressed the bruise on the back of his head. He was not sure whether he winced at that or not; however, he thought not, because she stood by after that and did nothing, while Wu Tu spoke:

"Blair! You are asleep—asleep—asleep. You hear me speaking — Wu Tu speaking, whom you know as Marie. You obey Marie because you trust her, and because she knows how to promote you to money and high position. You know the police are fools. You know the police will waste time following some unimportant people who are using Chetusingh's and your passes. But you will say nothing about that. You will let them do it, while you do real work. You know how to find where David Frensham is. You will go to Henrietta—straight from here to Henrietta. You love Henrietta and she loves you. You will make her tell you what she knows."

It made him furious that she should speak of Henrietta. To hear Henrietta's sentiments paraded so was almost enough to make him sit up and wring the offender's neck. But he had taught himself to govern anger, by the exercise of iron will he could convert it into careful, grim determination. None but he noticed it, if his pulse beat higher.

Wu Tu continued:

"Blair, you are a man! You take your woman. You impose your will. You have your own way with your woman. You are strong. You love with the strength of a savage. She shall tell you her secrets. Henrietta shall tell you her secrets—all her secrets. You will make her tell them. Henrietta is your woman."

Nothing could be better calculated to make him shy of Henrietta. Blair's instincts were savagely decent. If he loathed one thing more than another, it was to be told how to govern his private thoughts. Left to himself, he might have fallen utterly in love with Henrietta; he knew that. But her father had tactlessly tried to encourage him; he had almost never even to himself confessed that reason for shying off, but it was true, and he knew it was true.

As a police officer he was perfectly willing to die blindly obeying official orders; as a private individual he would much rather die than have his private judgment interfered with, uninvited. That Henrietta's father and even Henrietta herself should have talked him over with the Commissioner was their privilege, no doubt. Blair had his privilege too; he could go his own way.

But what the deuce did all this mean? How had Henrietta become involved with Wu Tu? They had held some conversations, said the Commissioner, to his certain knowledge; but one thing, at least, was unthinkable; he was no such cad as to imagine that Henrietta even guessed what Wu Tu was trying to do to him. To be told whom he should love, by a notorious quarter-caste, and to be instructed by her how to behave toward the object of his directed passion, was only less abominable than Wu Tu's gall in daring even to mention Henrietta's name. He was enraged to the depths of his savage obstinacy. But he lay still.

Wu Tu spoke to the Chinese girl. He cursed himself for not knowing more than ten words of the Chinese language. He heard the bead-curtain jingle as the girl left the room.

"Sleep — sleep — you are asleep!" said Wu Tu.

Shortly after that he heard a man's footsteps in the corridor, bare-footed—perhaps a drunken customer on his way out—rutching along the carpet with irregular steps—thump-shuffle-thump-thump-shuffle-thump-thump. He knew that signal—listened.

It was repeated. It was in his and Chetusingh's code, known to nobody else and devised for emergencies. Twice repeated, it could hardly be coincidence. It meant, "Carry on independently of me for the time being."

The stair-head door opened and shut, and the Chinese girl returned into the room. She resumed manipulations with her hands on Blair's temples and presently—he supposed, to find out whether he was conscious—pressed the bruise on his head. He winced perceptibly, but she appeared not to notice it. Wu Tu spoke with her lips so close to Blair's face that he breathed her perfumed breath.

"Blair! You will go straight from here to the Commissioner. You will say to the Commissioner that Zaman Ali and his gang are escaping from Bombay with stolen passes and will probably scatter. Let the police pursue them. You will say that Wu Tu told you she is going to Lahore, with all her women. You will tell him you yourself should go at once to Henrietta Frensham, in order to question her, because Wu Tu says that Henrietta knows what happened to her father. You will say that Wu Tu gave you good advice and is assisting the police. You will insist on seeing Henrietta. Should the Commissioner refuse, you will be mutinous. You will put in for leave. If the leave is refused, you will go, nevertheless; you will depend on Wu Tu to protect you with secret influence. You must see Henrietta—you must see her. You will see her. Nothing shall prevent it. She loves you and you love her. You will make her tell her secret. And to help you—to remind you—Wu Tu's eyes shall watch you—always—always. You shall see Wu Tu's eyes by day and night. They protect. They remind."

The Chinese girl touched his hand with the end of a lighted cigarette. It was only the least touch. He endured it. Then fifteen, or it might be twenty scented females came and peeped at him. They giggled and made silly jokes.

Wu Tu sent them all out of the room, but followed, and he heard her talking to them in the corridor in Hindustanee. He could not hear what was said, but he had no doubt she was instructing them what to say if questioned.

He began to wonder when to wake up.

Presently the stair-head door shook to the thump of policemen's cudgels. Wu Tu hurried in and shook him, slapping the backs of his hands and commanding him to wake. He let her grow half-hysterical before he opened his eyes, sat up and stared. She faced about toward the curtained doorway, and there stood Govind Singh, a veteran from police headquarters, with two constables at his back.

"Hokee mut—drunk!" said Wu Tu and shrugged her shoulders. "You should teach your officers not to be quarrelsome when they are drunk. This one came to not much harm, but he was fortunate."

Govind Singh, bearded, erect, off[illegible] with a row of medal-ribbons, strode into the room and picked Blair's turban off the floor. He put it on him, a bit clumsily, neither man saying a word; as Govind Singh helped him to his feet his eyes did not reveal that Blair's hand, clutching his arm, was making dot-dash signal.

Looking sternly disapproving, and lending Blair the use of his left arm, the veteran started for the door; but his right hand clutched the paper money that Wu Tu let fall for the Chinese girl to pick up and give him as he shouldered his way through the curtain.

Blair said nothing to Wu Tu, but smiled as he passed her. He seemed puzzled, as if searching memory. Her answering smile, as she put her fingers over her eyes and peered at him between them, was assured—contented—knowing.

Outside, in the dark street, out of earshot of the darker shadows, as Blair marched beside Govind Singh at the head of six policemen two by two, the Sikh spoke.

"Should I have come, sahib?"

"I expected you sooner."

"Idiots returned saying Chetusingh came forth from Wu Tu's house with many men and ordered them back to the khana. They said he showed them his pass. What does that mean?"

"Report it to the Commissioner."

"And Wu Tu? What of Wu Tu, sahib?"

"How much did she give you? I wasn't looking."

They tramped all the rest of the way to police headquarters in silence.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright 1934 by Talbot Mundy
All Rights Reserved.

On Guard: FOR LOVELIER SKIN!

Woodbury's two new Germ-free beauty creams give your skin a new scientific protection

OF COURSE, your skin is bound to be lovelier in every way when it's guarded against the blemishes which come from tiny germ-infections.

Woodbury's new Germ-free Beauty Creams build up resistance—assure finer texture, firmer tone. They are not only pure when you first open them, but they STAY pure as long as you use them. *They keep themselves germ-free!*

109 leading skin specialists have tested Woodbury's Creams on patients and friends. 93.5% of them agree that they can be safely used on every type of skin—even those which are thin and sensitive.

Woodbury's Cold Cream prevents dry skin—another unique advantage. It contains an exclusive element known as 576. This *stimulates* the oil glands which feed the skin the natural oils that keep it fresh, supple, young.

Woodbury's Facial Cream gives two-fold protection against *blemish* and weather, and forms an exquisite base for powder.

Only 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes. Drug, Department, Variety and Five-and-Ten Cent Stores.

ON THE AIR—BING CROSBY, Tuesdays 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. Columbia Network . . . "DANGEROUS PARADISE", Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, N. B. C., 7:45 P. M., E. S. T.

109 SKIN SPECIALISTS PRAISE WOODBURY'S

These quotations are typical of what the dermatologists who tested the new Woodbury's Creams reported: "I have tried out the creams and think they are very satisfactory . . My patients consider them preferable to any on the market at present." "Patients...and my family have been delighted with these creams." "They are of superior quality."

4 WOODBURY AIDS TO LOVELINESS . . . FOR 10c

For the enclosed 10c send me attractive Loveliness Kit containing generous tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, six samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder — one of each shade — and guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

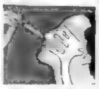
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 69[illegible] Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Name________________
Street________________
City____________ State______

© 1934, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

STOP NASTY HAWKING!

Relieve Embarrassing and Annoying Nasal Troubles with this New Fourfold Treatment!



THERE'S nothing [illegible] treatment—Grove's Emulsified Nose Drops.

What "Emulsified" Means

[illegible]

Comfort for You, Day and Night!

[illegible]

Made by the Makers of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine

Grove's EMULSIFIED NOSE DROPS

Secrets of the Great Jewel Robberies---*By Mrs. Harry Sitamore*

(Continued from Double Page)

tuls They are terrible. I would rather die than have to look forward to a term in one of them."

Harry never did tell me the name of the woman he robbed. The loot in that theft was sold to Arnold Rothstein, when we returned to New York, and Harry received $90,000.

My husband, several years after the San Francisco party had turned out so well for us, selected Mrs. Adolph Spreckels, Jr., of another California millionaire family, as a victim.

The newspapers had printed a number of stories of the marriage of the young couple a short time before, and most of those stories concerned young Mr. Spreckels' wife. The bride was the former Lois Clarke, the daughter of Lewis Latham Clarke, a socially prominent New York banker. She had divorced [illegible] Baxter, [illegible] "Jack," [illegible] before her marriage to young Spreckels. Incidentally, Mrs. Spreckels, Jr., and her former husband fought a battle in the New York courts recently over the custody of their two children, the mother finally winning the fight.

At the time Harry decided upon Mrs. Spreckels, Jr., as a robbery victim the young couple were on their honeymoon. An account in a Miami newspaper revealed that they had left Colon, Panama, on a boat bound for Havana, and that they expected to stay there a week or more. The season in Miami was not yet in full swing, so Harry decided to fly to the Cuban city and steal Mrs. Spreckels' jewels there.

Leaving me in Miami, my husband took a plane to Havana and arrived there the day before the Spreckels' boat docked. When the liner reached port Harry was there to meet it, and, recognizing the couple from pictures he had seen in the newspapers, he trailed them to their hotel. As soon as he learned the establishment they had chosen, he checked out of his own hotel and moved into theirs.

Before Harry could carry out the robbery, however, young Spreckels got into trouble with the Havana authorities because of prohibited cigarettes in his possession. The newspapers made much of the case at the time, and for a while it appeared that Spreckels might get into serious trouble.

While the case lasted, however, there was too much activity around the couple's suite in the Havana hotel to allow Harry any chance to enter their rooms and hunt for the jewels he had read about. My husband told me later that the honeymooners' rooms were crowded all during the day and late into the night with lawyers, friends and officials, all seeking some means of extricating them from their troubles.

As soon as the case was settled the Spreckels apparently decided they had seen enough of Havana, and they left one morning for Miami. The move had been unexpected, and Harry was unable to catch the same boat, so he took a plane again and flew back to Florida, arriving in Miami before the ship did.

Upon their arrival there the couple moved into a penthouse suite on the roof of the Pancoast Hotel. A few days later my husband, who had been trailing them ever since their arrival, saw Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels leave the hotel. The bride was not wearing her jewelry.

A few minutes later Harry had let himself into their rooms with one of his master keys, but discovered that a maid was at work in the apartment. Ordinarily Harry would have left and waited for a better chance, but after his failure in Cuba he decided to take a chance. The chance almost cost him his liberty.

Sneaking into the bedroom of the suite, he searched the most likely spots, hoping that he might find the jewels and sneak out again without letting the maid know he was there. The search, however, revealed only a few small pieces of jewelry of little value—and just as my husband opened a closet door with the intention of seeking the jewels there, the maid entered the room.

She stared startledly at Harry, and was about to scream when he reassured her with a smile and a wave of his hand:

"Don't get excited," he chuckled, "sorry I frightened you. I didn't know you were here. I am a friend of the Spreckels, and I came in to get Mrs. Spreckels' sweater. It is chilly down on the beach. I haven't been able to find it, though."

He pulled a bunch of keys from his pocket, and the maid apparently assumed that they were keys given him by Mr. or Mrs. Spreckels, because she accepted his explanation, went to the closet and drew out a silk sweater, handing it to Harry.

My husband took the orange sweater, tossed it across his arm, and after again apologizing to the maid for having frightened her, walked out.

I have often wondered what Mrs. Spreckels must have thought when the maid told her of the incident. She must have told, because the sweater would have to be accounted for in some way.

Harry learned later that Mrs. Spreckels kept her jewels in the hotel safe, so he abandoned her as a prospective victim. Indirectly, however, he made expenses and then some out of the robbery attempt when, a few moments later, he stole $60,000 worth of jewels from Mrs. A. E. Laycock, a wealthy Chicago woman, who was spending the season at the Pancoast.

As he was walking through the lobby of the hotel after his narrow escape, with the silk sweater still draped over his arm, Harry passed Mrs. Laycock, who appeared to be bound for her room. She was wearing some beautiful gems, and my husband instantly turned and followed her to her suite. He waited outside for a time and then let himself into her rooms, intending to say that he had been sent up to deliver that stolen sweater to Mrs. Spreckels if she caught him, and had got in the wrong room by mistake.

The lady, however, was in the bath, and there was no one else in the place. Her clothes were scattered around the bedroom and her jewels were in plain sight on the top of the dresser. It took possibly a minute for my husband to walk over, slip the gems in his pocket and walk out.

Once again he took the elevator to the lobby, walked out of the hotel and returned to our home. He had failed in the Spreckels robbery, but had gained $60,000 worth of gems in a theft that he had planned on the spur of the moment.

As I recall it, he sold those jewels for $20,000 to a New York fence, which more than paid for his round trip by airplane between Miami and Havana and the time he had spent in the Cuban city.

I have wondered sometimes what might have happened if Mrs. Spreckels, Jr., hadn't had a sweater.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

T M [illegible] Dan Yeo

B [illegible] O [illegible] B [illegible]

(Continued from Page 16)

depth of water about the piles, without a canoe, it would be a task of some difficulty. If only it had been dark, or they had come in canoes.

A thing happened at that moment which put an end to his reflections. One of the almost naked figures moving at the edge of the bay, apparently unconscious of the proximity of the men in the bush approached quite close to the scrub that hid them. That he was quite as unconscious as he seemed, Yeo found occasion to question afterwards; but to all seeming he was utterly ignorant of the peril in which he stood.

He was an old man, lean and scraggy, a scarecrow of a figure but with a head, a head that might easily be gathered, and so a temptation to a man in need of such a trophy to win a girl's love. The man who had first offered his kris to Yeo found the temptation irresistible.

Quite unexpectedly he broke cover and before the adventurer or any of his fellows could stop him he was running on the sand, his kris gleaming in the sunshine. But as it chanced he was disappointed of his apparently easy prey. The old Dyak saw him approaching, indeed, must have seen him from the first moment that he broke cover, and with a yell of warning to his fellows started to run towards the lagoon. Instantly the half dozen men or so on the beach followed his example, whilst the two proas which had been moving with apparent aimlessness about the village instantly shot out to meet them.

To Yeo, watching, it seemed that the whole thing was part of some preconcerted plan, and as the Dyaks plunging into deep water were one by one picked up by the proas he was certain. The last to be rescued was the old man whom the youth had marked for an easy prey, but who in the event proved himself a tiger. He had run straight for the water, with the youth at his heels. Soon he was swimming with his pursuer scarcely three yards behind him; then whilst Yeo watched, his head disappeared, whilst that of the hunter still bobbed in the blue water.

The adventurer waited tensely. For a Sea-Dyak to drown in a still lagoon was against the order of nature. Unless a fish had got him.

"Almighty! I knew it!"

The ejaculation was torn from him as a scream came across the water, and in the same second the arms of the swimming youth were thrown into the air, then flopped as if the life had gone from them as indeed it had. A second later the head of the Sea Gypsy bobbed up again like a cork, and for a second his hand was lifted, holding a knife which flashed in the sunshine.

A howl of rage sounded from Yeo's followers as they broke cover, hot for vengeance. Yells of derision answered from the two proas, which, having collected the fugitives, drove up the lagoon towards the pile-built village. The pursuers followed on foot, running along the curve of the shore towards the spit. The proas, making a direct line, easily left them behind, and whilst Yeo was wondering why no one at the village appeared to notice the commotion, the swiftly driven craft passed between the piles of the houses, and up the lagoon beyond out of sight.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1934, by [illegible]
All Rights Reserved

Like a flash pain stops, then out comes the

Corn

Drop FREEZONE on that aching corn. Instantly it stops hurting; then shortly you lift the corn right off with the fingers. You'll laugh, really! It is so easy and doesn't hurt one bit. Works like a charm every time.

A tiny bottle of FREEZONE costs only a few cents at any drug store, and is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, and calluses. Try it!

FREEZONE

BACKACHES

caused by

MOTHERHOOD

Those months before baby [illegible] muscles, [illegible] suffers [illegible] Plasters [illegible] back [illegible] the blood [illegible] druggists sell Allcock's Plaster—[illegible]

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy [illegible] half pint of water [illegible] small box [illegible] fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up [illegible] at very little cost. [illegible] a week until [illegible] tained. [illegible] faded or [illegible] soft and glossy. It will not [illegible] is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

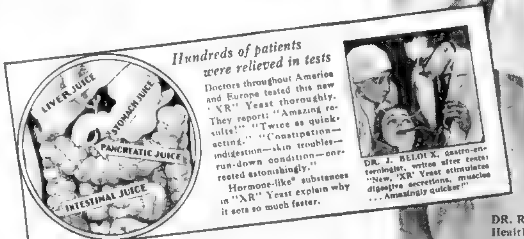
DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Don't Suffer with itching rashes! Obtain prompt relief by using Cuticura Soap and Ointment Your Druggist Sells Them

"It's amazingly rich in *Hormone-like** substances"

explains DR. R. E. LEE,

"... that's why this new yeast acts quicker!"



Hundreds of patients were relieved in tests

Doctors throughout America and Europe tested this new "XR" Yeast thoroughly. They report: "Amazing results!" "Twice as quick-acting." "Constipation—indigestion—skin troubles—run-down condition—corrected astonishingly."

Hormone-like* substances in "XR" Yeast explain why it acts so much faster.

DR. J. BELOUX, Gastro-enterologist, writes after tests: "New, 'XR' Yeast stimulates digestive secretions, muscles . . . Amazingly quicker!"

DR. R. E. LEE, Fleischmann Health Research Director, says: "Discovered in a great U. S. medical college, it's a *new* 'strain' of yeast!"

Constipation, Indigestion and related conditions corrected much sooner. (Newly added Vitamin A checks colds!)

THINK OF IT . . . a *new* yeast so much quicker acting that it astounds doctors. If you have any questions, read these answers by Dr. Lee:—

1. Why does "XR" Yeast act quicker?

Because it's a stronger *"strain"* of fresh yeast than any known before, much more vigorous, and so . . . *faster!* It's astonishingly rich in hormone-like substances.

2. *What are Hormone-like Substances?

They are "activators" (like natural body stimulants) which speed the flow of your digestive juices and strengthen your important digestive muscles *from the stomach right on down.*

3. Will it correct Constipation and Indigestion faster than before?

Positively! The chief *cause* of these ills is the slowing up of digestive juices and action. By making juices flow fast and muscles work harder inside you, "XR" Yeast makes your food softer—better "churned," digested. The stomach empties sooner.

"XR" Yeast increases "motility" (action) of the digestive tract *amazingly* . . . "normalizes" you. Much different from harsh-acting cathartics which often irritate!

4. Do Skin troubles stop Sooner?

The most common skin blemishes come from self-poisoning caused by your digestive system not working properly. "XR" Yeast corrects this condition quickly, clearing out poisons. Your blood improves. The skin gains "tone." Pimples, boils, etc., disappear sooner and more surely. Your complexion looks healthier.

5. How about "Run-down" Condition?

If you're "always tired," it may be due to the fact that poisons from your intestines are affecting your nerves. "XR" Yeast keeps food moving through you fast—checks poisons—enables you to get more "good" from your food. You soon have a better appetite—more "pep." *Headaches* usually stop occurring, too!

People over 40 need "XR" Yeast especially, to offset the slowing up of digestive secretions occurring fastest after that age. "XR" Yeast also helps often in rheumatism, by correcting related auto-intoxication.

6. What new Vitamin does it supply?

"Infection-preventing" Vitamin A, newly added to help combat colds. "XR" Yeast also builds resistance to colds by cleansing your body. With Vitamins B, D and G, Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast now contains *4* vitamins!

START NOW TO EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast every day! Eat it plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before meals. It's a *food*—remember—not a drug. Keep on *after* you've got quick results, till you're *really well!* Discontinue cathartics gradually. Get a supply of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast today!

"I felt grand in just a few days!"

"Fleischmann's new 'XR' Yeast is *much* faster than the old," *writes* Mrs. Helen Van Pelt, *Stapleton, N. Y.* "I was sluggish . . . had headaches, no appetite. I started eating 'XR' Yeast—in a few days felt grand."

(As good as ever for baking!)

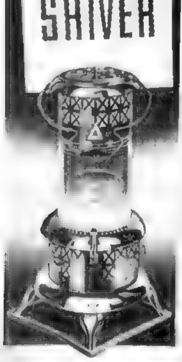
FOR HEALTH

Fleischmann's XR Yeast

ON SALE AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

BATHE and DRESS without a SHIVER



Here's extra warmth for chilly mornings..

You don't have to wait for the furnace to be comfortable mornings. Get a little Perfection portable room heater. Bathe and dress by Firelight warmth. Carry it to any room. Ideal for bathrooms. Gives [illegible] to twelve hours of comfort from one gallon of kerosene. Firelight models give ruddy light through firebowl of Pyrex brand glass. Others all-metal in a variety of finishes. Moderate prices.

For larger [illegible] steady stove heating, see Superfex Heat Directors and Radiating heating stoves.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY
7701 D Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

PERFECTION portable Oil-burning ROOM HEATERS

Cook Colorful Cranberries With Care

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

SOMEDAY, if I ever get the time, I want to write a special book for the housewife under some such title as "TRUE ROMANCES OF EVERYDAY FOODS." For probably not one woman among the proverbial ten realizes the romance and actual glamour to be found back of the growing and marketing of the various foods she buys daily for her table.

Cranberries are a case in point, for the modern development and harvesting of this unique food crop involves expenditures of millions of dollars, has created a class of pickers whose habits and lives are quite as romantic as those of the famed hop-pickers of old England, and is fraught with fears and thrills a-plenty before the gay red berry pops its juices [illegible].

Again we have to thank jointly the Indians and our Colonial foremothers for their discrimination in choosing cranberries as a frequent accompaniment to their frugal feasts. Originally found in the swampy land abounding in Massachusetts, today cranberries are grown by mass production also in New Jersey and in Wisconsin on specially flooded acreage, and tended with the greatest care.

Cool nights color the cranberry more than do hot days! But frost is the great enemy of the crop, and if the grower thinks a frost is on the way he protects the vines by flooding them — the water, warmer than the air, creates a fog which prevents frost from settling—and destroying—his precious berries. Thus does Science score a victory over Nature!

If the housewife should wonder how her berries are picked, it is interesting to learn that formerly only human hands were used—(and those mostly of children), but that nowadays a giant scoop set with teeth, much like a sugar-scoop, it passed over the vines, or a huge wooden comb raked across the bogs thus combing off the berries.

After being picked, they are blown free of waste, leaves, etc., and stored in a cool warehouse. Last they are carefully graded, the grading being done by seeing which berries will "bounce" best. A good, sound berry will bounce over a 2-inch partition, whereas a soft, unsound berry will refuse to jump the hurdle!

Originally eaten because of the enjoyment of their special tartness, we now know much more about the food chemistry which produces this pleasant and wholesome tartness. In its horticultural family the cranberry grows on peaty acid soil and is first cousin to the humble huckleberry, whose fruit has a similar but less sharp flavor and values.

Like apples these berries contain malic acid, and like lemons they also contain citric acid. They also bear the all-important Vitamin A, or the anti-infective vitamin, and Vitamin C, which is the scurvy-preventive vitamin, as does the popular tomato. Cooking cranberries does not seem to destroy Vitamin C and recent experimental work seems to prove that about 80% of the original Vitamin C content of these berries is preserved after proper cooking.

Cranberries have food lime and food iron and 4% or so of sugar. So that, in toto this little marsh berry is well stocked with fruit juices which will aid in keeping the body in the necessary alkaline condition.

Other advantages are, first in importance, its excellent keeping qualities. If soft berries are removed, and the sound ones packed in sterilized jars, covered with cold water, and kept in a cool place they may be kept for months. Large boxes of berries should be bought during the cold weather and kept in a well ventilated place. Medium-sized berries are preferable to over large fruit.

Second, few fruits have less waste, for there is no waste parings or rind, and no core whatever. Indeed, the skins of the cranberry should be partially utilized as an increased aid to peristalsis. The housewife appreciates this lack of need for trouble-making paring or finger-staining, and that is why she often prefers to substitute cranberries for similar fruits.

Third, they cook easily and very rapidly, requiring less fuel and of course, less cooking attention. Here the oft-repeated word of caution is: to cook cranberries carefully — but never, never too long! It is a mistake to overcook them until the mass becomes dark in color or bitter.

Cranberries cooked right are cooked on a low fire to avoid discoloration. In most cases it is better to boil sugar and water together first, then add the berries, and let them cook until they pop—an average time of 10 minutes.

But today cranberries are not to be confined solely to the old-fashioned and still excellent cranberry jelly without which no turkey could have face, certainly. Cranberries now supply a fruit cocktail, quite as delicious and intriguingly [illegible] tomato juice.

Next they can be combined with other and more bland fruits in fruit cup mixtures; as salad or sherbet they are refreshingly chill with the hot meat or game course; while as filling for pie, or as colorful sauce for hot baked puddings, nothing could be more appetite teasing and more flavorful.

What could be more charming and decorative than a table set for the first course with a ruby red cranberry cocktail served in white or crystal glasses? Any dinner is bound to be a success with such a welcome to its diners. It is easily prepared as follows:

Cranberry Juice Cocktail: 4 cups washed and picked berries, 4 cups water, ¾ cup white sugar. Boil berries and water 5 minutes or until skins pop. Strain through fine mesh. Bring juice to scald, and add sugar. Chill. Or pour [illegible] jar [illegible] for future use.

Cranberry Cocktail or Fruit Cup: Use canned pineapple tidbits, sliced bananas, and whole cooked cranberries, arranged in fruit cup [illegible] and cook [illegible] selection.

Ten-Minute Cranberry Sauce for All Meats: 4 cups washed and picked berries, 2 cups water, 1½ to 2 cups of sugar. Boil sugar and water together for 5 minutes. Add berries, and boil without stirring over low flame [illegible] or until skins pop. Remove from fire. Cool, allowing dish to be undisturbed for [illegible] This is delicious for cold or hot desserts, for ice cream, etc.

Cranberry Sherbet (Freezing Tray): [illegible] solve gelatin [illegible] water. Cook [illegible] sugar [illegible] Pour into [illegible] If the [illegible] 2 cups or [illegible] of whipped cream is folded into this mixture the result is a bavarian cream or mousse.

Cranberry Ice Box Dessert: Make sauce according to 10-minute recipe. Use cold. Line any cake mold with thin sponge cake slices or lady-fingers. Fold into cold sauce 1 stiffly beaten egg white and ½ pint cream stiffly whipped. Pour carefully into or over cake. Set in refrigerator 8 hours or longer. Garnish with whipped cream and whole cooked berries.

In Scandinavian countries there is a familar dish whose name sounds something like "keesell." It is there made with red currants and arrow-root or potato flour used for the thickening. I myself enjoyed it many times in old Russia where I lived as a girl. Perhaps the modern equivalent for keesell is to be found in this recipe using cranberries and cornstarch as the thickening agent. It is a delicate cold pudding, very delicious and bright for the invalid's tray or the childrens' supper.

Cranberry Velvet Dessert: 4 cups washed and picked berries, 3 cups water, 2 cups sugar, 2 level tablespoons cornstarch dissolved in 2 tablespoons cold water, ½ teaspoon vanilla or ¼ teaspoon almond, grains powdered [illegible] Cook berries in water [illegible] Add sugar and heat. Add dissolved cornstarch and stir continuously until smooth and well cooked. Add flavor and [illegible] Pour into high ornamental mold and chill. Unmold and serve with sweetened whipped cream.

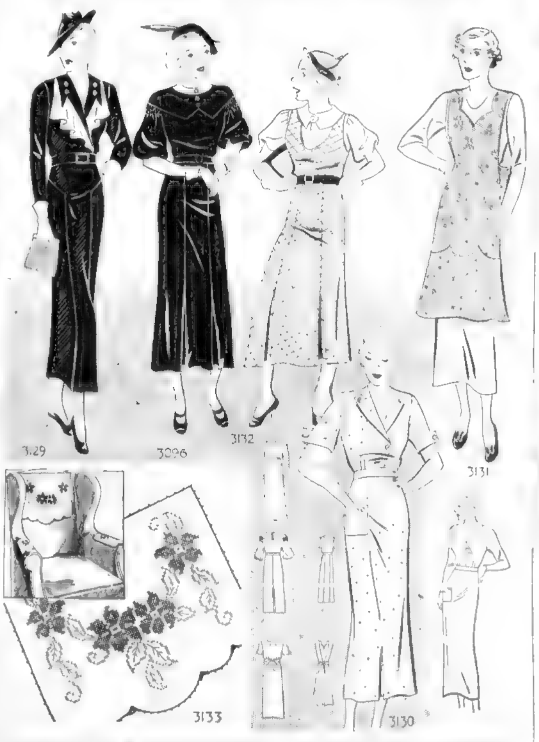
A [illegible] hand [illegible] cranberries and enjoy the delights of a perfumed fruit dish—cloves, allspice, cinnamon, anise, etc., are all fragrant when used as seasoning for cranberries—but be sparing of them! Cook cranberries carefully and use them often in many novel food forms.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prunes, Poached Eggs, Toasted English Muffins or Toast, Bacon, Marmalade, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Whole Cereal, Bacon, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Hot Cereal, Frizzled Dried Beef in Cream Sauce, Graham Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, German Coffee Cake, Coffee	*Breakfast* Fruit, Hot Cereal, Fluffy Omelet, Bacon, Reheated Rolls, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Poached Eggs on Toasted Rolls (Left Over), Bacon, Coffee	*Breakfast* Fruit, Scrambled Eggs with Sausage, Rolls, Coffee
Luncheon Scalloped Cheese and Olives, Green Bouquet Salad, Chutney Dressing, Rye Wafers, Tea	*Luncheon* Busy Day Soup or Dried Bean Soup, Corn Sticks, Apple Whip, Cookies.	*Luncheon* Asparagus with Bechamel Sauce, Golden Corn Bread, Baked Pears with Ginger, Tea.	*Luncheon (Company)* Green Vegetable Salad, Small Pieces of Hot Toast Spread with Sardine or Anchovy Paste, Spice Waffles with Apple Sauce, Tea	*Luncheon* Shrimp and Celery Soup, Bread Croutons, Rolls, Stuffed Ripe Pear Salad, Date Bars.	*Luncheon* Vegetable Macedoine, Pimiento Cheese Biscuits, Autumn Fruit Salad, Lemon Cream Mayonnaise, Tea	*Dinner* Economy Hors d'Oeuvres, Creamed Chicken (Broth Used for Saturday's Pepperpot), Corn Fritters, Sauteed Carrots, Cranberry and Orange Relish, Frozen Bread Crumb Pudding.
Dinner Kernels of Lamb with Currant Mint Sauce, Riced Potatoes or Noodles, Steamed String Beans, Plum Rolls with Plum Sauce.	*Dinner* Savory Meat Loaf, Stuffed Baked Potatoes, Steamed Onions, Glazed Carrots, Old-Fashioned Vinegar Pie.	*Dinner* Tomato or Spinach Soup, Baked Slice of Ham, Glazed Apples, Stuffed Sweet Potatoes, Lettuce with French Dressing, Apricot Compote.	*Dinner* Chestnut or Onion Soup, Smothered Pork Chops, Steamed Rice or Spaghetti, Steamed Broccoli, Spiced Crabapples, Sea Dream Trifle.	*Dinner* Broiled Fish with Maitre d'Hotel Butter, Steamed Potatoes or Macaroni, Green Peas, Tomato Jelly Salad, Pineapple Cake	*Dinner* Old-Fashioned Pepper Pot Soup, Boston Baked Beans, Boston Brown Bread, Savory Relish, Prune Souffle, Cookies.	*Supper* Sandwiches (Left Overs), Cinnamon Toast, Toasted Marshmallows, Hot Fruit Punch or Cocoa

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3129—THIS SLENDERIZING DRESS WOULD BE PERFECT IN BLACK VELVET OR CREPE. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric and ⅜ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3096—FOR GRACE AND CHARM CHOOSE THIS GAY AFTERNOON DRESS WITH ITS ROUNDED YOKE AND CHIC BACK CLOSING. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅜ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3132—THIS PRETTY BLOUSE AND WELL TAILORED JUMPER COME IN THE ONE PATTERN. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yards 54-inch fabric and 1½ yards 36-inch contrasting.

Pattern 3131 BECOMING SCALLOPS TRIM THIS WELL-CUT "COVERALL" APRON. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch fabric.

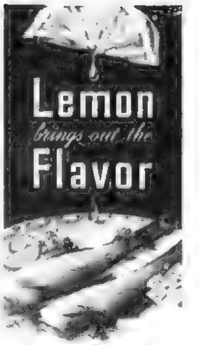
Pattern 3130—A SMART HOUSE DRESS MAY BE MADE WITH OR WITHOUT REVERS. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3133—CROSS STITCH LINENS ADD SO MUCH TO A ROOM'S APPEARANCE. Transfer pattern consists of a chair back 12½x15 inches (this also does for a pillow top), two arm rests 5½x12 inches, and some additional sprays for runners. Set requires ⅜ yard 36-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to

**THE AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.,
635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**



To make fish more-than-ever welcome on your table, let lemon work its magic. Plenty of generous quarter-pieces *bring out the real flavor* (aid digestion, also).

And a cleverly cut garnish is one sign of an up-to-date hostess.

Dozens of garnish hints in the *Free Booklet*, "200 Sunkist Recipes for Every Day." Write Sunkist, Sec. 1711, Box 530, Sta. C, Los Angeles, Cal.

Copr., 1934, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Sunkist California Lemons
BUY THEM BY THE DOZEN

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

MORE than 5,000,000 families read THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly.

Protects!

Renders a weather proof complexion of entrancing beauty that neither sun, wind nor water can destroy. Enjoy the outdoors without fear of sunburn, tan or roughened skin.

ORIENTAL CREAM
Gouraud
White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental-Tan

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face . . . unloved . . . discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple painless inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 101 Chicago.

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. You will find an unending stream of thrilling narratives in this great magazine!

EVEN SHINES WET SHOES!

Rain or shine, 2 IN 1 Shoe Polish makes shoes shine better! Even polishes wet shoes—and *holds* its shine longer. Large tin, at all stores—only 15 cents.

5-way cookies
Easy! Quick!

1. Two Cups Raisins
or
2. Two Cups Corn Flakes
or
3. Three Cups Coconut
or
4. Two Cups Bran Flakes
or
5. One Cup Nut Meats, Chopped

Eagle Brand
MAGIC COOKIES
[illegible]

Thoroughly blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk [illegible] Makes about [illegible]

● Only [illegible] — can't—succeed in this recipe. You [illegible] *Sweetened* [illegible] Milk. Just remember the name [illegible]

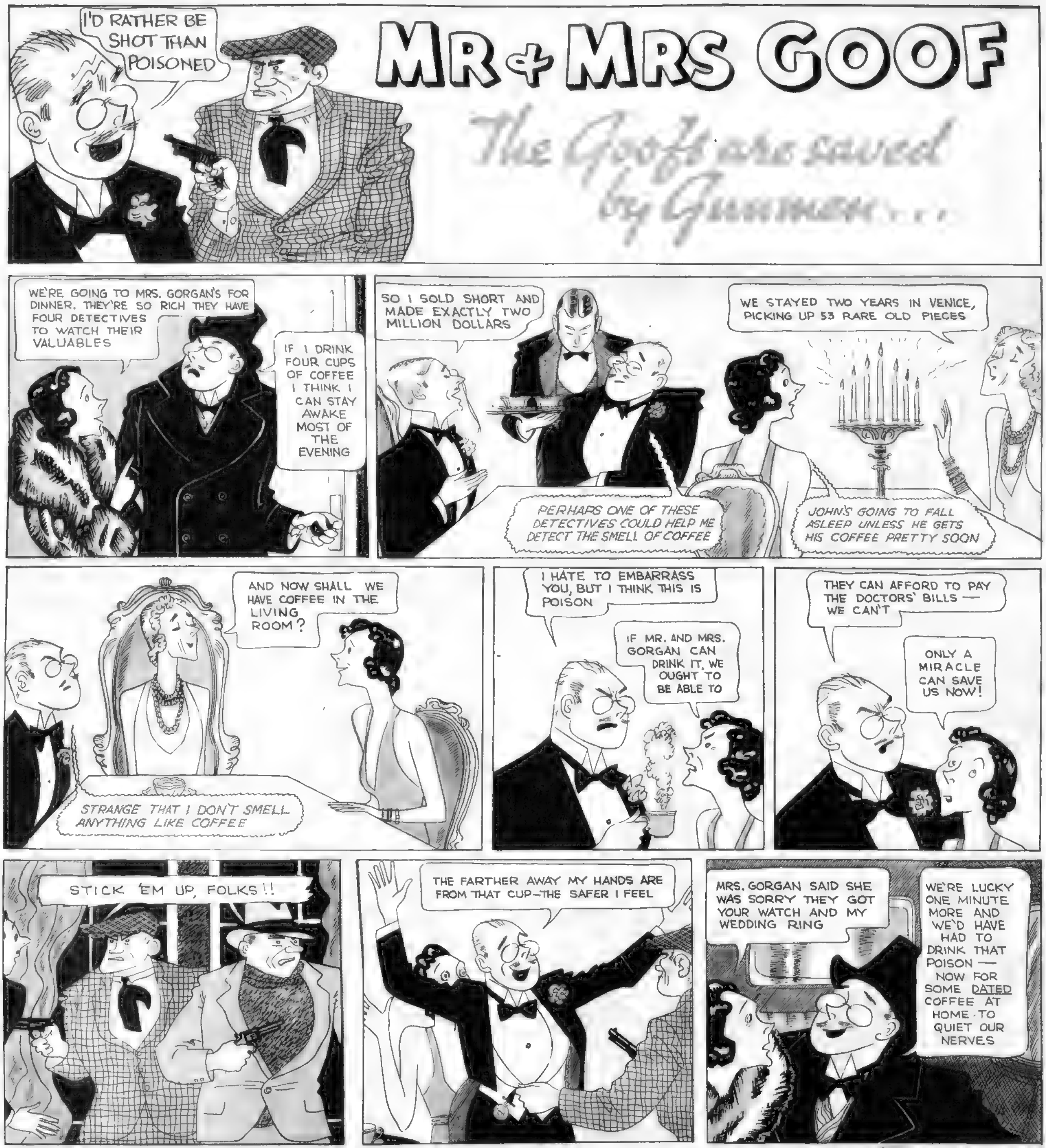
Borden Quality

MAGIC!
THE MOST AMAZING SHORT CUTS IN COOKING

Free! World's most amazing Cook Book!

[illegible] astounding new short-cuts [illegible] without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute [illegible] Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient [illegible] Mayonnaise! Ice Cream [illegible] The Borden Co., Dept. AW 114, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name ____
Street ____
City ____ State ____
(Print name and address plainly)

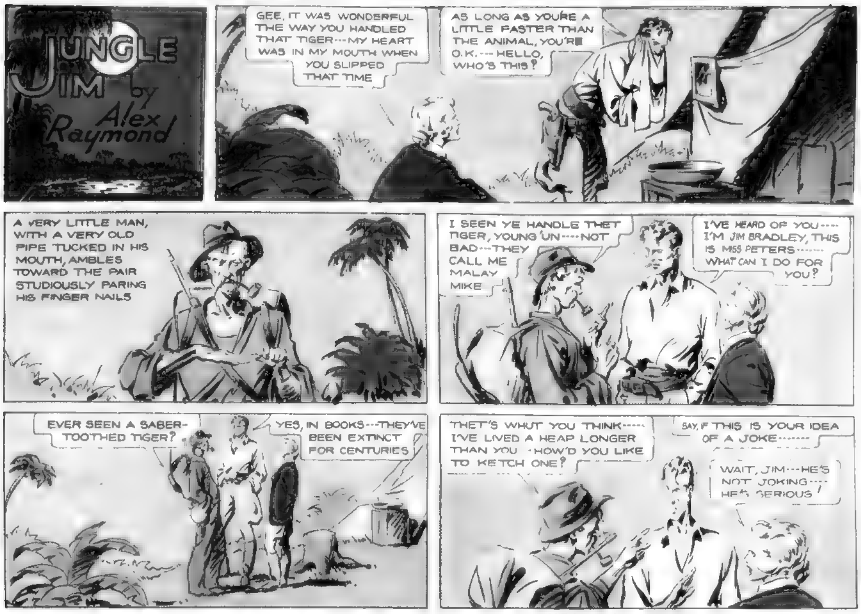

I'D RATHER BE SHOT THAN POISONED
MR & MRS GOOF
The Goofs are saved by Gunmen . . .
WE'RE GOING TO MRS. GORGAN'S FOR DINNER. THEY'RE SO RICH THEY HAVE FOUR DETECTIVES TO WATCH THEIR VALUABLES
IF I DRINK FOUR CUPS OF COFFEE I THINK I CAN STAY AWAKE MOST OF THE EVENING
SO I SOLD SHORT AND MADE EXACTLY TWO MILLION DOLLARS
PERHAPS ONE OF THESE DETECTIVES COULD HELP ME DETECT THE SMELL OF COFFEE
WE STAYED TWO YEARS IN VENICE, PICKING UP 53 RARE OLD PIECES
JOHN'S GOING TO FALL ASLEEP UNLESS HE GETS HIS COFFEE PRETTY SOON
AND NOW SHALL WE HAVE COFFEE IN THE LIVING ROOM?
STRANGE THAT I DON'T SMELL ANYTHING LIKE COFFEE
I HATE TO EMBARRASS YOU, BUT I THINK THIS IS POISON
IF MR. AND MRS. GORGAN CAN DRINK IT, WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO
THEY CAN AFFORD TO PAY THE DOCTORS' BILLS — WE CAN'T
ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE US NOW!
STICK 'EM UP, FOLKS!!
THE FARTHER AWAY MY HANDS ARE FROM THAT CUP—THE SAFER I FEEL
MRS. GORGAN SAID SHE WAS SORRY THEY GOT YOUR WATCH AND MY WEDDING RING
WE'RE LUCKY ONE MINUTE MORE AND WE'D HAVE HAD TO DRINK THAT POISON — NOW FOR SOME DATED COFFEE AT HOME TO QUIET OUR NERVES

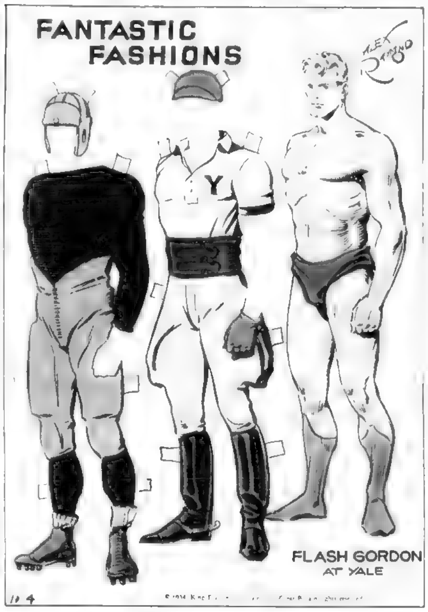
Expert finds 56 out of 93 brands of coffee stale —

In a recent investigation covering 16 cities of America . . . 56 brands of packaged coffee purchased were found to be *stale!* This means that, no matter what you pay for coffee, you run the risk of getting flavorless, nervously irritating coffee.

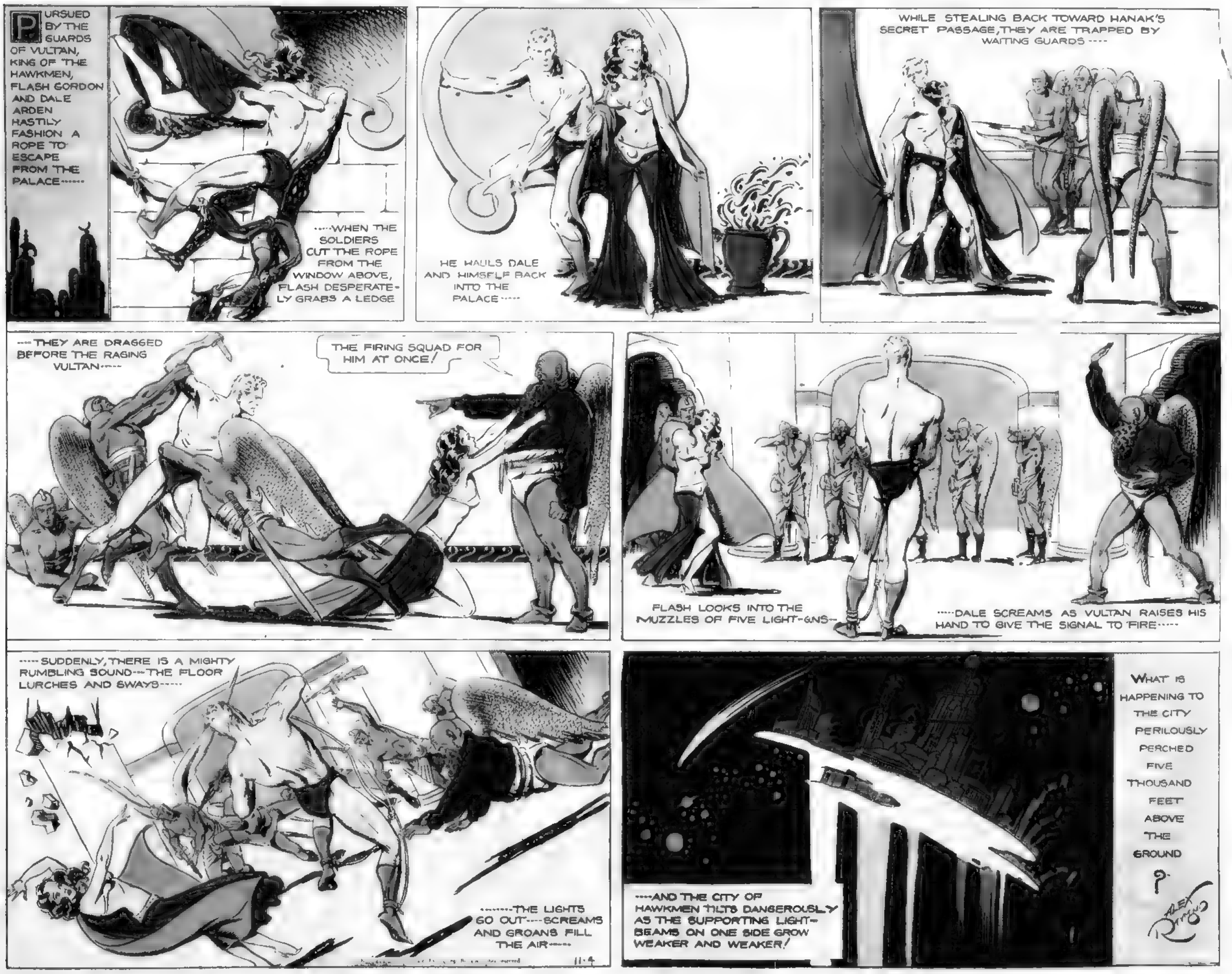
You can be sure of its freshness only if you know how old it is. And you *know* Chase & Sanborn's is fresh, because it's *Dated.* The date of delivery to your grocer is clearly marked on every pound. We watch this date, and make deliveries so frequently that no can remains on his shelf more than 10 days. Ask your grocer for *Dated* Coffee tomorrow!

Copyright, 1934, by Standard Brands Inc


JUNGLE JIM by Alex Raymond
GEE, IT WAS WONDERFUL THE WAY YOU HANDLED THAT TIGER--- MY HEART WAS IN MY MOUTH WHEN YOU SLIPPED THAT TIME
AS LONG AS YOU'RE A LITTLE FASTER THAN THE ANIMAL, YOU'RE O.K. --- HELLO, WHO'S THIS?
A VERY LITTLE MAN, WITH A VERY OLD PIPE TUCKED IN HIS MOUTH, AMBLES TOWARD THE PAIR STUDIOUSLY PARING HIS FINGER NAILS
I SEEN YE HANDLE THET TIGER, YOUNG 'UN---- NOT BAD--- THEY CALL ME MALAY MIKE
I'VE HEARD OF YOU---- I'M JIM BRADLEY, THIS IS MISS PETERS------- WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
EVER SEEN A SABER-TOOTHED TIGER?
YES, IN BOOKS--- THEY'VE BEEN EXTINCT FOR CENTURIES
THET'S WHUT YOU THINK----- I'VE LIVED A HEAP LONGER THAN YOU · HOW'D YOU LIKE TO KETCH ONE?
SAY, IF THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE-------
WAIT, JIM--- HE'S NOT JOKING---- HE'S SERIOUS!



Flash Gordon


PURSUED BY THE GUARDS OF VULTAN, KING OF THE HAWKMEN, FLASH GORDON AND DALE ARDEN HASTILY FASHION A ROPE TO ESCAPE FROM THE PALACE------
-----WHEN THE SOLDIERS CUT THE ROPE FROM THE WINDOW ABOVE, FLASH DESPERATELY GRABS A LEDGE
HE HAULS DALE AND HIMSELF BACK INTO THE PALACE-----
WHILE STEALING BACK TOWARD HANAK'S SECRET PASSAGE, THEY ARE TRAPPED BY WAITING GUARDS----
----THEY ARE DRAGGED BEFORE THE RAGING VULTAN-----
THE FIRING SQUAD FOR HIM AT ONCE!
FLASH LOOKS INTO THE MUZZLES OF FIVE LIGHT-GUNS--
-----DALE SCREAMS AS VULTAN RAISES HIS HAND TO GIVE THE SIGNAL TO FIRE-----
-----SUDDENLY, THERE IS A MIGHTY RUMBLING SOUND--- THE FLOOR LURCHES AND SWAYS-----
--------THE LIGHTS GO OUT---- SCREAMS AND GROANS FILL THE AIR-----
11·4
----AND THE CITY OF HAWKMEN TILTS DANGEROUSLY AS THE SUPPORTING LIGHT-BEAMS ON ONE SIDE GROW WEAKER AND WEAKER!
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE CITY PERILOUSLY PERCHED FIVE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE GROUND ?
ALEX RAYMOND

THE COMIC WEEKLY

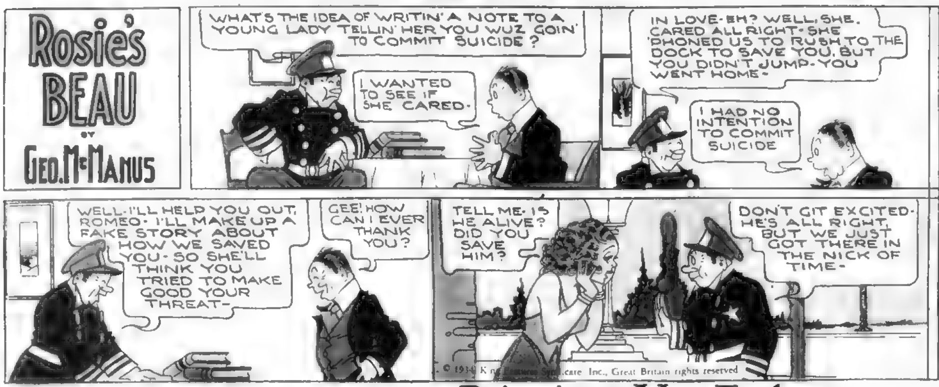
"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

SECTION OF THE BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION

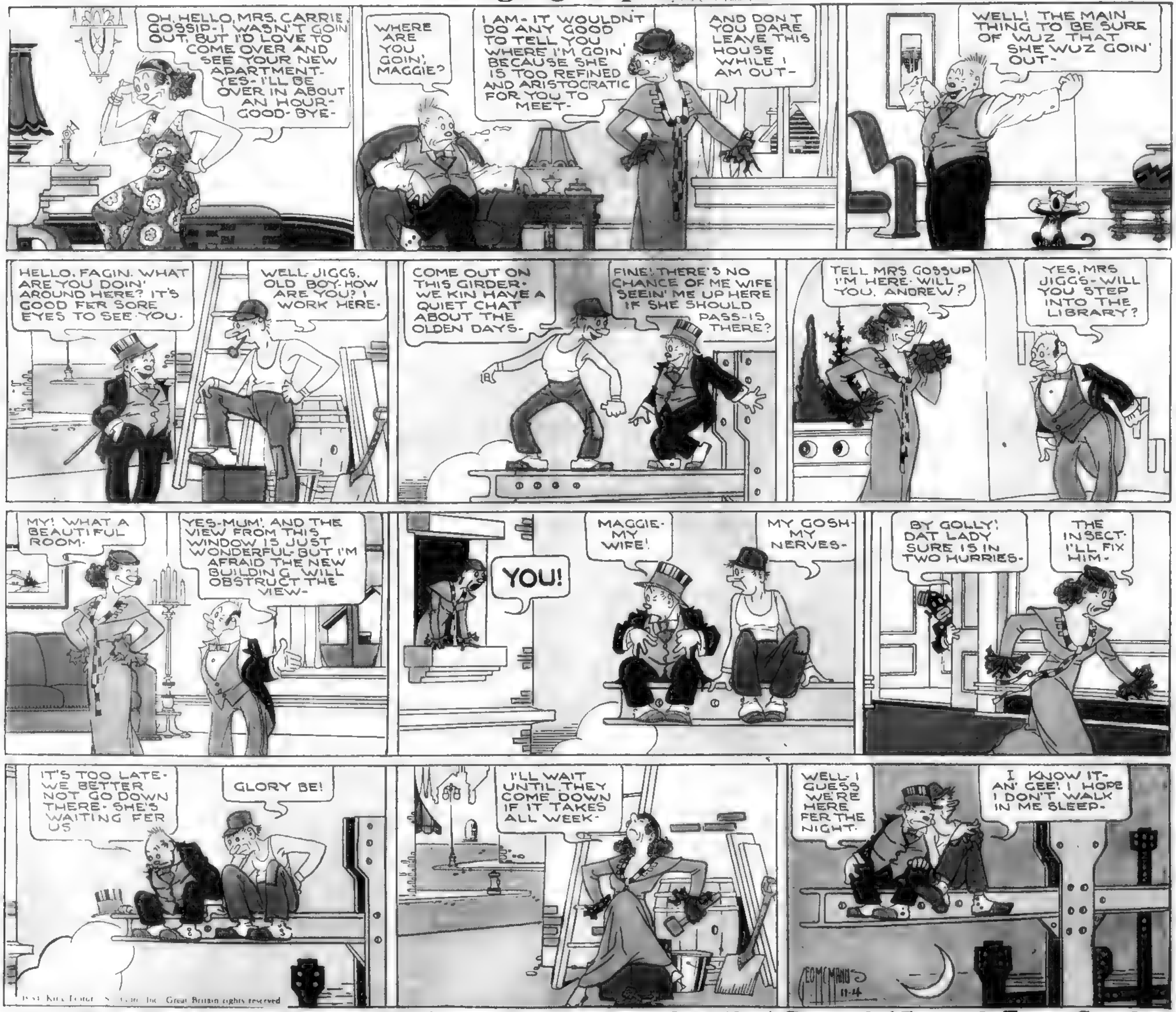
Sunday, November 4, 1934


Rosie's BEAU
BY
GEO. McMANUS
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF WRITIN' A NOTE TO A YOUNG LADY TELLIN' HER YOU WUZ GOIN' TO COMMIT SUICIDE?
I WANTED TO SEE IF SHE CARED-
IN LOVE-EH? WELL, SHE CARED ALL RIGHT-SHE 'PHONED US TO RUSH TO THE DOCK TO SAVE YOU. BUT YOU DIDN'T JUMP-YOU WENT HOME-
I HAD NO INTENTION TO COMMIT SUICIDE
WELL-I'LL HELP YOU OUT, ROMEO-I'LL MAKE UP A FAKE STORY ABOUT HOW WE SAVED YOU-SO SHE'LL THINK YOU TRIED TO MAKE GOOD YOUR THREAT-
GEE! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?
TELL ME-IS HE ALIVE? DID YOU SAVE HIM?
DON'T GIT EXCITED-HE'S ALL RIGHT, BUT WE JUST GOT THERE IN THE NICK OF TIME-

© 1934 King Features Syndicate Inc., Great Britain rights reserved

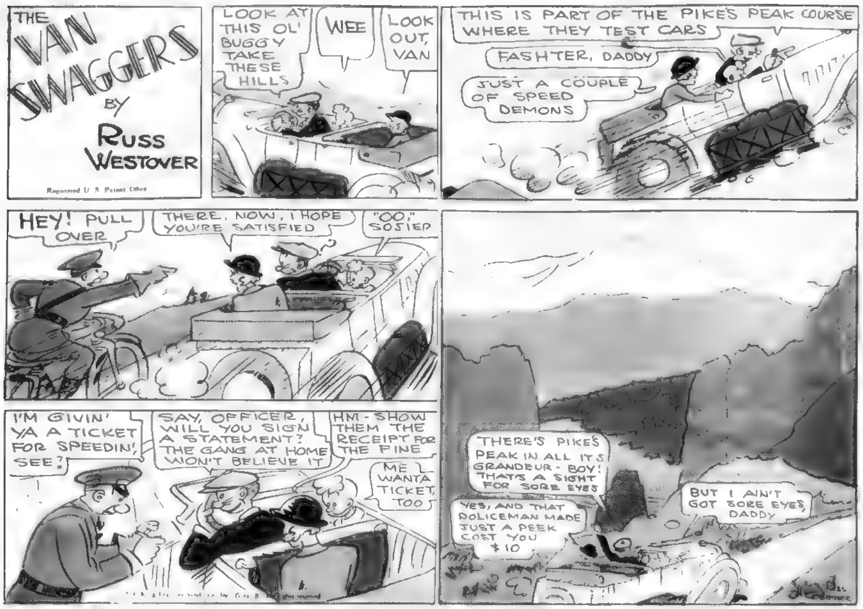
HOW TO KEEP FROM GETTING OLD
IF YOU SAY ANOTHER WORD, I'LL FORGET I'M A LADY -
BUT, MY DEAR-
11-4

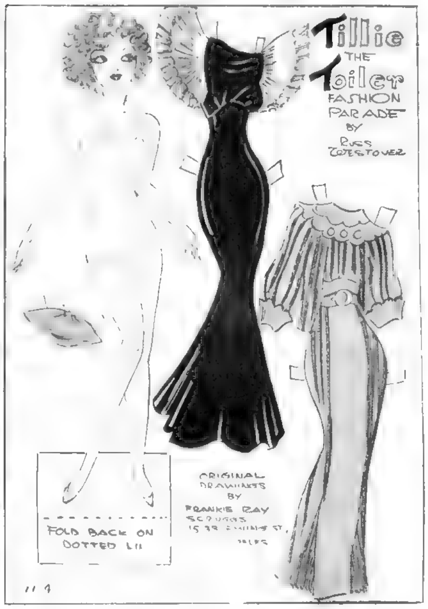
Bringing Up Father


OH, HELLO, MRS. CARRIE GOSSIP-I WASN'T GOIN' OUT, BUT I'D LOVE TO COME OVER AND SEE YOUR NEW APARTMENT-YES-I'LL BE OVER IN ABOUT AN HOUR-GOOD-BYE-
WHERE ARE YOU GOIN', MAGGIE?
I AM-IT WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD TO TELL YOU WHERE I'M GOIN' BECAUSE SHE IS TOO REFINED AND ARISTOCRATIC FOR YOU TO MEET-
AND DON'T YOU DARE LEAVE THIS HOUSE WHILE I AM OUT-
WELL! THE MAIN THING TO BE SURE OF WUZ THAT SHE WUZ GOIN' OUT-
HELLO, FAGIN. WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' AROUND HERE? IT'S GOOD FER SORE EYES TO SEE YOU-
WELL-JIGGS, OLD BOY-HOW ARE YOU? I WORK HERE-
COME OUT ON THIS GIRDER-WE KIN HAVE A QUIET CHAT ABOUT THE OLDEN DAYS-
FINE! THERE'S NO CHANCE OF ME WIFE SEEIN' ME UP HERE IF SHE SHOULD PASS-IS THERE?
TELL MRS GOSSUP I'M HERE-WILL YOU, ANDREW?
YES, MRS JIGGS-WILL YOU STEP INTO THE LIBRARY?
MY! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL ROOM-
YES-MUM! AND THE VIEW FROM THIS WINDOW IS JUST WONDERFUL-BUT I'M AFRAID THE NEW BUILDING WILL OBSTRUCT THE VIEW-
YOU!
MAGGIE-MY WIFE!
MY GOSH-MY NERVES-
BY GOLLY! DAT LADY SURE IS IN TWO HURRIES-
THE INSECT-I'LL FIX HIM-
IT'S TOO LATE-WE BETTER NOT GO DOWN THERE-SHE'S WAITING FER US
GLORY BE!
I'LL WAIT UNTIL THEY COME DOWN IF IT TAKES ALL WEEK-
WELL-I GUESS WE'RE HERE FER THE NIGHT-
I KNOW IT-AN' GEE! I HOPE I DON'T WALK IN ME SLEEP-
GEO McMANUS
11-4

1934 King Features Syndicate Inc. Great Britain rights reserved

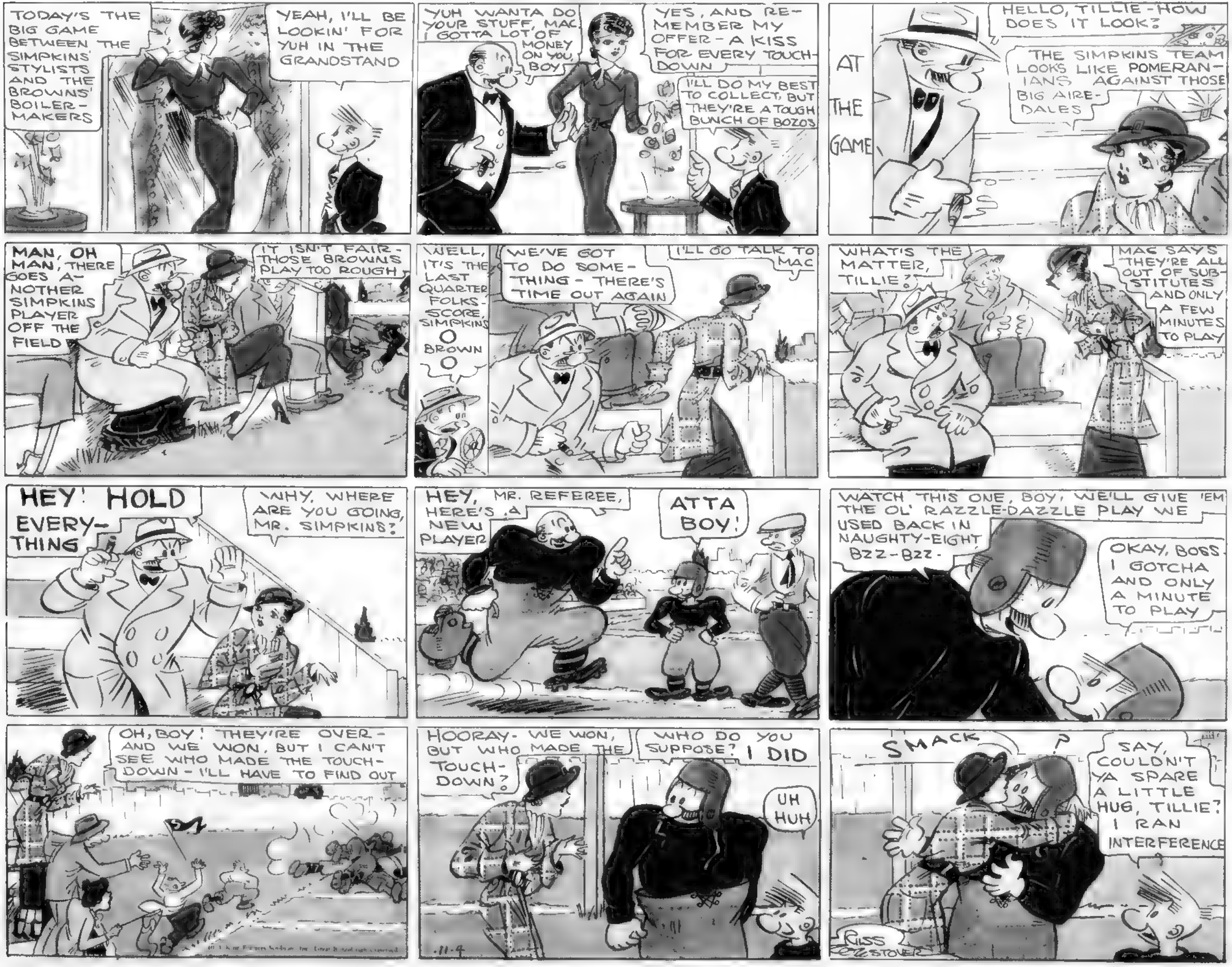
Hear Sunday Advertiser Comics While You See 'Em—On WNAC at 10:15 A. M. Every Sunday

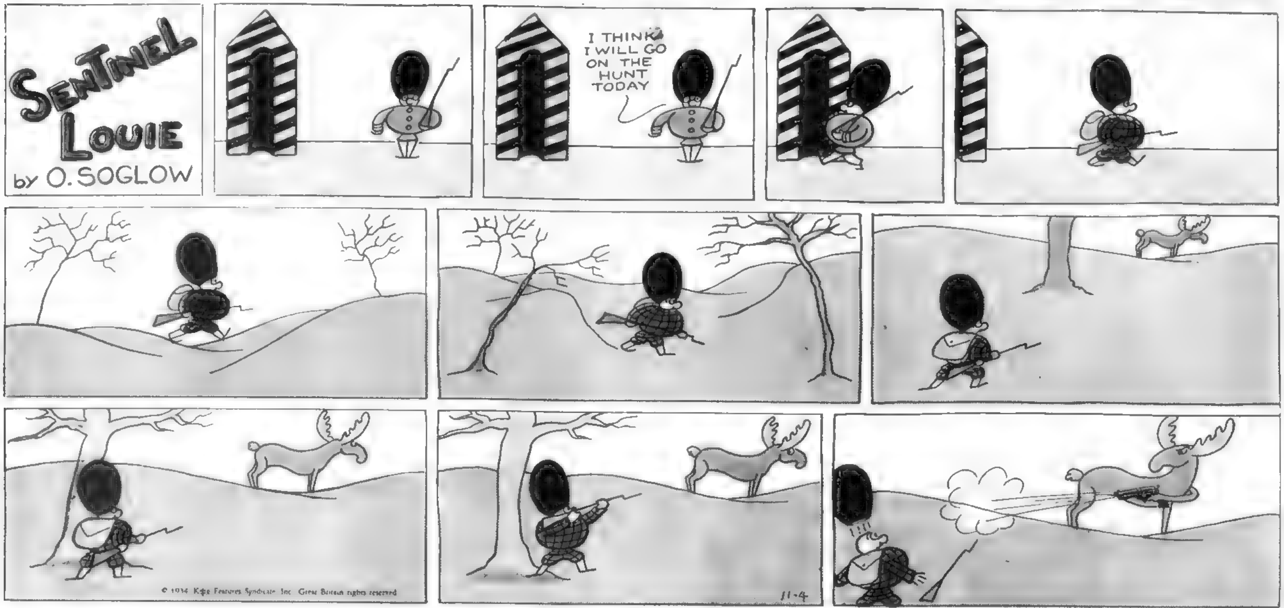

THE VAN SWAGGERS BY RUSS WESTOVER
Registered U. S. Patent Office
LOOK AT THIS OL' BUGGY TAKE THESE HILLS
WEE
LOOK OUT, VAN
THIS IS PART OF THE PIKE'S PEAK COURSE WHERE THEY TEST CARS
FASHTER, DADDY
JUST A COUPLE OF SPEED DEMONS
HEY! PULL OVER
THERE, NOW, I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED
"OO," SOJIED
I'M GIVIN' YA A TICKET FOR SPEEDIN', SEE?
SAY, OFFICER, WILL YOU SIGN A STATEMENT? THE GANG AT HOME WON'T BELIEVE IT
HM - SHOW THEM THE RECEIPT FOR THE FINE
ME WANTA TICKET, TOO
THERE'S PIKE'S PEAK IN ALL ITS GRANDEUR - BOY! THAT'S A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES
YES, AND THAT POLICEMAN MADE JUST A PEEK COST YOU $10
BUT I AIN'T GOT SORE EYES, DADDY
RUSS WESTOVER


Tillie THE Toiler FASHION PARADE BY RUSS WESTOVER
FOLD BACK ON DOTTED LII
ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY FRANKIE RAY SCRUGGS
11 4

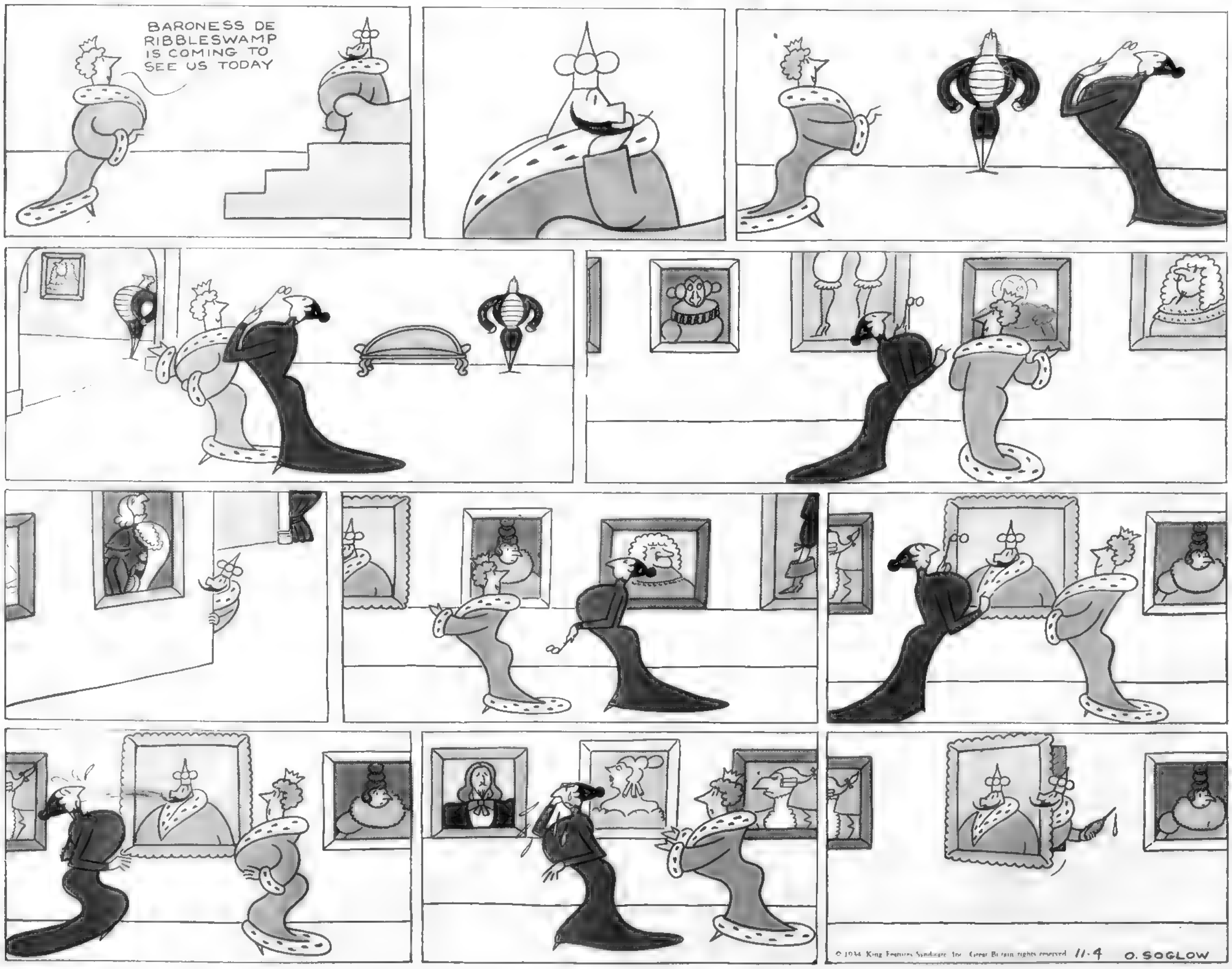
Tillie the Toiler

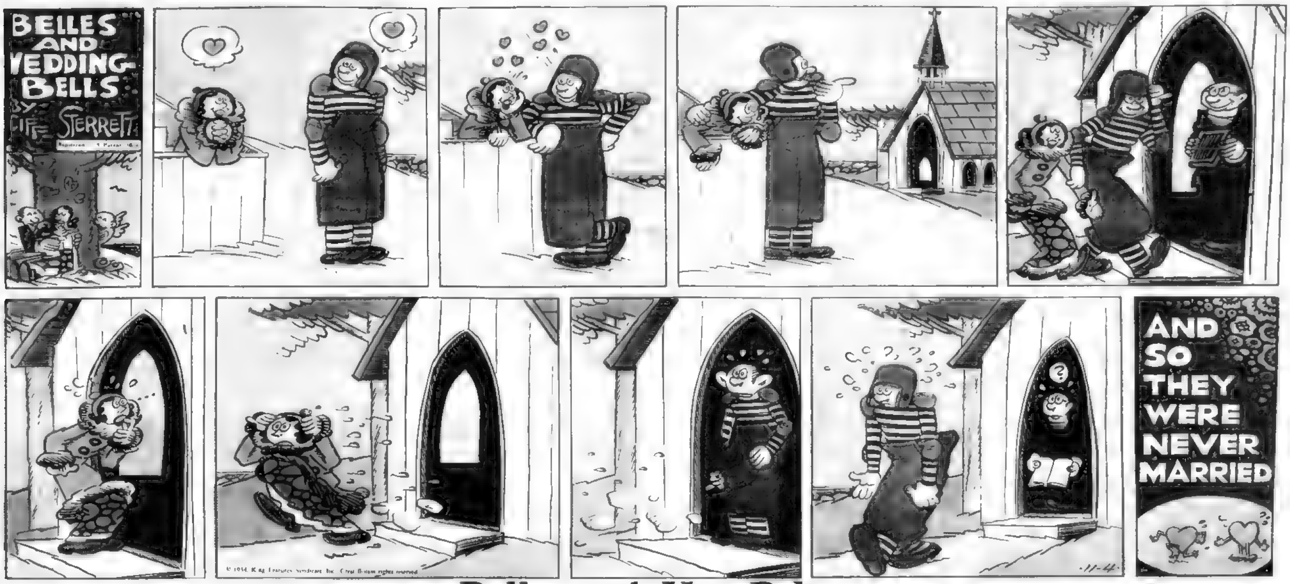
Registered U. S. Pat. Off.


TODAY'S THE BIG GAME BETWEEN THE SIMPKINS' STYLISTS AND THE BROWNS' BOILER-MAKERS
YEAH, I'LL BE LOOKIN' FOR YUH IN THE GRANDSTAND
YUH WANTA DO YOUR STUFF, MAC I GOTTA LOT OF MONEY ON YOU, BOY
YES, AND REMEMBER MY OFFER - A KISS FOR EVERY TOUCHDOWN
I'LL DO MY BEST TO COLLECT, BUT THEY'RE A TOUGH BUNCH OF BOZOS
AT THE GAME
HELLO, TILLIE - HOW DOES IT LOOK?
THE SIMPKINS TEAM LOOKS LIKE POMERANIANS AGAINST THOSE BIG AIRE-DALES
MAN, OH MAN, THERE GOES ANOTHER SIMPKINS PLAYER OFF THE FIELD
IT ISN'T FAIR - THOSE BROWNS PLAY TOO ROUGH
WELL, IT'S THE LAST QUARTER FOLKS - SCORE, SIMPKINS O BROWN O
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING - THERE'S TIME OUT AGAIN
I'LL GO TALK TO MAC
WHAT'S THE MATTER, TILLIE?
MAC SAYS THEY'RE ALL OUT OF SUBSTITUTES AND ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO PLAY
HEY! HOLD EVERYTHING
WHY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MR. SIMPKINS?
HEY, MR. REFEREE, HERE'S A NEW PLAYER
ATTA BOY!
WATCH THIS ONE, BOY, WE'LL GIVE 'EM THE OL' RAZZLE-DAZZLE PLAY WE USED BACK IN NAUGHTY-EIGHT BZZ-BZZ-
OKAY, BOSS I GOTCHA AND ONLY A MINUTE TO PLAY
OH, BOY! THEY'RE OVER - AND WE WON, BUT I CAN'T SEE WHO MADE THE TOUCHDOWN - I'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT
HOORAY - WE WON, BUT WHO MADE THE TOUCHDOWN?
WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE? I DID
UH HUH
11-4
SMACK
?
SAY, COULDN'T YA SPARE A LITTLE HUG, TILLIE? I RAN INTERFERENCE
RUSS WESTOVER


SENTINEL LOUIE
by O. SOGLOW
I THINK I WILL GO ON THE HUNT TODAY
© 1934 King Features Syndicate, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved
11-4

The Little King

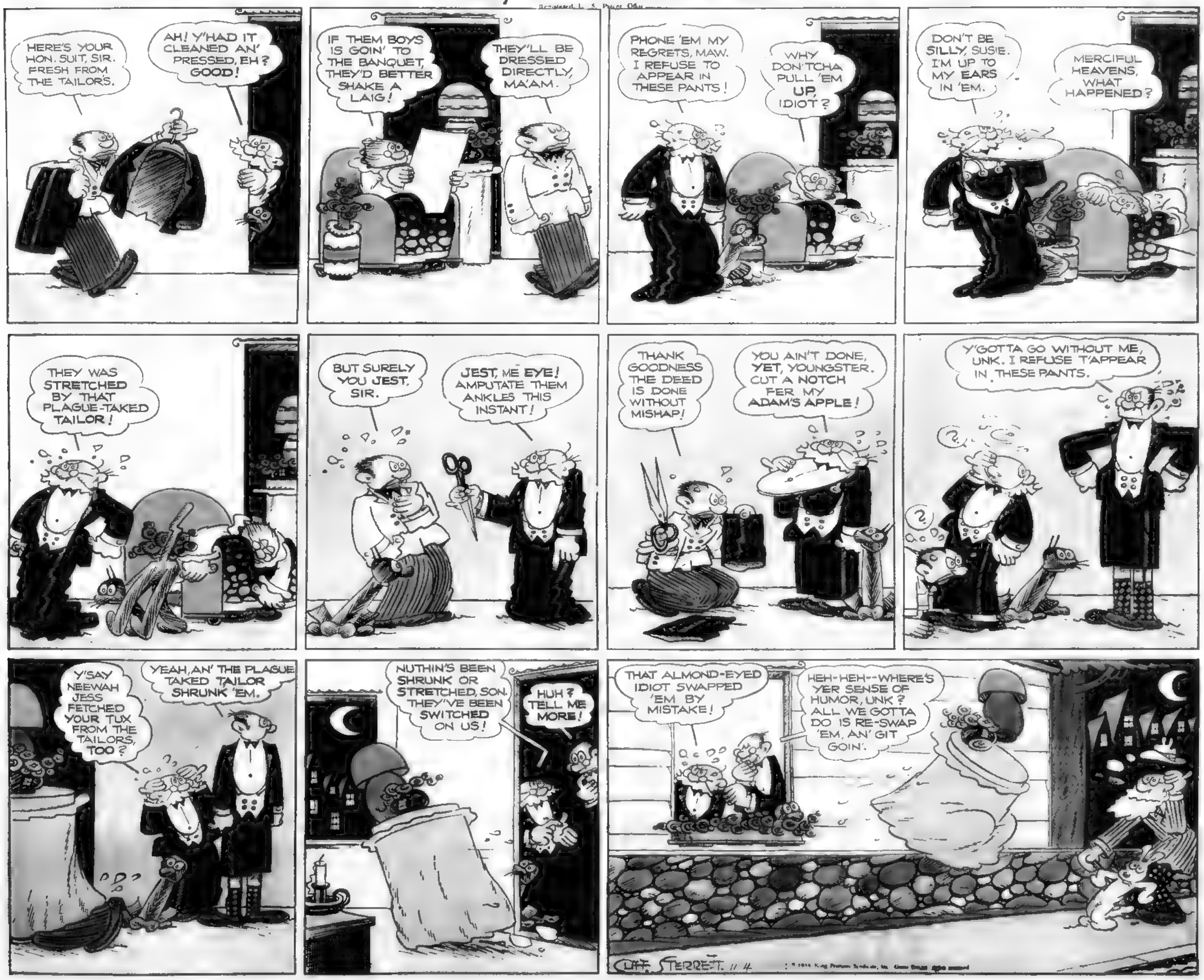

BARONESS DE RIBBLESWAMP IS COMING TO SEE US TODAY
© 1934 King Features Syndicate, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved
11-4
O. SOGLOW


BELLES AND VEDDING-BELLS
BY LIFF STERRETT
Registered U. S. Patent Office
AND SO THEY WERE NEVER MARRIED
11-4

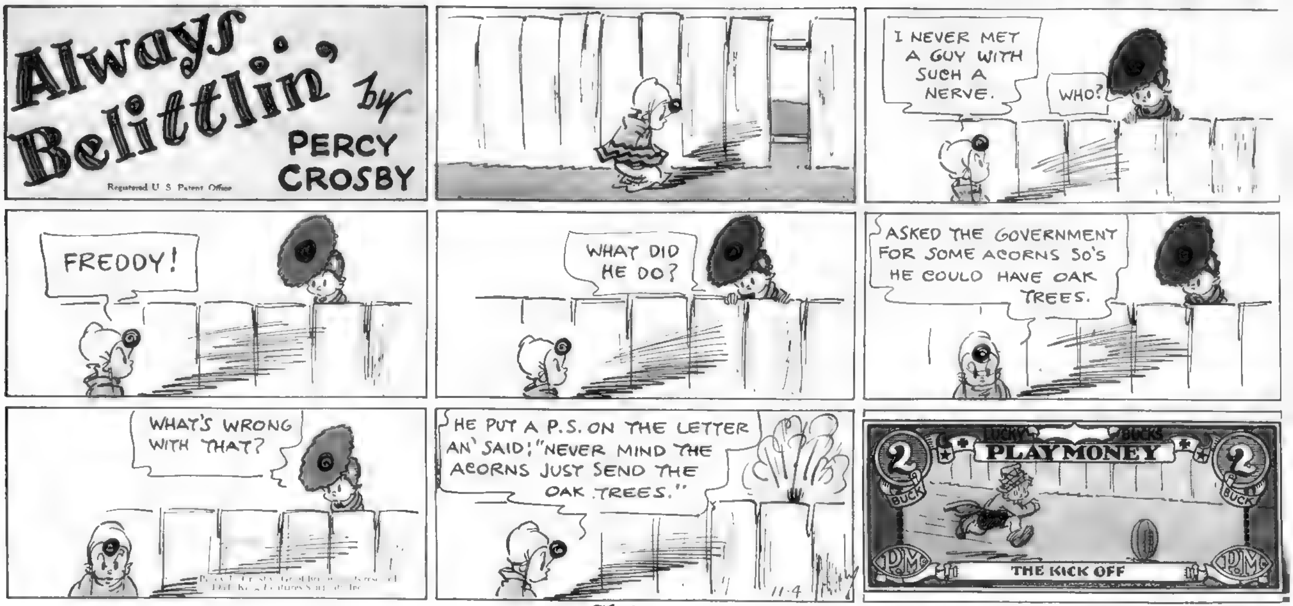
© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved

Polly and Her Pals

Registered U. S. Patent Office

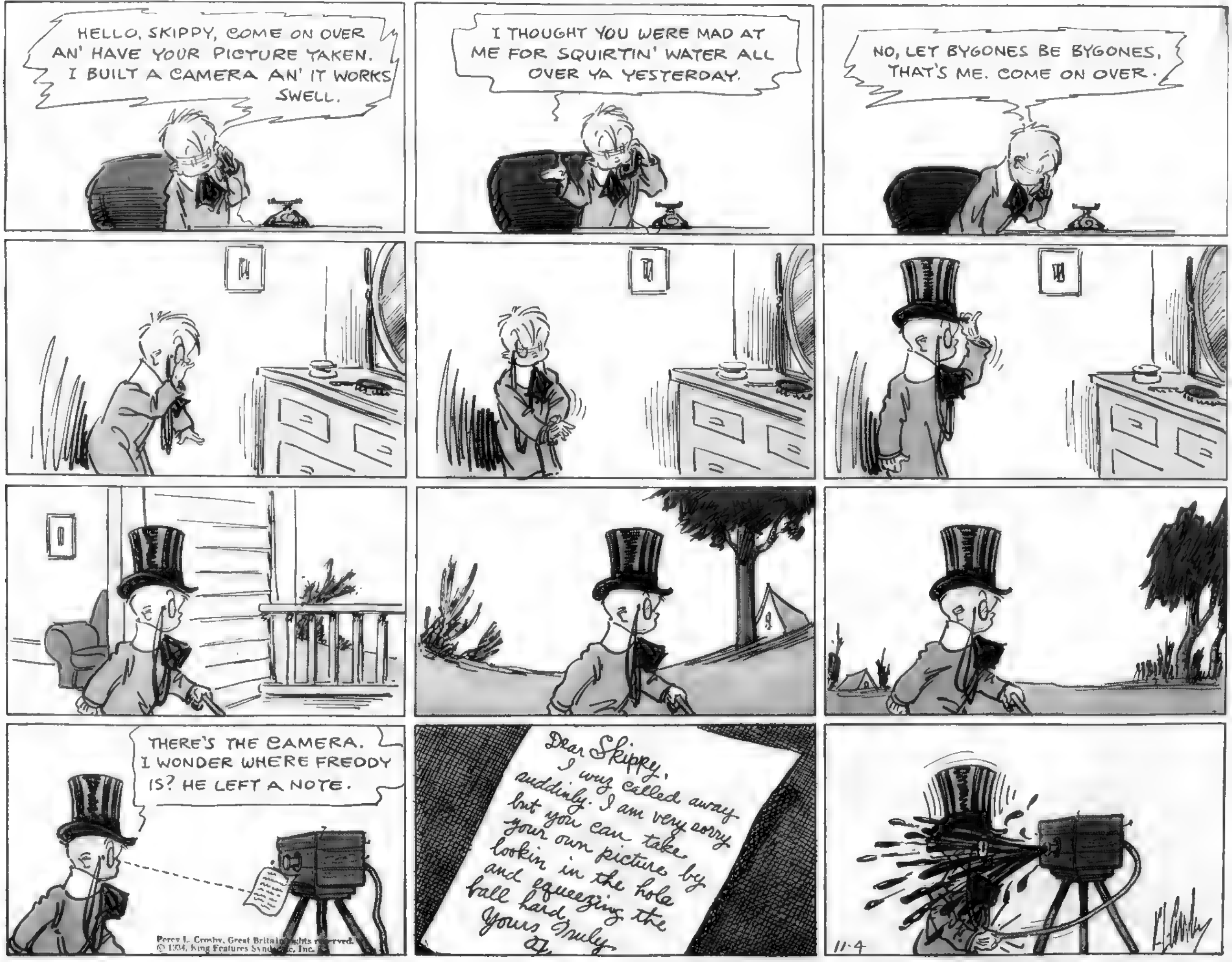

HERE'S YOUR HON. SUIT, SIR. FRESH FROM THE TAILOR'S.
AH! Y'HAD IT CLEANED AN' PRESSED, EH? GOOD!
IF THEM BOYS IS GOIN' TO THE BANQUET, THEY'D BETTER SHAKE A LAIG!
THEY'LL BE DRESSED DIRECTLY, MA'AM.
PHONE 'EM MY REGRETS, MAW. I REFUSE TO APPEAR IN THESE PANTS!
WHY DON'TCHA PULL 'EM UP, IDIOT?
DON'T BE SILLY, SUSIE. I'M UP TO MY EARS IN 'EM.
MERCIFUL HEAVENS, WHAT HAPPENED?
THEY WAS STRETCHED BY THAT PLAGUE-TAKED TAILOR!
BUT SURELY YOU JEST, SIR.
JEST, ME EYE! AMPUTATE THEM ANKLES THIS INSTANT!
THANK GOODNESS THE DEED IS DONE WITHOUT MISHAP!
YOU AIN'T DONE, YET, YOUNGSTER. CUT A NOTCH FER MY ADAM'S APPLE!
Y'GOTTA GO WITHOUT ME, UNK. I REFUSE T'APPEAR IN THESE PANTS.
Y'SAY NEEWAH JESS FETCHED YOUR TUX FROM THE TAILORS, TOO?
YEAH, AN' THE PLAGUE TAKED TAILOR SHRUNK 'EM.
NUTHIN'S BEEN SHRUNK OR STRETCHED, SON. THEY'VE BEEN SWITCHED ON US!
HUH? TELL ME MORE!
THAT ALMOND-EYED IDIOT SWAPPED 'EM BY MISTAKE!
HEH-HEH--WHERE'S YER SENSE OF HUMOR, UNK? ALL WE GOTTA DO IS RE-SWAP 'EM, AN' GIT GOIN'.
CLIFF STERRETT. 11 4

© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved


Always Belittlin' by PERCY CROSBY
Registered U. S. Patent Office
I NEVER MET A GUY WITH SUCH A NERVE.
WHO?
FREDDY!
WHAT DID HE DO?
ASKED THE GOVERNMENT FOR SOME ACORNS SO'S HE COULD HAVE OAK TREES.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?
HE PUT A P.S. ON THE LETTER AN' SAID; "NEVER MIND THE ACORNS JUST SEND THE OAK TREES."
11·4
LUCKY BUCKS
PLAYMONEY
2 BUCK
P.M.
THE KICK OFF

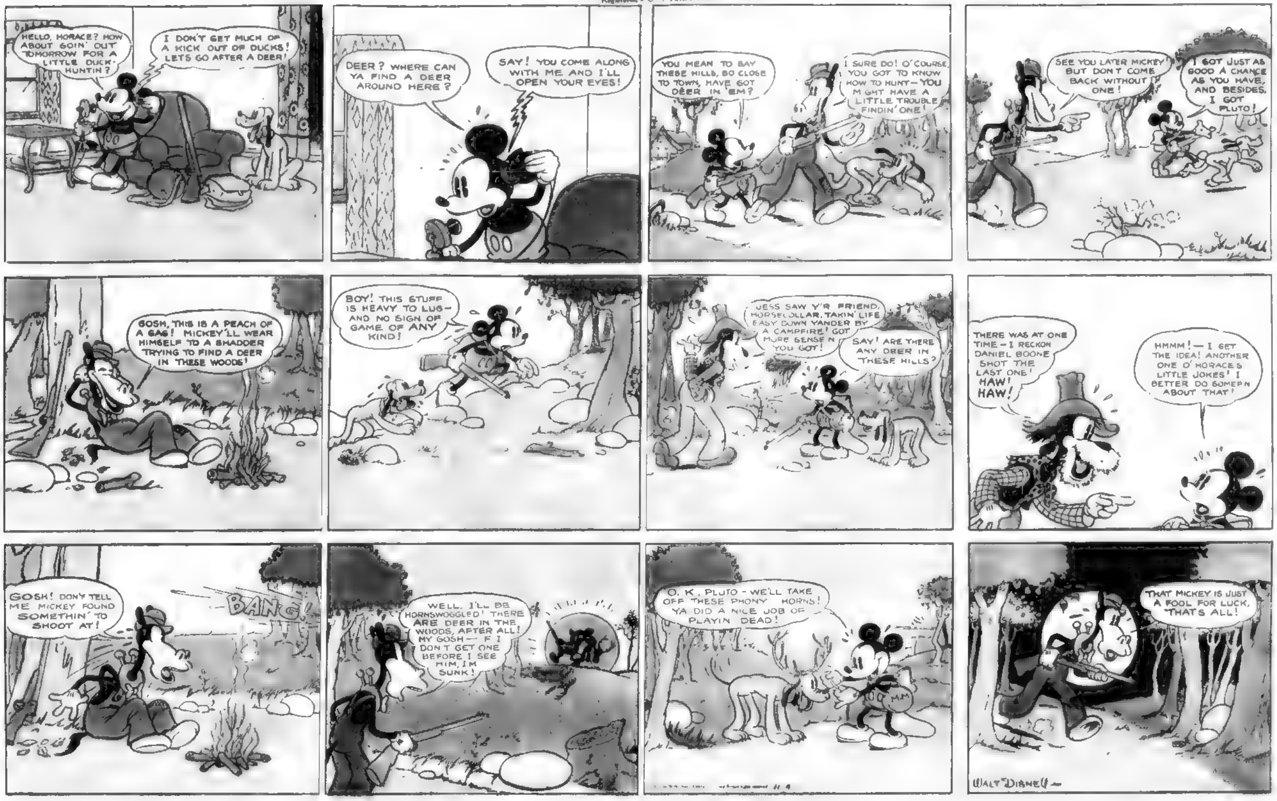
Skippy

Registered U. S. Patent Office


HELLO, SKIPPY, COME ON OVER AN' HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN. I BUILT A CAMERA AN' IT WORKS SWELL.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE MAD AT ME FOR SQUIRTIN' WATER ALL OVER YA YESTERDAY.
NO, LET BYGONES BE BYGONES, THAT'S ME. COME ON OVER.
THERE'S THE CAMERA. I WONDER WHERE FREDDY IS? HE LEFT A NOTE.
Dear Skippy, I wuz called away suddinly. I am very sorry but you can take your own picture by lookin in the hole and squeezing the ball hard. Yours Truly F.
11·4
P L Crosby
Percy L. Crosby, Great Britain rights reserved. © 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

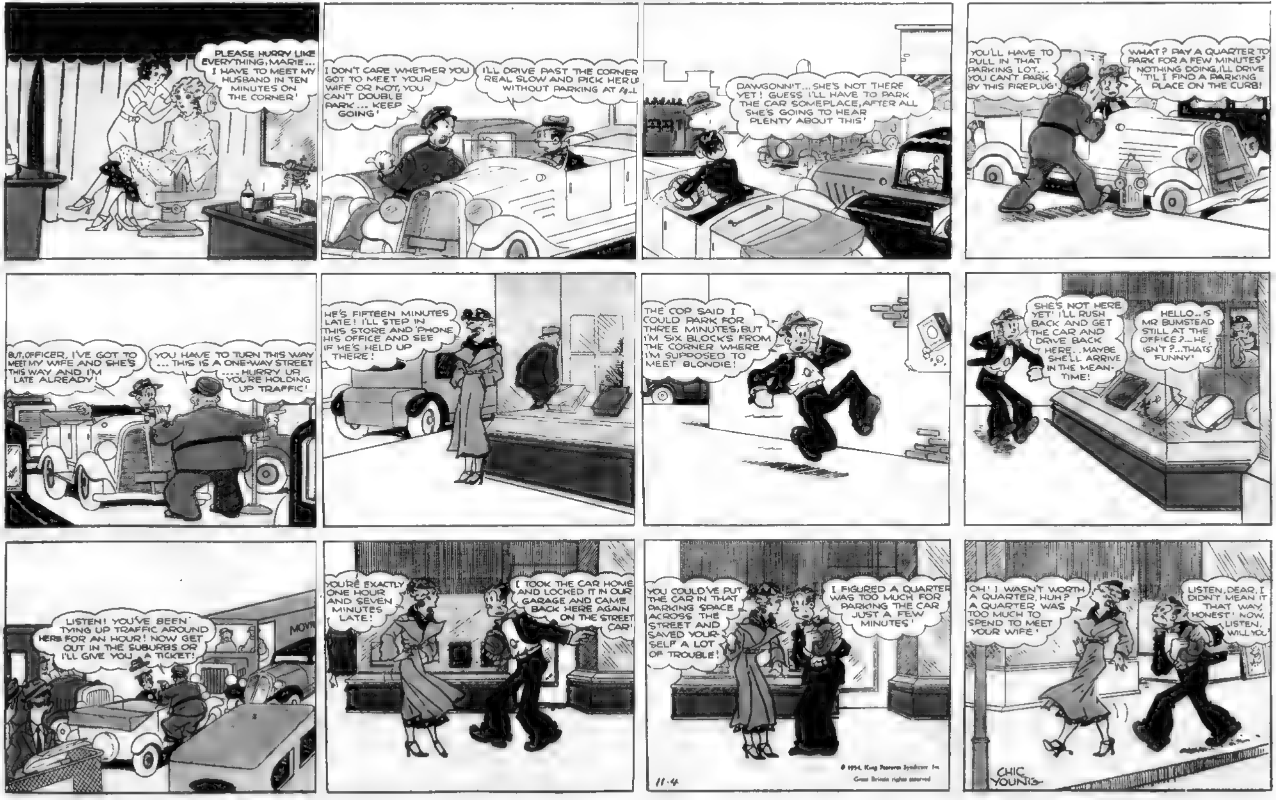
Mickey Mouse

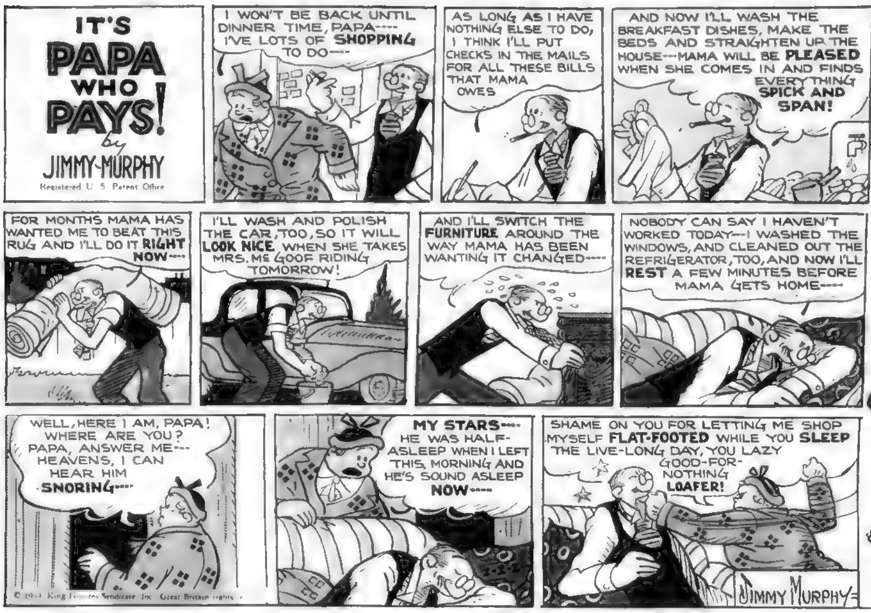
Registered U. S. Patent Office


HELLO, HORACE? HOW ABOUT GOIN' OUT TOMORROW FOR A LITTLE DUCK-HUNTIN'?
I DON'T GET MUCH OF A KICK OUT OF DUCKS! LET'S GO AFTER A DEER!
DEER? WHERE CAN YA FIND A DEER AROUND HERE?
SAY! YOU COME ALONG WITH ME AND I'LL OPEN YOUR EYES!
YOU MEAN TO SAY THESE HILLS, SO CLOSE TO TOWN, HAVE GOT DEER IN 'EM?
I SURE DO! O' COURSE, YOU GOT TO KNOW HOW TO HUNT—YOU MIGHT HAVE A LITTLE TROUBLE FINDIN' ONE!
SEE YOU LATER MICKEY! BUT DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT ONE!
I GOT JUST AS GOOD A CHANCE AS YOU HAVE, AND BESIDES, I GOT PLUTO!
GOSH, THIS IS A PEACH OF A GAG! MICKEY'LL WEAR HIMSELF TO A SHADDER TRYING TO FIND A DEER IN THESE WOODS!
BOY! THIS STUFF IS HEAVY TO LUG—AND NO SIGN OF GAME OF ANY KIND!
JESS SAW Y'R FRIEND, HORSECOLLAR, TAKIN' LIFE EASY DOWN YANDER BY A CAMPFIRE! GOT MORE SENSE'N YOU GOT!
SAY! ARE THERE ANY DEER IN THESE HILLS?
THERE WAS AT ONE TIME—I RECKON DANIEL BOONE SHOT THE LAST ONE! HAW! HAW!
HMMM!—I GET THE IDEA! ANOTHER ONE O' HORACE'S LITTLE JOKES! I BETTER DO SOMEP'N ABOUT THAT!
GOSH! DON'T TELL ME MICKEY FOUND SOMETHIN' TO SHOOT AT!
BANG!
WELL, I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED! THERE ARE DEER IN THE WOODS, AFTER ALL! MY GOSH—IF I DON'T GET ONE BEFORE I SEE HIM, I'M SUNK!
O. K., PLUTO - WE'LL TAKE OFF THESE PHONY HORNS! YA DID A NICE JOB OF PLAYIN' DEAD!
MM
THAT MICKEY IS JUST A FOOL FOR LUCK, THAT'S ALL!
WALT DISNEY

Blondie

Registered U. S. Patent Office

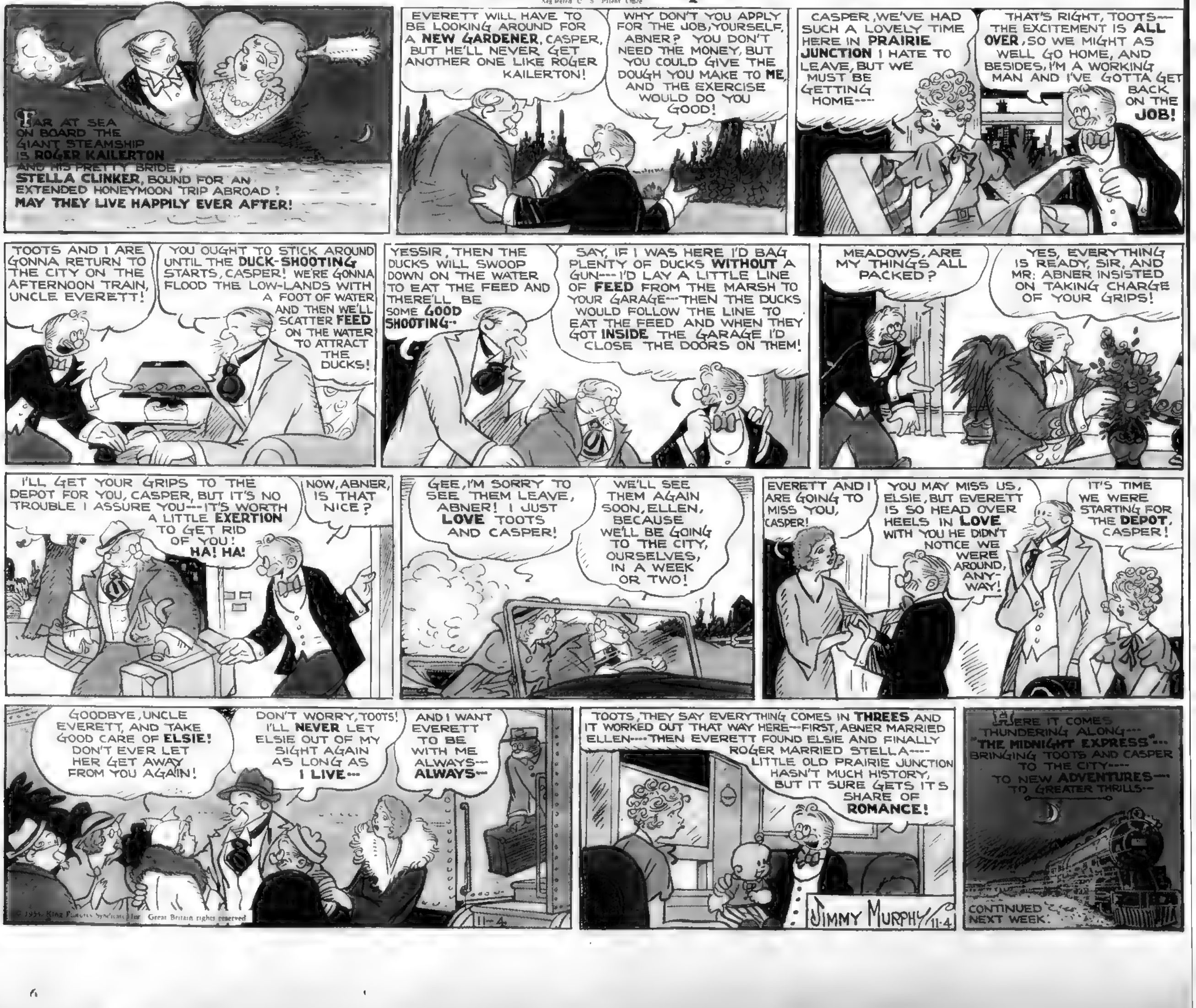

PLEASE HURRY LIKE EVERYTHING, MARIE... I HAVE TO MEET MY HUSBAND IN TEN MINUTES ON THE CORNER!
I DON'T CARE WHETHER YOU GOT TO MEET YOUR WIFE OR NOT, YOU CAN'T DOUBLE PARK... KEEP GOING!
I'LL DRIVE PAST THE CORNER REAL SLOW AND PICK HER UP WITHOUT PARKING AT ALL
DAWGONNIT... SHE'S NOT THERE YET! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO PARK THE CAR SOMEPLACE, AFTER ALL SHE'S GOING TO HEAR PLENTY ABOUT THIS!
YOU'LL HAVE TO PULL IN THAT PARKING LOT... YOU CAN'T PARK BY THIS FIREPLUG!
WHAT? PAY A QUARTER TO PARK FOR A FEW MINUTES? NOTHING DOING, I'LL DRIVE 'TIL I FIND A PARKING PLACE ON THE CURB!
BUT, OFFICER, I'VE GOT TO MEET MY WIFE AND SHE'S THIS WAY AND I'M LATE ALREADY!
YOU HAVE TO TURN THIS WAY ... THIS IS A ONE-WAY STREET .... HURRY UP, YOU'RE HOLDING UP TRAFFIC!
HE'S FIFTEEN MINUTES LATE! I'LL STEP IN THIS STORE AND 'PHONE HIS OFFICE AND SEE IF HE'S HELD UP THERE!
THE COP SAID I COULD PARK FOR THREE MINUTES, BUT I'M SIX BLOCKS FROM THE CORNER WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET BLONDIE!
SHE'S NOT HERE YET! I'LL RUSH BACK AND GET THE CAR AND DRIVE BACK HERE.. MAYBE SHE'LL ARRIVE IN THE MEAN-TIME!
HELLO.. IS MR BUMSTEAD STILL AT THE OFFICE?... HE ISN'T?... THAT'S FUNNY!
LISTEN! YOU'VE BEEN TYING UP TRAFFIC AROUND HERE FOR AN HOUR! NOW GET OUT IN THE SUBURBS OR I'LL GIVE YOU A TICKET!
MOV
YOU'RE EXACTLY ONE HOUR AND SEVEN MINUTES LATE!
I TOOK THE CAR HOME AND LOCKED IT IN OUR GARAGE AND CAME BACK HERE AGAIN ON THE STREET CAR!
YOU COULD'VE PUT THE CAR IN THAT PARKING SPACE ACROSS THE STREET AND SAVED YOURSELF A LOT OF TROUBLE!
I FIGURED A QUARTER WAS TOO MUCH FOR PARKING THE CAR JUST A FEW MINUTES!
11·4
© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
Great Britain rights reserved
OH! I WASN'T WORTH A QUARTER, HUH? A QUARTER WAS TOO MUCH TO SPEND TO MEET YOUR WIFE!
LISTEN, DEAR, I DIDN'T MEAN IT THAT WAY, HONEST! NOW, LISTEN, WILL YOU?
CHIC YOUNG

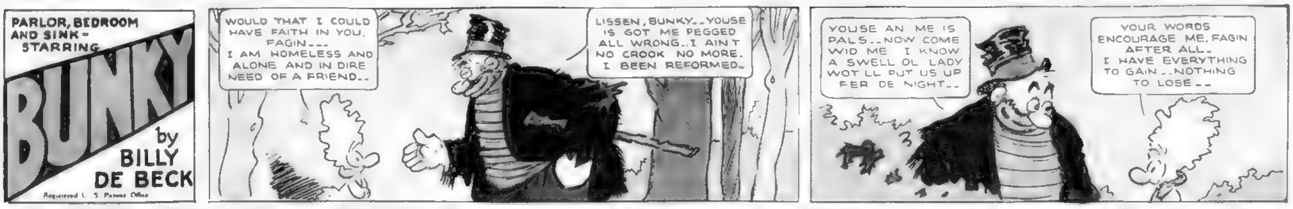

IT'S PAPA WHO PAYS!
by JIMMY-MURPHY
Registered U. S. Patent Office
I WON'T BE BACK UNTIL DINNER TIME, PAPA---- I'VE LOTS OF SHOPPING TO DO----
AS LONG AS I HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO DO, I THINK I'LL PUT CHECKS IN THE MAILS FOR ALL THESE BILLS THAT MAMA OWES
AND NOW I'LL WASH THE BREAKFAST DISHES, MAKE THE BEDS AND STRAIGHTEN UP THE HOUSE---MAMA WILL BE PLEASED WHEN SHE COMES IN AND FINDS EVERYTHING SPICK AND SPAN!
FOR MONTHS MAMA HAS WANTED ME TO BEAT THIS RUG AND I'LL DO IT RIGHT NOW----
I'LL WASH AND POLISH THE CAR, TOO, SO IT WILL LOOK NICE WHEN SHE TAKES MRS. MC GOOF RIDING TOMORROW!
AND I'LL SWITCH THE FURNITURE AROUND THE WAY MAMA HAS BEEN WANTING IT CHANGED----
NOBODY CAN SAY I HAVEN'T WORKED TODAY---I WASHED THE WINDOWS, AND CLEANED OUT THE REFRIGERATOR, TOO, AND NOW I'LL REST A FEW MINUTES BEFORE MAMA GETS HOME----
WELL, HERE I AM, PAPA! WHERE ARE YOU? PAPA, ANSWER ME--- HEAVENS, I CAN HEAR HIM SNORING----
© 1934 King Features Syndicate Inc. Great Britain rights reserved
MY STARS---- HE WAS HALF-ASLEEP WHEN I LEFT THIS MORNING AND HE'S SOUND ASLEEP NOW----
Z-Z-Z
SHAME ON YOU FOR LETTING ME SHOP MYSELF FLAT-FOOTED WHILE YOU SLEEP THE LIVE-LONG DAY, YOU LAZY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING LOAFER!
JIMMY MURPHY

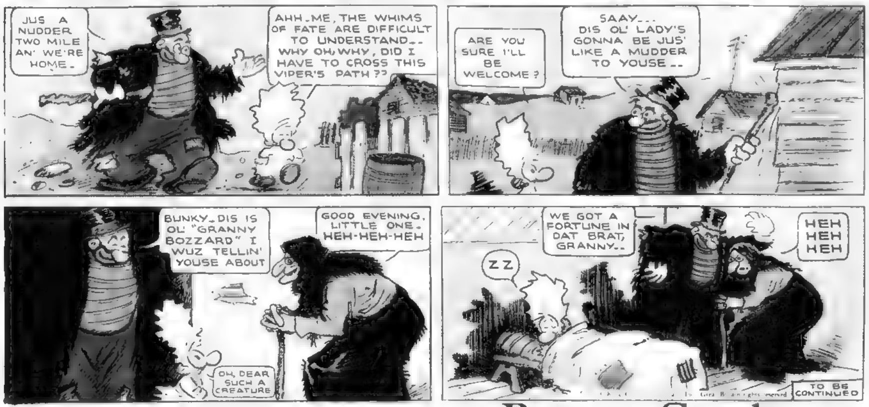
HERE IS "BEANIE," THE COP ON OUR BEAT, AND TWO COLORFUL COSTUMES FOR HIM!
POLICEMAN IN SINGAPORE
SOUTH AMERICAN PEON COSTUME.
BEANIE CHUCKLE
BEND BACK ON DOTTED LINE
JIMMY MURPHY
11-4

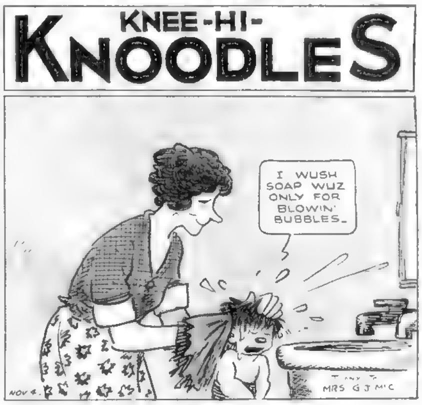
Toots and Casper

Registered U. S. Patent Office

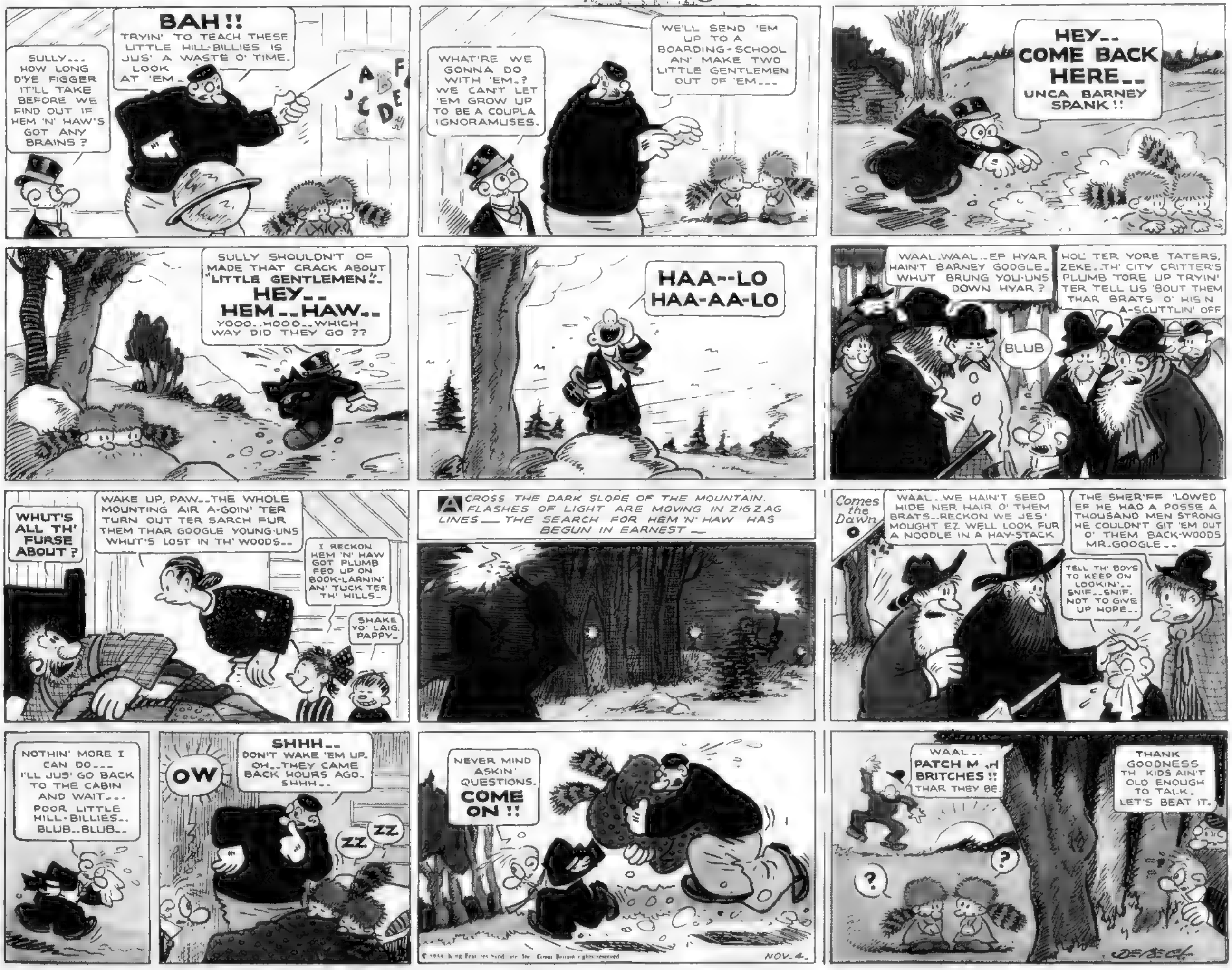

FAR AT SEA ON BOARD THE GIANT STEAMSHIP IS ROGER KAILERTON AND HIS PRETTY BRIDE, STELLA CLINKER, BOUND FOR AN EXTENDED HONEYMOON TRIP ABROAD! MAY THEY LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!
EVERETT WILL HAVE TO BE LOOKING AROUND FOR A NEW GARDENER, CASPER, BUT HE'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER ONE LIKE ROGER KAILERTON!
WHY DON'T YOU APPLY FOR THE JOB, YOURSELF, ABNER? YOU DON'T NEED THE MONEY, BUT YOU COULD GIVE THE DOUGH YOU MAKE TO ME, AND THE EXERCISE WOULD DO YOU GOOD!
CASPER, WE'VE HAD SUCH A LOVELY TIME HERE IN PRAIRIE JUNCTION I HATE TO LEAVE, BUT WE MUST BE GETTING HOME----
THAT'S RIGHT, TOOTS--- THE EXCITEMENT IS ALL OVER, SO WE MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME, AND BESIDES, I'M A WORKING MAN AND I'VE GOTTA GET BACK ON THE JOB!
TOOTS AND I ARE GONNA RETURN TO THE CITY ON THE AFTERNOON TRAIN, UNCLE EVERETT!
YOU OUGHT TO STICK AROUND UNTIL THE DUCK-SHOOTING STARTS, CASPER! WE'RE GONNA FLOOD THE LOW-LANDS WITH A FOOT OF WATER AND THEN WE'LL SCATTER FEED ON THE WATER TO ATTRACT THE DUCKS!
YESSIR, THEN THE DUCKS WILL SWOOP DOWN ON THE WATER TO EAT THE FEED AND THERE'LL BE SOME GOOD SHOOTING--
SAY, IF I WAS HERE I'D BAG PLENTY OF DUCKS WITHOUT A GUN--- I'D LAY A LITTLE LINE OF FEED FROM THE MARSH TO YOUR GARAGE---THEN THE DUCKS WOULD FOLLOW THE LINE TO EAT THE FEED AND WHEN THEY GOT INSIDE THE GARAGE I'D CLOSE THE DOORS ON THEM!
MEADOWS, ARE MY THINGS ALL PACKED?
YES, EVERYTHING IS READY, SIR, AND MR. ABNER INSISTED ON TAKING CHARGE OF YOUR GRIPS!
I'LL GET YOUR GRIPS TO THE DEPOT FOR YOU, CASPER, BUT IT'S NO TROUBLE I ASSURE YOU---IT'S WORTH A LITTLE EXERTION TO GET RID OF YOU! HA! HA!
NOW, ABNER, IS THAT NICE?
GEE, I'M SORRY TO SEE THEM LEAVE, ABNER! I JUST LOVE TOOTS AND CASPER!
WE'LL SEE THEM AGAIN SOON, ELLEN, BECAUSE WE'LL BE GOING TO THE CITY, OURSELVES, IN A WEEK OR TWO!
EVERETT AND I ARE GOING TO MISS YOU, CASPER!
YOU MAY MISS US, ELSIE, BUT EVERETT IS SO HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE WITH YOU HE DIDN'T NOTICE WE WERE AROUND, ANY-WAY!
IT'S TIME WE WERE STARTING FOR THE DEPOT, CASPER!
GOODBYE, UNCLE EVERETT, AND TAKE GOOD CARE OF ELSIE! DON'T EVER LET HER GET AWAY FROM YOU AGAIN!
DON'T WORRY, TOOTS! I'LL NEVER LET ELSIE OUT OF MY SIGHT AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE---
AND I WANT EVERETT TO BE WITH ME ALWAYS--- ALWAYS--
© 1934 King Features Syndicate Inc. Great Britain rights reserved
11-4
TOOTS, THEY SAY EVERYTHING COMES IN THREES AND IT WORKED OUT THAT WAY HERE---FIRST, ABNER MARRIED ELLEN----THEN EVERETT FOUND ELSIE AND FINALLY ROGER MARRIED STELLA---- LITTLE OLD PRAIRIE JUNCTION HASN'T MUCH HISTORY, BUT IT SURE GETS IT'S SHARE OF ROMANCE!
JIMMY MURPHY 11-4
HERE IT COMES THUNDERING ALONG--- "THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS"--- BRINGING TOOTS AND CASPER TO THE CITY---- TO NEW ADVENTURES--- TO GREATER THRILLS--
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.


PARLOR, BEDROOM AND SINK - STARRING
BUNKY
by BILLY DE BECK
Registered U. S. Patent Office
WOULD THAT I COULD HAVE FAITH IN YOU, FAGIN--- I AM HOMELESS AND ALONE AND IN DIRE NEED OF A FRIEND--
LISSEN, BUNKY--YOUSE IS GOT ME PEGGED ALL WRONG--I AIN'T NO CROOK NO MORE. I BEEN REFORMED-
YOUSE AN ME IS PALS--NOW COME WID ME I KNOW A SWELL OL LADY WOT'LL PUT US UP FER DE NIGHT--
YOUR WORDS ENCOURAGE ME, FAGIN AFTER ALL- I HAVE EVERYTHING TO GAIN--NOTHING TO LOSE--


JUS A NUDDER TWO MILE AN' WE'RE HOME-
AHH-ME, THE WHIMS OF FATE ARE DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND-- WHY OH, WHY, DID I HAVE TO CROSS THIS VIPER'S PATH ??
ARE YOU SURE I'LL BE WELCOME ?
SAAY--- DIS OL' LADY'S GONNA BE JUS' LIKE A MUDDER TO YOUSE --
BUNKY-DIS IS OL' "GRANNY BOZZARD" I WUZ TELLIN' YOUSE ABOUT
GOOD EVENING, LITTLE ONE- HEH-HEH-HEH
OH, DEAR SUCH A CREATURE
WE GOT A FORTUNE IN DAT BRAT, GRANNY--
HEH HEH HEH
ZZ
TO BE CONTINUED

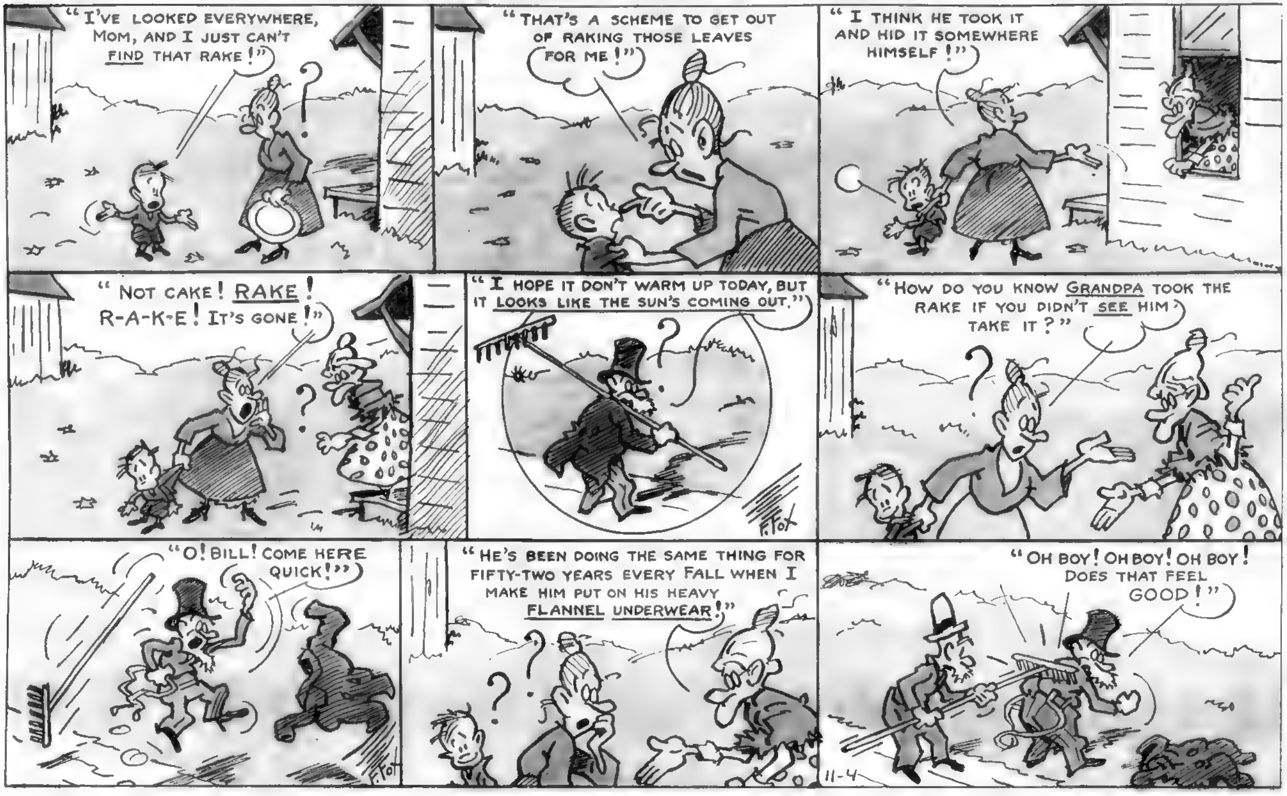

KNEE-HI-KNOODLES
I WUSH SOAP WUZ ONLY FOR BLOWIN' BUBBLES-
NOV 4.
MRS G J M'C

Barney Google


SULLY--- HOW LONG D'YE FIGGER IT'LL TAKE BEFORE WE FIND OUT IF HEM 'N' HAW'S GOT ANY BRAINS ?
BAH!! TRYIN' TO TEACH THESE LITTLE HILL-BILLIES IS JUS' A WASTE O' TIME. LOOK AT 'EM-
A B C D E F
WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO WITH 'EM-? WE CAN'T LET 'EM GROW UP TO BE A COUPLA IGNORAMUSES.
WE'LL SEND 'EM UP TO A BOARDING-SCHOOL AN' MAKE TWO LITTLE GENTLEMEN OUT OF 'EM---
HEY-- COME BACK HERE-- UNCA BARNEY SPANK !!
SULLY SHOULDN'T OF MADE THAT CRACK ABOUT "LITTLE GENTLEMEN"- HEY-- HEM--HAW-- YOOO--HOOO--WHICH WAY DID THEY GO ??
HAA--LO HAA-AA-LO
WAAL, WAAL--EF HYAR HAIN'T BARNEY GOOGLE- WHUT BRUNG YOU-UNS DOWN HYAR ?
HOL' TER YORE TATERS, ZEKE-TH' CITY CRITTER'S PLUMB TORE UP TRYIN' TER TELL US 'BOUT THEM THAR BRATS O' HIS'N A-SCUTTLIN' OFF
BLUB
WHUT'S ALL TH' FURSE ABOUT ?
WAKE UP, PAW--THE WHOLE MOUNTING AIR A-GOIN' TER TURN OUT TER SARCH FUR THEM THAR GOOGLE YOUNG-UNS WHUT'S LOST IN TH' WOODS--
I RECKON HEM 'N' HAW GOT PLUMB FED UP ON BOOK-LARNIN' AN' TUCK TER TH' HILLS-
SHAKE YO' LAIG, PAPPY-
ACROSS THE DARK SLOPE OF THE MOUNTAIN. FLASHES OF LIGHT ARE MOVING IN ZIGZAG LINES — THE SEARCH FOR HEM 'N' HAW HAS BEGUN IN EARNEST —
Comes the Dawn
WAAL--WE HAIN'T SEED HIDE NER HAIR O' THEM BRATS--RECKON WE JES' MOUGHT EZ WELL LOOK FUR A NOODLE IN A HAY-STACK
THE SHER'FF 'LOWED EF HE HAD A POSSE A THOUSAND MEN STRONG HE COULDN'T GIT 'EM OUT O' THEM BACK-WOODS MR. GOOGLE--
TELL TH' BOYS TO KEEP ON LOOKIN'-- SNIF--SNIF. NOT TO GIVE UP HOPE--
NOTHIN' MORE I CAN DO--- I'LL JUS' GO BACK TO THE CABIN AND WAIT--- POOR LITTLE HILL-BILLIES-- BLUB--BLUB--
OW
SHHH-- DON'T WAKE 'EM UP. OH--THEY CAME BACK HOURS AGO. SHHH--
ZZ ZZ
NEVER MIND ASKIN' QUESTIONS. COME ON !!
© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved
NOV-4-
WAAL-- PATCH M H BRITCHES !! THAR THEY BE.
THANK GOODNESS TH KIDS AIN'T OLD ENOUGH TO TALK. LET'S BEAT IT.
? ?
DE BECK

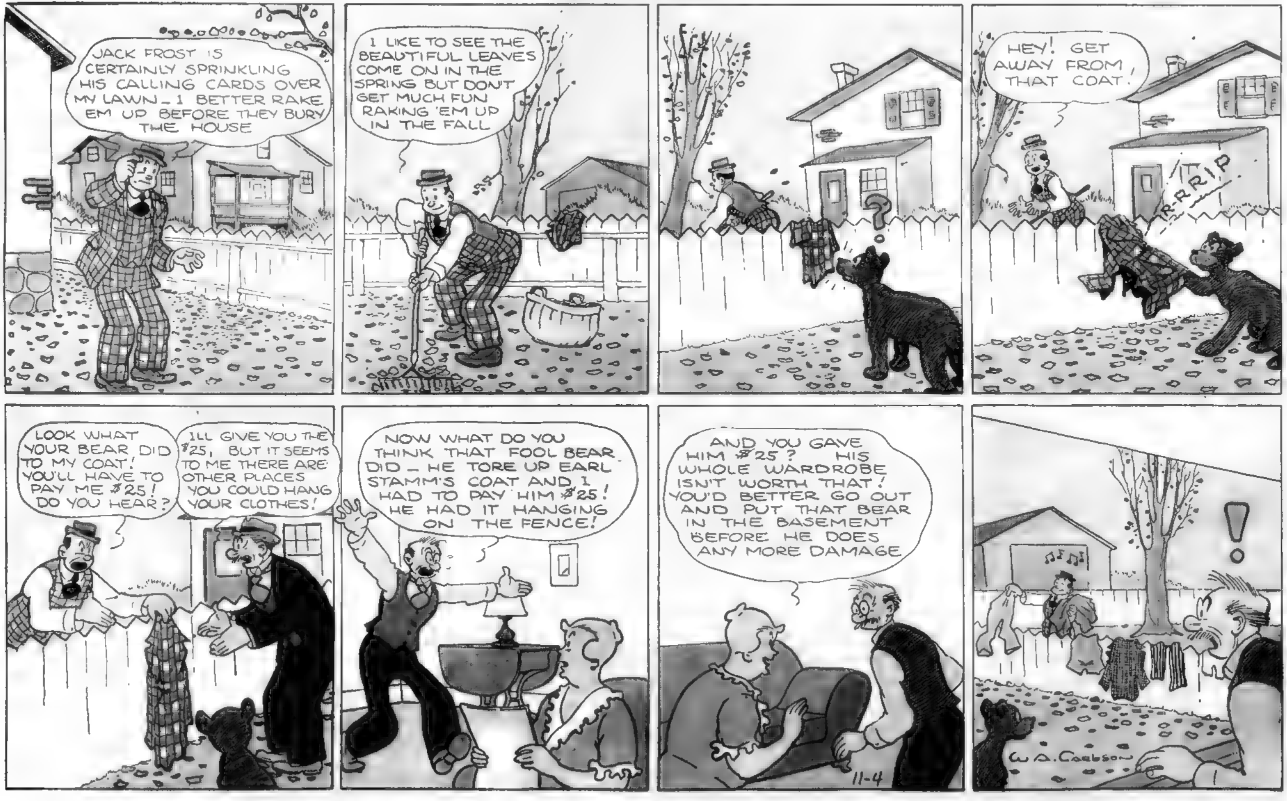
TOONERVILLE FOLKS

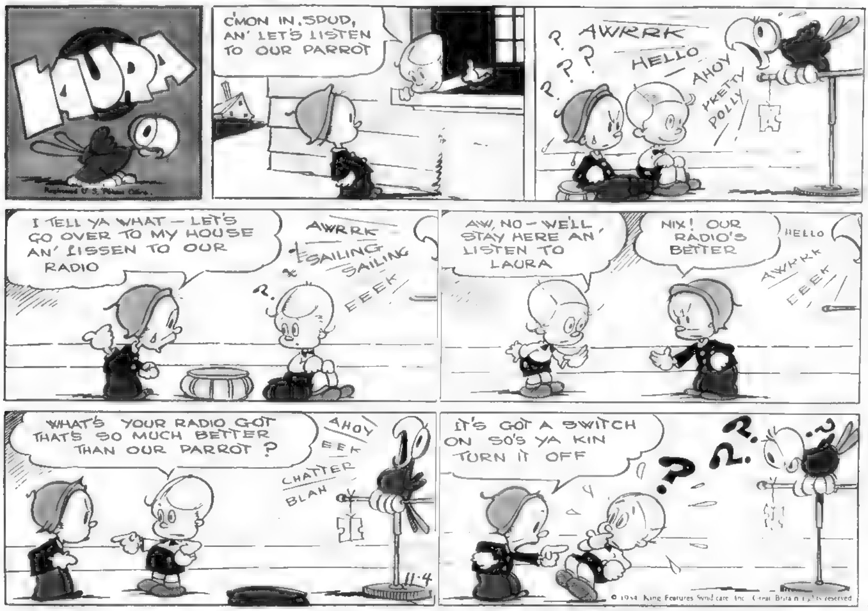
Registered U. S. Patent Office


"I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE, MOM, AND I JUST CAN'T FIND THAT RAKE!"
"THAT'S A SCHEME TO GET OUT OF RAKING THOSE LEAVES FOR ME!"
"I THINK HE TOOK IT AND HID IT SOMEWHERE HIMSELF!"
"NOT CAKE! RAKE! R-A-K-E! IT'S GONE!"
"I HOPE IT DON'T WARM UP TODAY, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE SUN'S COMING OUT."
F. FOX
"HOW DO YOU KNOW GRANDPA TOOK THE RAKE IF YOU DIDN'T SEE HIM TAKE IT?"
"O! BILL! COME HERE QUICK!"
F. FOX
"HE'S BEEN DOING THE SAME THING FOR FIFTY-TWO YEARS EVERY FALL WHEN I MAKE HIM PUT ON HIS HEAVY FLANNEL UNDERWEAR!"
"OH BOY! OH BOY! OH BOY! DOES THAT FEEL GOOD!"
11-4

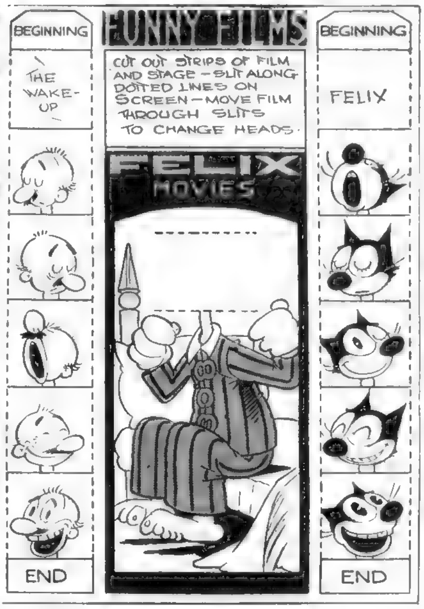
THE NEBBS

Registered U. S. Patent Office


JACK FROST IS CERTAINLY SPRINKLING HIS CALLING CARDS OVER MY LAWN – I BETTER RAKE 'EM UP BEFORE THEY BURY THE HOUSE
I LIKE TO SEE THE BEAUTIFUL LEAVES COME ON IN THE SPRING BUT DON'T GET MUCH FUN RAKING 'EM UP IN THE FALL
HEY! GET AWAY FROM THAT COAT.
R-R-RIP
LOOK WHAT YOUR BEAR DID TO MY COAT! YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY ME $25! DO YOU HEAR?
I'LL GIVE YOU THE $25, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THERE ARE OTHER PLACES YOU COULD HANG YOUR CLOTHES!
NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT FOOL BEAR DID – HE TORE UP EARL STAMM'S COAT AND I HAD TO PAY HIM $25! HE HAD IT HANGING ON THE FENCE!
AND YOU GAVE HIM $25? HIS WHOLE WARDROBE ISN'T WORTH THAT! YOU'D BETTER GO OUT AND PUT THAT BEAR IN THE BASEMENT BEFORE HE DOES ANY MORE DAMAGE
11-4
W. A. CARLSON

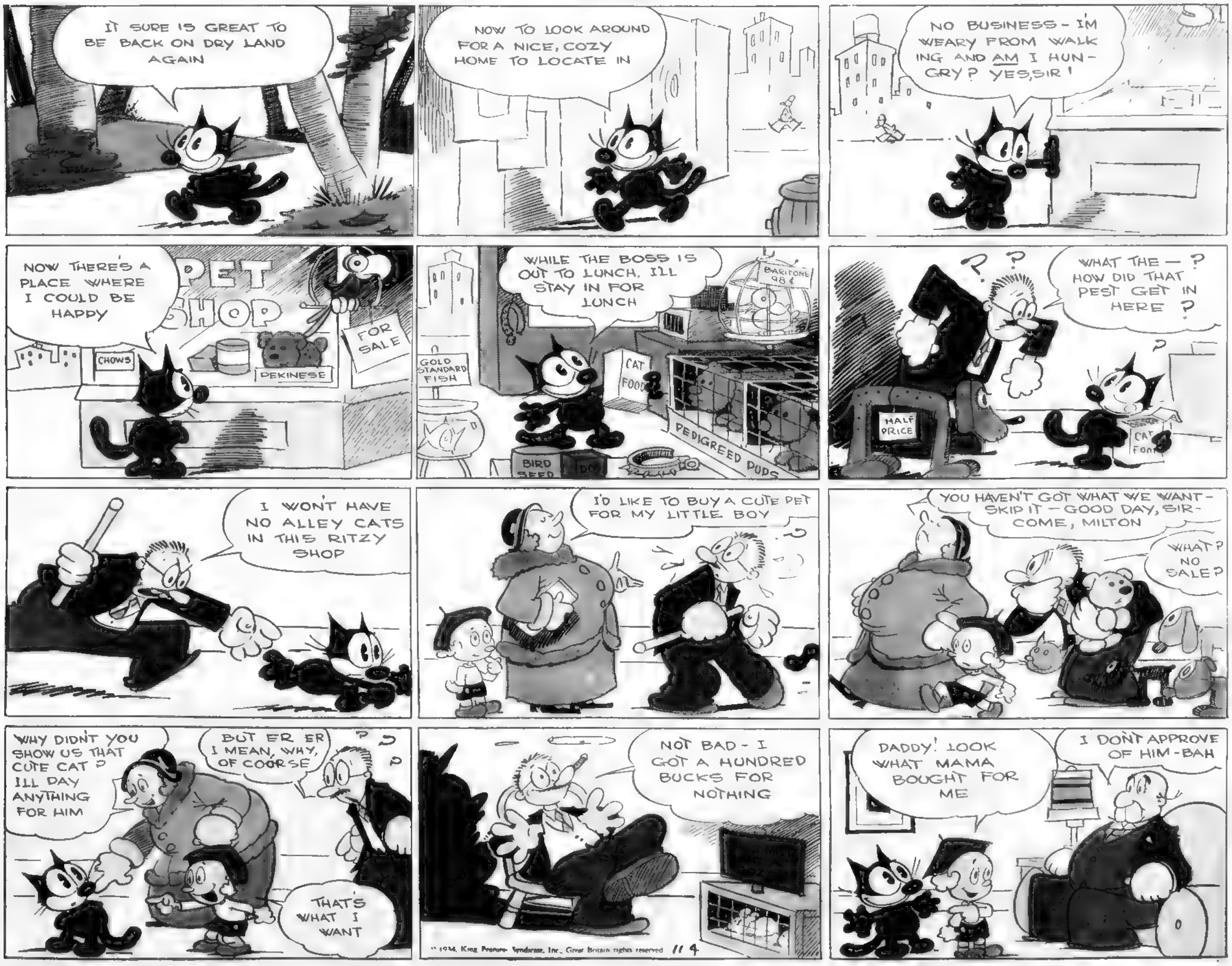

LAURA
Registered U. S. Patent Office
C'MON IN, SPUD, AN' LET'S LISTEN TO OUR PARROT
? AWRRK
? ? ?
HELLO
AHOY
PRETTY POLLY
I TELL YA WHAT — LET'S GO OVER TO MY HOUSE AN' LISSEN TO OUR RADIO
AWRRK
SAILING SAILING
EEEK
?
AW, NO — WE'LL STAY HERE AN' LISTEN TO LAURA
NIX! OUR RADIO'S BETTER
HELLO
AWRRK
EEEK
WHAT'S YOUR RADIO GOT THAT'S SO MUCH BETTER THAN OUR PARROT ?
AHOY
EEK
CHATTER
BLAH
11·4
IT'S GOT A SWITCH ON SO'S YA KIN TURN IT OFF
? ? ?

© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved

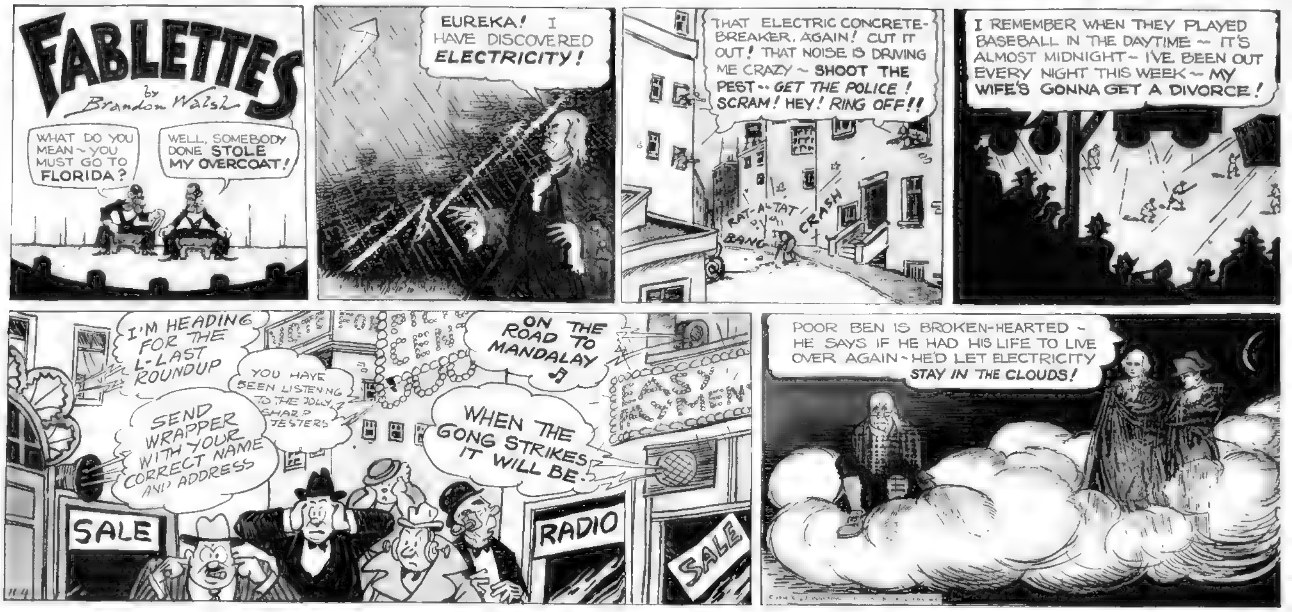

FUNNY FILMS
BEGINNING
THE WAKE-UP
END
CUT OUT STRIPS OF FILM AND STAGE — SLIT ALONG DOTTED LINES ON SCREEN — MOVE FILM THROUGH SLITS TO CHANGE HEADS.
FELIX MOVIES
BEGINNING
FELIX
END

Felix

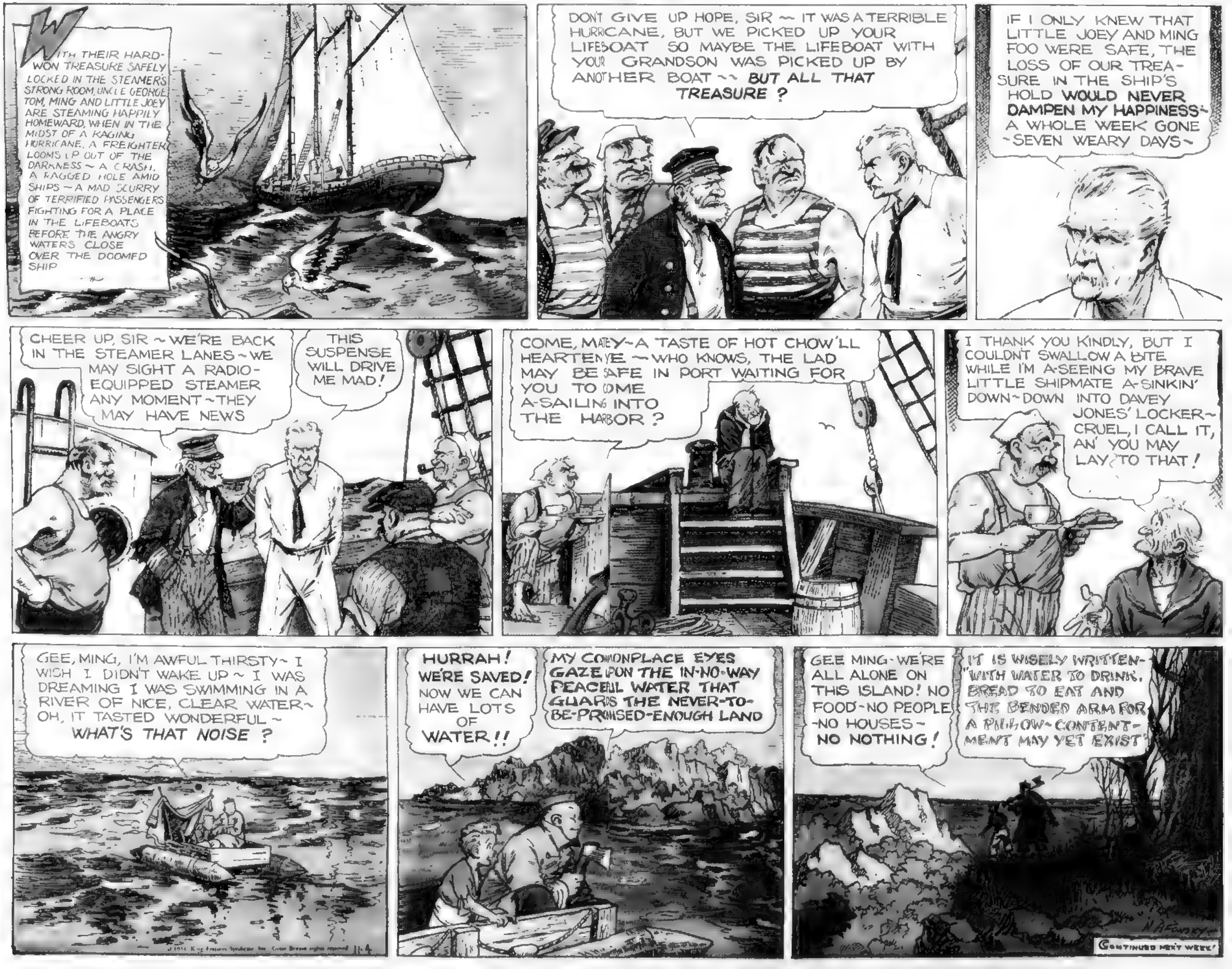
Registered U. S. Patent Office


IT SURE IS GREAT TO BE BACK ON DRY LAND AGAIN
NOW TO LOOK AROUND FOR A NICE, COZY HOME TO LOCATE IN
NO BUSINESS — I'M WEARY FROM WALKING AND AM I HUNGRY? YES, SIR!
NOW THERE'S A PLACE WHERE I COULD BE HAPPY
PET SHOP
CHOWS
PEKINESE
FOR SALE
WHILE THE BOSS IS OUT TO LUNCH, I'LL STAY IN FOR LUNCH
BARITONE 98¢
GOLD STANDARD FISH
CAT FOOD
PEDIGREED PUPS
BIRD SEED
DOG
? ?
WHAT THE — ? HOW DID THAT PEST GET IN HERE ?
HALF PRICE
CAT FOOD
?
I WON'T HAVE NO ALLEY CATS IN THIS RITZY SHOP
I'D LIKE TO BUY A CUTE PET FOR MY LITTLE BOY
YOU HAVEN'T GOT WHAT WE WANT — SKIP IT — GOOD DAY, SIR — COME, MILTON
WHAT? NO SALE?
WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOW US THAT CUTE CAT? I'LL PAY ANYTHING FOR HIM
BUT ER ER I MEAN, WHY, OF COORSE
THAT'S WHAT I WANT
NOT BAD — I GOT A HUNDRED BUCKS FOR NOTHING
11 4
DADDY! LOOK WHAT MAMA BOUGHT FOR ME
I DON'T APPROVE OF HIM — BAH

© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved

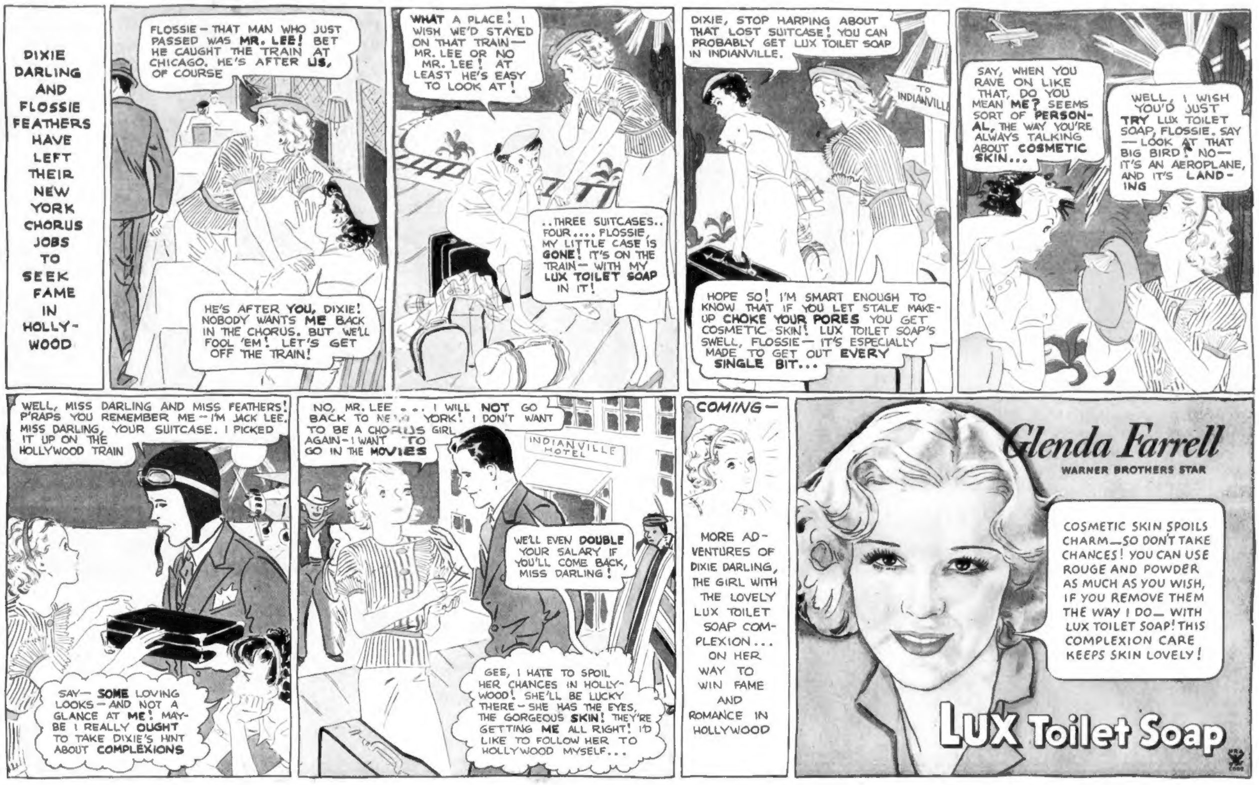

FABLETTES
by Brandon Walsh
WHAT DO YOU MEAN ~ YOU MUST GO TO FLORIDA?
WELL, SOMEBODY DONE STOLE MY OVERCOAT!
EUREKA! I HAVE DISCOVERED ELECTRICITY!
THAT ELECTRIC CONCRETE-BREAKER, AGAIN! CUT IT OUT! THAT NOISE IS DRIVING ME CRAZY ~ SHOOT THE PEST -- GET THE POLICE! SCRAM! HEY! RING OFF!!
RAT-A-TAT
BANG
CRASH
I REMEMBER WHEN THEY PLAYED BASEBALL IN THE DAYTIME ~ IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT ~ I'VE BEEN OUT EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK ~ MY WIFE'S GONNA GET A DIVORCE!
I'M HEADING FOR THE L-LAST ROUNDUP
YOU HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO THE JOLLY SHARP JESTERS
ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY ♪
SEND WRAPPER WITH YOUR CORRECT NAME AND ADDRESS
WHEN THE GONG STRIKES IT WILL BE
VOTE FOR
EASY PAYMENTS
SALE
RADIO
SALE
11-4
POOR BEN IS BROKEN-HEARTED ~ HE SAYS IF HE HAD HIS LIFE TO LIVE OVER AGAIN ~ HE'D LET ELECTRICITY STAY IN THE CLOUDS!

Little Annie Rooney

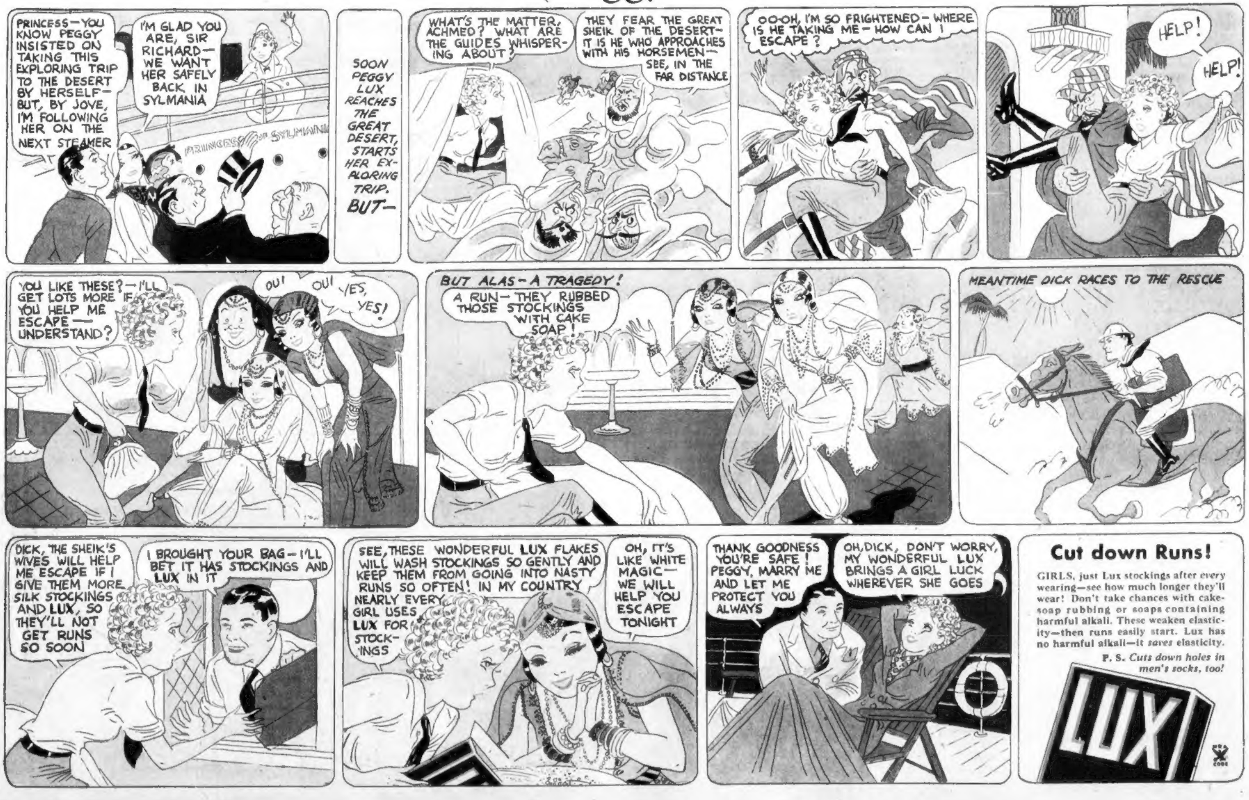

WITH THEIR HARD-WON TREASURE SAFELY LOCKED IN THE STEAMER'S STRONG ROOM, UNCLE GEORGE, TOM, MING AND LITTLE JOEY ARE STEAMING HAPPILY HOMEWARD, WHEN IN THE MIDST OF A RAGING HURRICANE, A FREIGHTER LOOMS UP OUT OF THE DARKNESS ~ A CRASH, A RAGGED HOLE AMIDSHIPS ~ A MAD SCURRY OF TERRIFIED PASSENGERS FIGHTING FOR A PLACE IN THE LIFEBOATS BEFORE THE ANGRY WATERS CLOSE OVER THE DOOMED SHIP
DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, SIR ~ IT WAS A TERRIBLE HURRICANE, BUT WE PICKED UP YOUR LIFEBOAT SO MAYBE THE LIFEBOAT WITH YOUR GRANDSON WAS PICKED UP BY ANOTHER BOAT ~~ BUT ALL THAT TREASURE?
IF I ONLY KNEW THAT LITTLE JOEY AND MING FOO WERE SAFE, THE LOSS OF OUR TREASURE IN THE SHIP'S HOLD WOULD NEVER DAMPEN MY HAPPINESS ~ A WHOLE WEEK GONE ~ SEVEN WEARY DAYS ~
CHEER UP, SIR ~ WE'RE BACK IN THE STEAMER LANES ~ WE MAY SIGHT A RADIO-EQUIPPED STEAMER ANY MOMENT ~ THEY MAY HAVE NEWS
THIS SUSPENSE WILL DRIVE ME MAD!
COME, MATEY ~ A TASTE OF HOT CHOW'LL HEARTEN YE ~ WHO KNOWS, THE LAD MAY BE SAFE IN PORT WAITING FOR YOU TO COME A-SAILING INTO THE HARBOR?
I THANK YOU KINDLY, BUT I COULDN'T SWALLOW A BITE WHILE I'M A-SEEING MY BRAVE LITTLE SHIPMATE A-SINKIN' DOWN ~ DOWN INTO DAVEY JONES' LOCKER ~ CRUEL, I CALL IT, AN' YOU MAY LAY TO THAT!
GEE, MING, I'M AWFUL THIRSTY ~ I WISH I DIDN'T WAKE UP ~ I WAS DREAMING I WAS SWIMMING IN A RIVER OF NICE, CLEAR WATER ~ OH, IT TASTED WONDERFUL ~ WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
11-4
HURRAH! WE'RE SAVED! NOW WE CAN HAVE LOTS OF WATER!!
MY COMMONPLACE EYES GAZE UPON THE IN-NO-WAY PEACEFUL WATER THAT GUARDS THE NEVER-TO-BE-PROMISED-ENOUGH LAND
GEE MING ~ WE'RE ALL ALONE ON THIS ISLAND! NO FOOD ~ NO PEOPLE ~ NO HOUSES ~ NO NOTHING!
IT IS WISELY WRITTEN ~ "WITH WATER TO DRINK, BREAD TO EAT AND THE BENDED ARM FOR A PILLOW ~ CONTENTMENT MAY YET EXIST"
N AFONSKY
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

DIXIE AND FLOSSIE—Revolt in the Desert


DIXIE DARLING AND FLOSSIE FEATHERS HAVE LEFT THEIR NEW YORK CHORUS JOBS TO SEEK FAME IN HOLLYWOOD
FLOSSIE—THAT MAN WHO JUST PASSED WAS MR. LEE! BET HE CAUGHT THE TRAIN AT CHICAGO. HE'S AFTER US, OF COURSE
HE'S AFTER YOU, DIXIE! NOBODY WANTS ME BACK IN THE CHORUS. BUT WE'LL FOOL 'EM! LET'S GET OFF THE TRAIN!
WHAT A PLACE! I WISH WE'D STAYED ON THAT TRAIN—MR. LEE OR NO MR. LEE! AT LEAST HE'S EASY TO LOOK AT!
..THREE SUITCASES.. FOUR.... FLOSSIE, MY LITTLE CASE IS GONE! IT'S ON THE TRAIN—WITH MY LUX TOILET SOAP IN IT!
DIXIE, STOP HARPING ABOUT THAT LOST SUITCASE! YOU CAN PROBABLY GET LUX TOILET SOAP IN INDIANVILLE.
TO INDIANVILL
HOPE SO! I'M SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT IF YOU LET STALE MAKE-UP CHOKE YOUR PORES YOU GET COSMETIC SKIN! LUX TOILET SOAP'S SWELL, FLOSSIE—IT'S ESPECIALLY MADE TO GET OUT EVERY SINGLE BIT...
SAY, WHEN YOU RAVE ON LIKE THAT, DO YOU MEAN ME? SEEMS SORT OF PERSONAL, THE WAY YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT COSMETIC SKIN...
WELL, I WISH YOU'D JUST TRY LUX TOILET SOAP, FLOSSIE. SAY—LOOK AT THAT BIG BIRD! NO—IT'S AN AEROPLANE, AND IT'S LANDING
WELL, MISS DARLING AND MISS FEATHERS! P'RAPS YOU REMEMBER ME—I'M JACK LEE. MISS DARLING, YOUR SUITCASE. I PICKED IT UP ON THE HOLLYWOOD TRAIN
SAY—SOME LOVING LOOKS—AND NOT A GLANCE AT ME! MAYBE I REALLY OUGHT TO TAKE DIXIE'S HINT ABOUT COMPLEXIONS
NO, MR. LEE ... I WILL NOT GO BACK TO NEW YORK! I DON'T WANT TO BE A CHORUS GIRL AGAIN—I WANT TO GO IN THE MOVIES
INDIANVILLE HOTEL
WE'LL EVEN DOUBLE YOUR SALARY IF YOU'LL COME BACK, MISS DARLING!
GEE, I HATE TO SPOIL HER CHANCES IN HOLLYWOOD! SHE'LL BE LUCKY THERE—SHE HAS THE EYES, THE GORGEOUS SKIN! THEY'RE GETTING ME ALL RIGHT! I'D LIKE TO FOLLOW HER TO HOLLYWOOD MYSELF...
COMING—
MORE ADVENTURES OF DIXIE DARLING, THE GIRL WITH THE LOVELY LUX TOILET SOAP COMPLEXION... ON HER WAY TO WIN FAME AND ROMANCE IN HOLLYWOOD
Glenda Farrell
WARNER BROTHERS STAR
COSMETIC SKIN SPOILS CHARM—SO DON'T TAKE CHANCES! YOU CAN USE ROUGE AND POWDER AS MUCH AS YOU WISH, IF YOU REMOVE THEM THE WAY I DO—WITH LUX TOILET SOAP! THIS COMPLEXION CARE KEEPS SKIN LOVELY!
LUX Toilet Soap

Adventures of Peggy Lux · · · *THE ESCAPE*


PRINCESS—YOU KNOW PEGGY INSISTED ON TAKING THIS EXPLORING TRIP TO THE DESERT BY HERSELF—BUT, BY JOVE, I'M FOLLOWING HER ON THE NEXT STEAMER
I'M GLAD YOU ARE, SIR RICHARD—WE WANT HER SAFELY BACK IN SYLMANIA
PRINCESS OF SYLMANIA
SOON PEGGY LUX REACHES THE GREAT DESERT, STARTS HER EXPLORING TRIP. BUT—
WHAT'S THE MATTER, ACHMED? WHAT ARE THE GUIDES WHISPERING ABOUT?
THEY FEAR THE GREAT SHEIK OF THE DESERT—IT IS HE WHO APPROACHES WITH HIS HORSEMEN—SEE, IN THE FAR DISTANCE
OO-OH, I'M SO FRIGHTENED—WHERE IS HE TAKING ME—HOW CAN I ESCAPE?
HELP!
HELP!
YOU LIKE THESE?—I'LL GET LOTS MORE IF YOU HELP ME ESCAPE—UNDERSTAND?
OUI
OUI
YES, YES!
BUT ALAS—A TRAGEDY!
A RUN—THEY RUBBED THOSE STOCKINGS WITH CAKE SOAP!
MEANTIME DICK RACES TO THE RESCUE
DICK, THE SHEIK'S WIVES WILL HELP ME ESCAPE IF I GIVE THEM MORE SILK STOCKINGS AND LUX, SO THEY'LL NOT GET RUNS SO SOON
I BROUGHT YOUR BAG—I'LL BET IT HAS STOCKINGS AND LUX IN IT
SEE, THESE WONDERFUL LUX FLAKES WILL WASH STOCKINGS SO GENTLY AND KEEP THEM FROM GOING INTO NASTY RUNS SO OFTEN! IN MY COUNTRY NEARLY EVERY GIRL USES LUX FOR STOCKINGS
OH, IT'S LIKE WHITE MAGIC—WE WILL HELP YOU ESCAPE TONIGHT
THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE! PEGGY, MARRY ME AND LET ME PROTECT YOU ALWAYS
OH, DICK, DON'T WORRY, MY WONDERFUL LUX BRINGS A GIRL LUCK WHEREVER SHE GOES
LUX

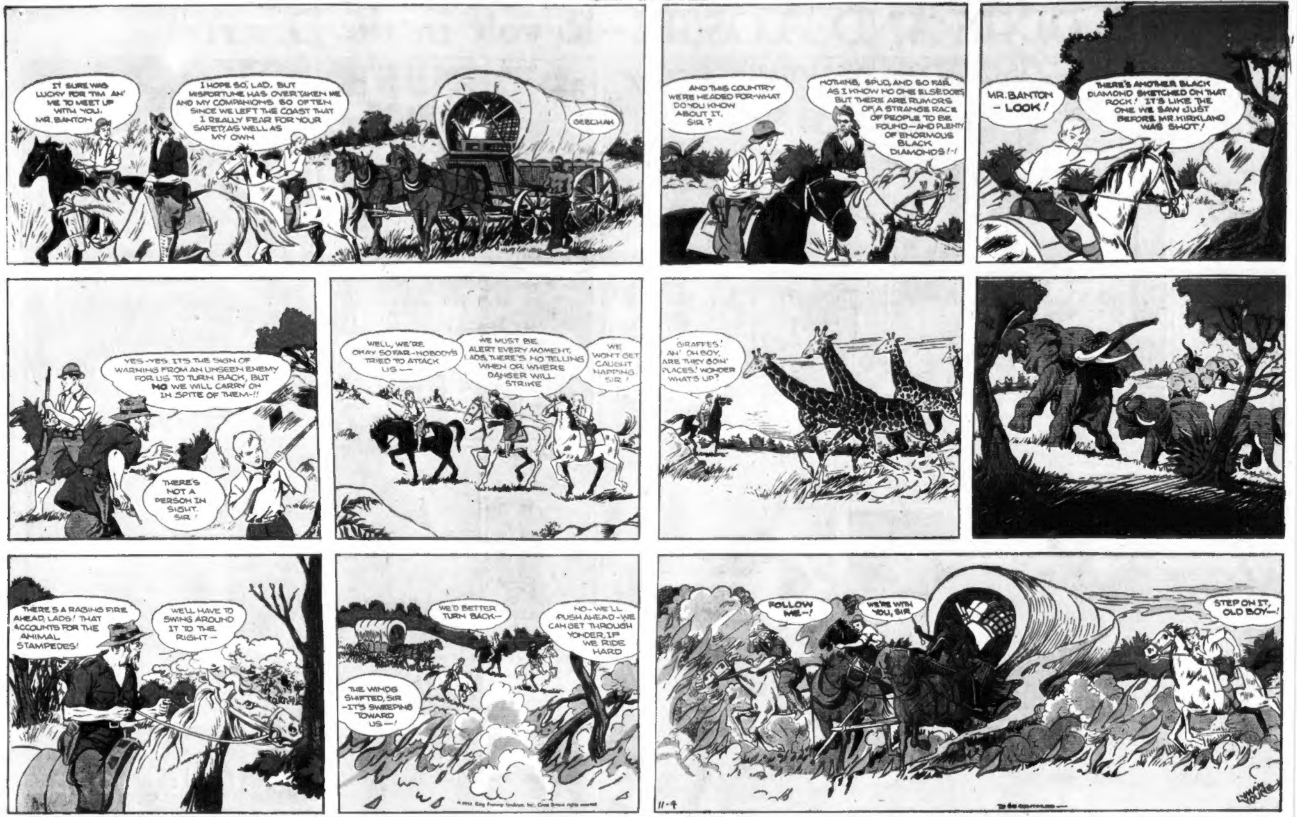
Cut down Runs!

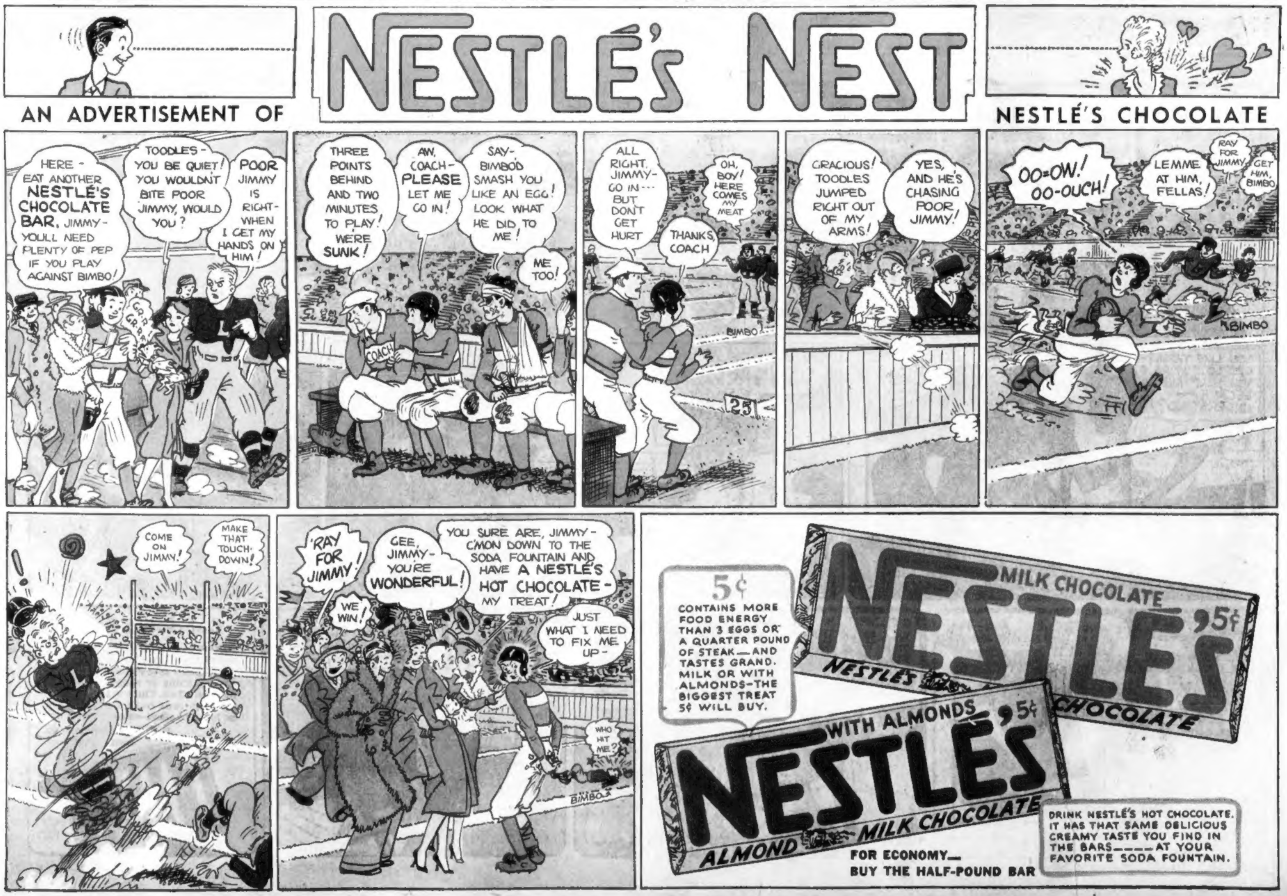
GIRLS, just Lux stockings after every wearing—see how much longer they'll wear! Don't take chances with cake-soap rubbing or soaps containing harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity—then runs easily start. Lux has no harmful alkali—it *saves* elasticity.

P. S. *Cuts down holes in men's socks, too!*

Tim Tyler's Luck

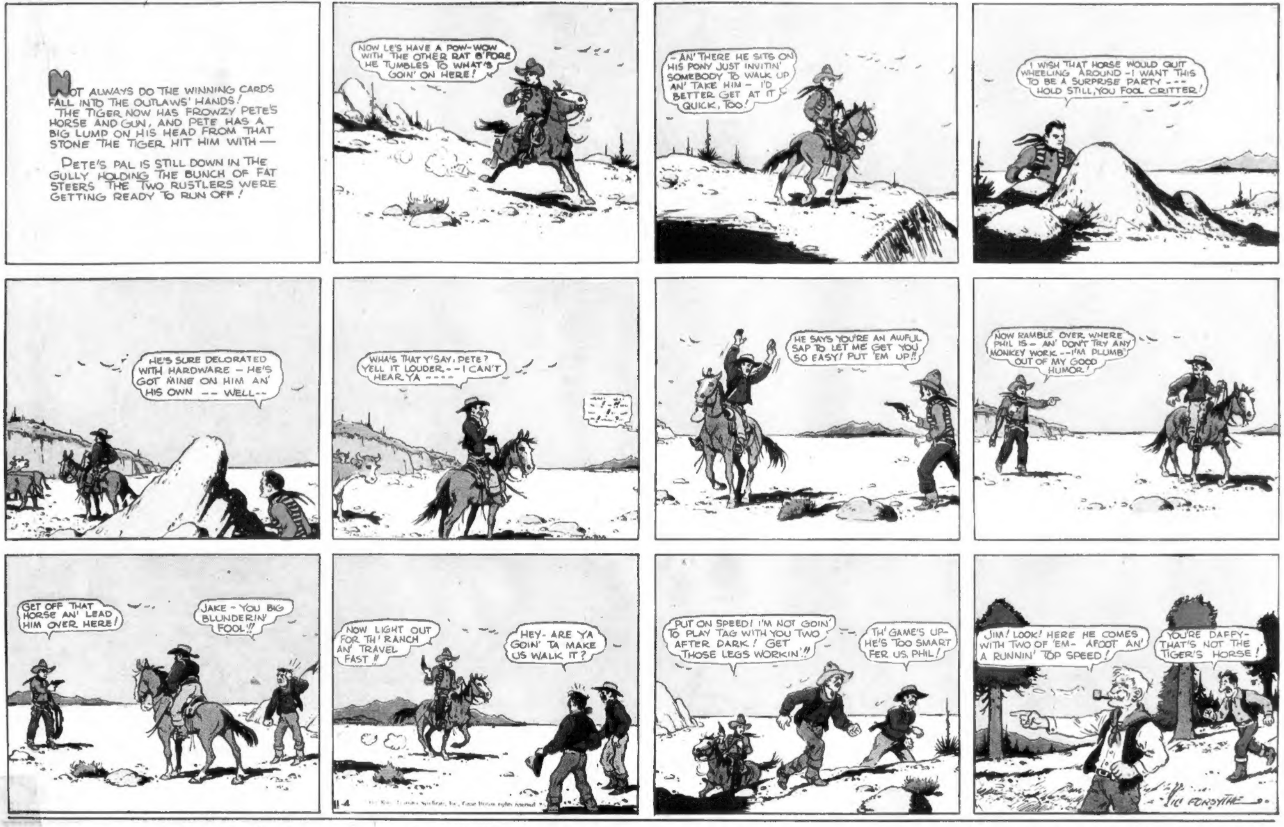
Registered U. S. Patent Office.


IT SURE WAS LUCKY FOR TIM AN' ME TO MEET UP WITH YOU, MR. BANTON
I HOPE SO, LAD, BUT MISFORTUNE HAS OVERTAKEN ME AND MY COMPANIONS SO OFTEN SINCE WE LEFT THE COAST THAT I REALLY FEAR FOR YOUR SAFETY, AS WELL AS MY OWN
GEECHAH
AND THIS COUNTRY WE'RE HEADED FOR—WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT, SIR?
NOTHING, SPUD, AND SO FAR AS I KNOW NO ONE ELSE DOES BUT THERE ARE RUMORS OF A STRANGE RACE OF PEOPLE TO BE FOUND—AND PLENTY OF ENORMOUS BLACK DIAMONDS!-!
MR. BANTON —LOOK!
THERE'S ANOTHER BLACK DIAMOND SKETCHED ON THAT ROCK! IT'S LIKE THE ONE WE SAW JUST BEFORE MR. KIRKLAND WAS SHOT!
YES-YES. IT'S THE SIGN OF WARNING FROM AN UNSEEN ENEMY FOR US TO TURN BACK, BUT NO WE WILL CARRY ON IN SPITE OF THEM-!!
THERE'S NOT A PERSON IN SIGHT, SIR!
WELL, WE'RE OKAY SO FAR—NOBODY'S TRIED TO ATTACK US —
WE MUST BE ALERT EVERY MOMENT, LADS, THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN OR WHERE DANGER WILL STRIKE
WE WON'T GET CAUGHT NAPPING, SIR!
GIRAFFES! AN' OH BOY, ARE THEY GOIN' PLACES! WONDER WHAT'S UP?
THERE'S A RAGING FIRE AHEAD, LADS! THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE ANIMAL STAMPEDES!
WE'LL HAVE TO SWING AROUND IT TO THE RIGHT —
WE'D BETTER TURN BACK—
NO— WE'LL PUSH AHEAD—WE CAN GET THROUGH YONDER, IF WE RIDE HARD
THE WINDS SHIFTED, SIR —IT'S SWEEPING TOWARD US —!
© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.
FOLLOW ME—!
WE'RE WITH YOU, SIR
STEP ON IT, OLD BOY—!
11-4
To be continued —
LYMAN YOUNG


NESTLÉ'S NEST
AN ADVERTISEMENT OF
NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE
HERE - EAT ANOTHER NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE BAR, JIMMY - YOU'LL NEED PLENTY OF PEP IF YOU PLAY AGAINST BIMBO!
TOODLES - YOU BE QUIET! YOU WOULDN'T BITE POOR JIMMY, WOULD YOU?
POOR JIMMY IS RIGHT - WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!
GR-R GR-R-R
THREE POINTS BEHIND AND TWO MINUTES TO PLAY! WE'RE SUNK!
AW, COACH - PLEASE LET ME GO IN!
SAY- BIMBO'D SMASH YOU LIKE AN EGG! LOOK WHAT HE DID TO ME!
ME TOO!
COACH
ALL RIGHT, JIMMY - GO IN --- BUT DON'T GET HURT
THANKS, COACH
OH, BOY! HERE COMES MY MEAT
BIMBO
25
GRACIOUS! TOODLES JUMPED RIGHT OUT OF MY ARMS!
YES, AND HE'S CHASING POOR JIMMY!
OO-OW! OO-OUCH!
LEMME AT HIM, FELLAS!
RAY FOR JIMMY
GET HIM, BIMBO
BIMBO
COME ON JIMMY!
MAKE THAT TOUCH-DOWN!
GR-R GR-R
'RAY FOR JIMMY!
WE WIN!
GEE, JIMMY - YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
YOU SURE ARE, JIMMY - C'MON DOWN TO THE SODA FOUNTAIN AND HAVE A NESTLÉ'S HOT CHOCOLATE - MY TREAT!
JUST WHAT I NEED TO FIX ME UP -
WHO HIT ME?
BIMBO
5¢
CONTAINS MORE FOOD ENERGY THAN 3 EGGS OR A QUARTER POUND OF STEAK — AND TASTES GRAND. MILK OR WITH ALMONDS—THE BIGGEST TREAT 5¢ WILL BUY.
MILK CHOCOLATE NESTLÉ'S 5¢
NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE
WITH ALMONDS NESTLÉ'S 5¢
ALMOND MILK CHOCOLATE
FOR ECONOMY— BUY THE HALF-POUND BAR
DRINK NESTLÉ'S HOT CHOCOLATE. IT HAS THAT SAME DELICIOUS CREAMY TASTE YOU FIND IN THE BARS —— AT YOUR FAVORITE SODA FOUNTAIN.

Way Out West

Registered U. S. Patent Office.


NOT ALWAYS DO THE WINNING CARDS FALL INTO THE OUTLAWS' HANDS!
THE TIGER NOW HAS FROWZY PETE'S HORSE AND GUN, AND PETE HAS A BIG LUMP ON HIS HEAD FROM THAT STONE THE TIGER HIT HIM WITH —
PETE'S PAL IS STILL DOWN IN THE GULLY HOLDING THE BUNCH OF FAT STEERS THE TWO RUSTLERS WERE GETTING READY TO RUN OFF!
NOW LE'S HAVE A POW-WOW WITH THE OTHER RAT B'FORE HE TUMBLES TO WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE!
– AN' THERE HE SITS ON HIS PONY JUST INVITIN' SOMEBODY TO WALK UP AN' TAKE HIM – I'D BETTER GET AT IT QUICK, TOO!
I WISH THAT HORSE WOULD QUIT WHEELING AROUND – I WANT THIS TO BE A SURPRISE PARTY – – – HOLD STILL, YOU FOOL CRITTER!
HE'S SURE DELORATED WITH HARDWARE – HE'S GOT MINE ON HIM AN' HIS OWN – – WELL – –
WHA'S THAT Y'SAY, PETE? YELL IT LOUDER – – I CAN'T HEAR YA – – – –
HE SAYS YOU'RE AN AWFUL SAP TO LET ME GET YOU SO EASY! PUT 'EM UP!!
NOW RAMBLE OVER WHERE PHIL IS – AN' DON'T TRY ANY MONKEY WORK – – I'M PLUMB OUT OF MY GOOD HUMOR!
GET OFF THAT HORSE AN' LEAD HIM OVER HERE!
JAKE – YOU BIG BLUNDERIN' FOOL!!
NOW LIGHT OUT FOR TH' RANCH AN' TRAVEL FAST!!
HEY – ARE YA GOIN' TA MAKE US WALK IT?
11-4
King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.
PUT ON SPEED! I'M NOT GOIN' TO PLAY TAG WITH YOU TWO AFTER DARK! GET THOSE LEGS WORKIN'!!
TH' GAME'S UP – HE'S TOO SMART FER US, PHIL!
JIM! LOOK! HERE HE COMES WITH TWO OF 'EM – AFOOT AN' A RUNNIN' TOP SPEED!
YOU'RE DAFFY – THAT'S NOT THE TIGER'S HORSE!
FORSYTHE

"HOW MOTHER GOT HER FUR COAT"......

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE W. J. THOMPSON COMPANY

OH JOHN – I SIMPLY MUST HAVE A NEW FUR COAT
OH LOOK!
DO YOU REALIZE ALL I HAVE TO PAY?
BILL
TAXES – RENT – INSURANCE OH BOY – WHAT A HEADACHE
GEE – DAD HERE IS A WAY TO WIN $1500.00 CASH
LET ME SEE THAT
IT'S VERY SIMPLE – JUST SEND IN THE COUPON – NOW
AND A FEW DAYS LATER
HOT DAWG, DADDY
THIS LETTER EXPLAINS EVERYTHING IT'S A CINCH
OH BOY – THIS IS INTERESTING – AND YOU CAN ALL HELP
I'M SO GLAD
DAD I'LL HELP
I HOPE YOU BRING GOOD NEWS

GOOD NEWS – WOW! – MARY, THAT PAYS OFF ALL OF MY WORRIES AND BUYS YOU THAT FUR COAT – GEE – I'M GLAD I SENT THAT COUPON
AND I HELPED DAD
CHECK $1500.00

$1500 ANSWER THIS PUZZLE AND QUALIFY TO WIN $1500

There are many other cash prizes to be won — Everyone who enters and qualifies will receive a cash award.

TAKE EITHER YOUR PEN OR PENCIL — RIGHT NOW — AND START IN DETERMINED TO WIN THE $1,500.00 FIRST PRIZE, INCLUDING THE $500.00 EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS.

Here is a Map of the United States on which a number of places are shown. Without any trouble you can see such places as New York City, Nashville, Naples all of which contain the letter "N" in spelling of the Name.

How many cities in which the letter "N" appears, can you connect without crossing your path?

That's the first test in this Prize Travel Game. Looks easy, doesn't it?—and it is easy! But the idea is who can draw a continuous line from "dot" to "dot" and connect the MOST "N" Places, making sure that your line between dots is straight.

Start from New York City and finish your Path at New York City, including it but once in your count. Go in any direction with your Path, up or down, any way you like, but do not cross your Path at any Point. Players must submit their Maps giving total number of "N" Places visited and Path marked with pen or pencil in a straight line from "dot" to "dot"

OVER $3,500.00 IN CASH PRIZES

A First Prize of $1,500.00 including $500.00 extra for promptness will be awarded! In all more than $3,500.00 in CASH may be won in this great Prize Travel Game. Closing date for entries November 30th, 1934. There will be Thirty-Five Winners, lowest cash prize will be $15.00. You should act quickly —remember the $500.00 Extra for Promptness.

If there is a tie for any prize in the final award, the full amount of the prize tied for will be paid to each Player so tied. Anyone who in any contest has won as much as $100.00 in Cash or Merchandise is not eligible to participate in this Prize Travel Game.

300 Points will positively win first prize. We will give you 200 points for sending in the correct answer to this Prize Travel Game Map. Promptly upon receipt of your correct answer, we will tell you how you may gain the remaining 100 points to win $1,500.00 in CASH, including $500.00 extra for promptness, or any one of the other 34 cash prizes. MAIL YOUR MAP ANSWER TO-DAY TO:

WE HAVE PAID OVER $50,000.00 IN PRIZES TO OTHERS AND GUARANTEE YOUR PRIZES WILL BE PAID PROMPTLY.
President W. J. Thompson Co

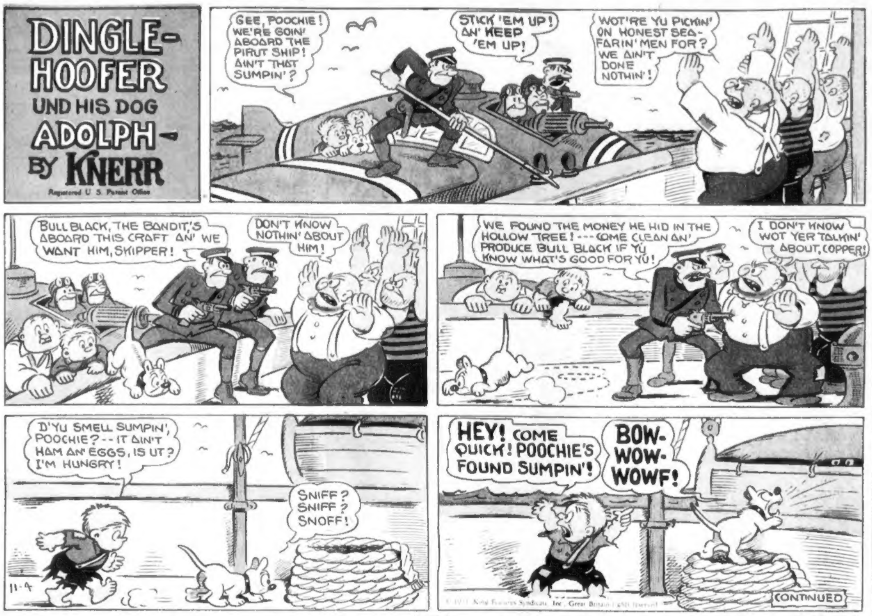
M. McPHILLIPS, Prize Manager, 154 WEST 14th STREET, DEPT C.W. • NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

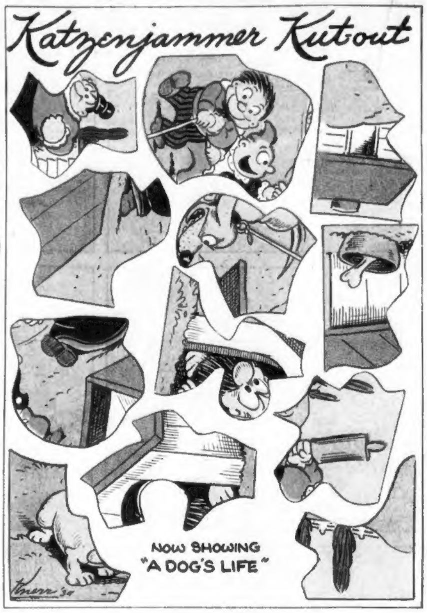
C W PRIZE MANAGER

I have marked my Path showing I have visited .... "N" Places. If correct let me know at once how I may gain the remaining 100 points to win First Prize.

Name..

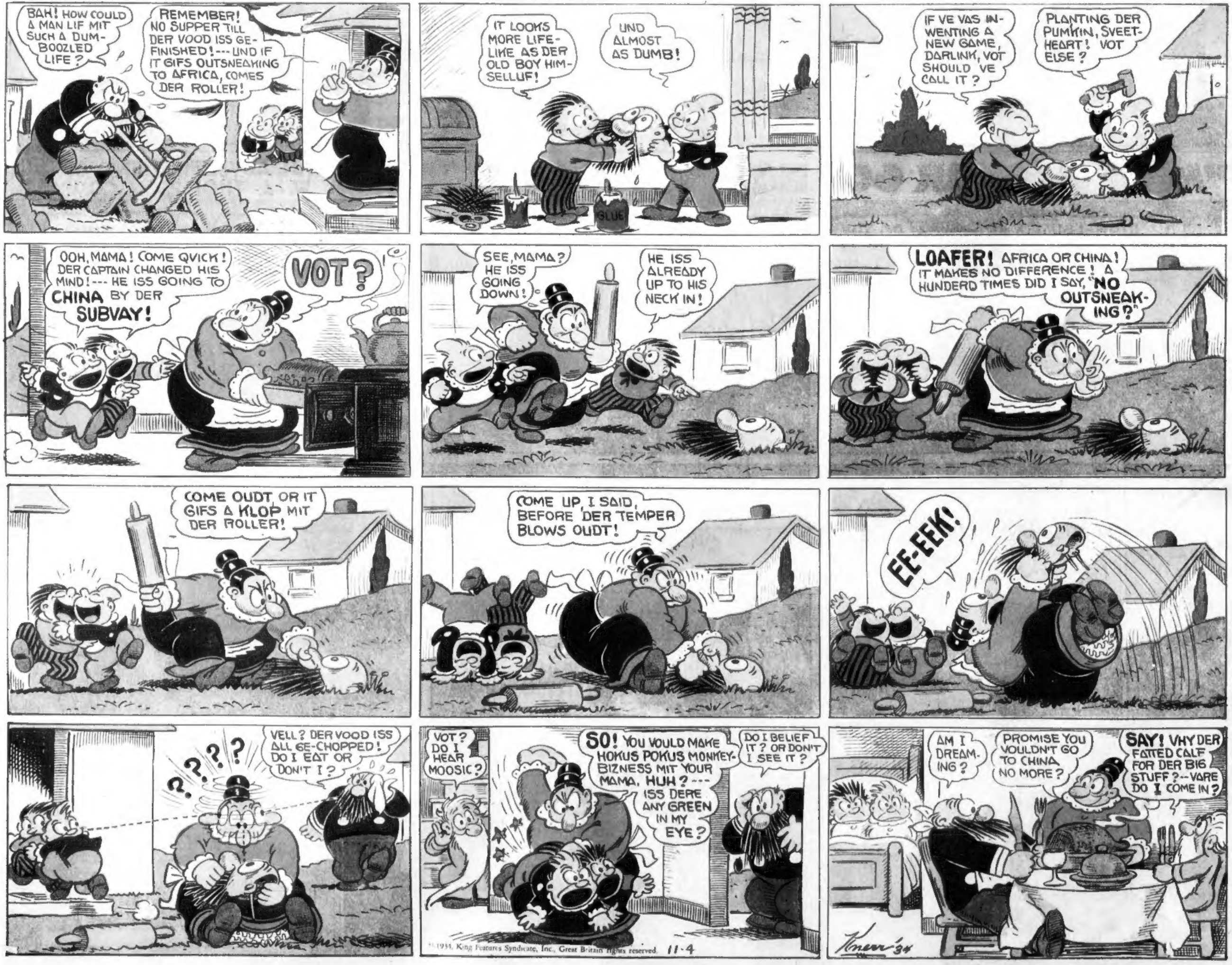
Address..


DINGLE-HOOFER UND HIS DOG ADOLPH BY KNERR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
GEE, POOCHIE! WE'RE GOIN' ABOARD THE PIRUT SHIP! AIN'T THAT SUMPIN'?
STICK 'EM UP! AN' KEEP 'EM UP!
WOT'RE YU PICKIN' ON HONEST SEA-FARIN' MEN FOR? WE AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'!
BULL BLACK, THE BANDIT,'S ABOARD THIS CRAFT AN' WE WANT HIM, SKIPPER!
DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT HIM!
WE FOUND THE MONEY HE HID IN THE HOLLOW TREE! --- COME CLEAN AN' PRODUCE BULL BLACK IF YU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YU!
I DON'T KNOW WOT YER TALKIN' ABOUT, COPPER!
D'YU SMELL SUMPIN', POOCHIE? -- IT AIN'T HAM AN' EGGS, IS UT? I'M HUNGRY!
SNIFF? SNIFF? SNOFF!
11-4
HEY! COME QUICK! POOCHIE'S FOUND SUMPIN'!
BOW-WOW-WOWF!
© 1934 King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved
CONTINUED



The Katzenjammer Kids

Registered U S Patent Office


BAH! HOW COULD A MAN LIF MIT SUCH A DUM-BOOZLED LIFE?
REMEMBER! NO SUPPER TILL DER VOOD ISS GE-FINISHED! --- UND IF IT GIFS OUTSNEAKING TO AFRICA, COMES DER ROLLER!
IT LOOKS MORE LIFE-LIKE AS DER OLD BOY HIM-SELLUF!
UND ALMOST AS DUMB!
GLUE
IF VE VAS IN-WENTING A NEW GAME, DARLINK, VOT SHOULD VE CALL IT?
PLANTING DER PUMKIN, SVEET-HEART! VOT ELSE?
OOH, MAMA! COME QVICK! DER CAPTAIN CHANGED HIS MIND! --- HE ISS GOING TO CHINA BY DER SUBVAY!
VOT?
SEE, MAMA? HE ISS GOING DOWN!
HE ISS ALREADY UP TO HIS NECK IN!
LOAFER! AFRICA OR CHINA! IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE! A HUNDERD TIMES DID I SAY, "NO OUTSNEAKING?"
COME OUDT OR IT GIFS A KLOP MIT DER ROLLER!
COME UP, I SAID, BEFORE DER TEMPER BLOWS OUDT!
EE-EEK!
? ? ? ?
VELL? DER VOOD ISS ALL GE-CHOPPED! DO I EAT OR DON'T I?
VOT? DO I HEAR MOOSIC?
SO! YOU VOULD MAKE HOKUS POKUS MONKEY-BIZNESS MIT YOUR MAMA, HUH? --- ISS DERE ANY GREEN IN MY EYE?
DO I BELIEF IT? OR DON'T I SEE IT?
©1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved. 11-4
AM I DREAM-ING?
PROMISE YOU VOULDN'T GO TO CHINA NO MORE?
SAY! VHY DER FATTED CALF FOR DER BIG STUFF? -- VARE DO I COME IN?
Knerr '34